

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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JUNE 1988 \$4.00

THE CHINESE MAFIA IN AMERICA

PET
OF THE
YEAR
PLAY-OFF



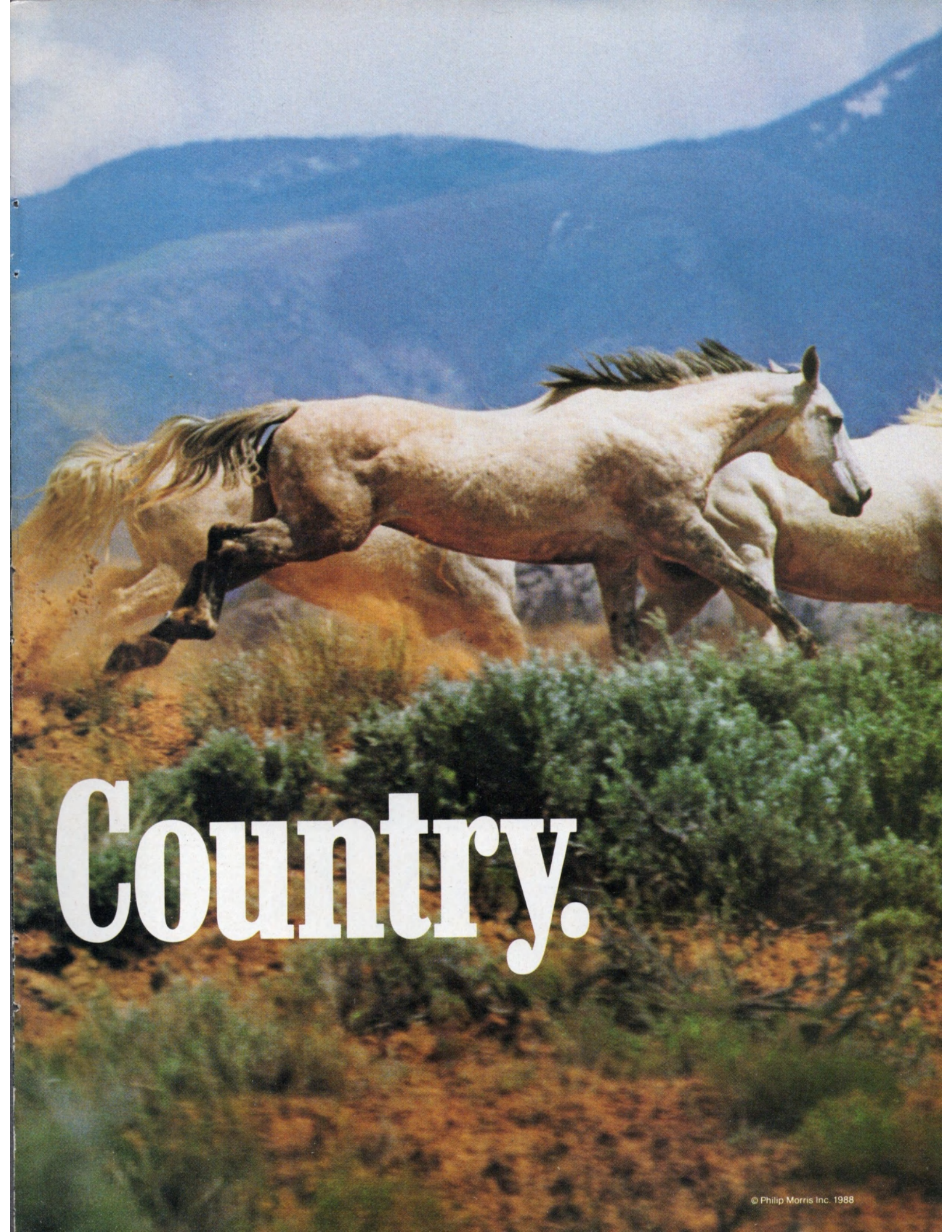


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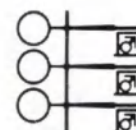
PENTHOUSE®

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CONTENTS		PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction	6
FORUM	Correspondence	8
U.S.A. CONFIDENTIAL: J.F.K.; Soviet Publishing; Hollywood Guerrillas; Reagan's Hair; CBN's Securities Fraud; Fat Models	News	Sharon Churcher Assoc. Ed. Gwenhwyfar Gowen 19
JUSTICE: Choosing a Lawyer	Comment	Alan M. Dershowitz 22
WOMEN: Julie Krone	Profile	Lisa Collier Cool 24
MEN'S RIGHTS: Maternity Leave	Comment	Sidney Siller 26
CALL ME MADAM	Service	Xaviera Hollander 28
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager 35
FASHION: Boxer Shorts		Lynn Kearcher 36
SOUNDS: Christine Lavin		Vin Scelsa 36
FILM		Marcia Pally 37
CHINATOWN COSA NOSTRA	Article	Hariette Surovell 40
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS	Lifestyles	45
SNEAK THIEF	Pictorial	Photos by J. Stephen Hicks 48
ALASKA	Fiction	James A. Michener 58
ON DECK	Article	Danny Sheridan 66
BARRY SLOTNICK	Interview	Teri Wingender 74
LISA	Pet of the Month	Photos by Earl Miller 77
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service	Bettina Moss 92
THE "FORGOTTEN WAR" IS AMERICA'S SHAME	Essay	Eli S. Belli 94
GRADUATION!	Satire	Tom Cheney 103
PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF	Pictorial	109
A RIDE ON THE SAFE SIDE	Article	Patrice Baldwin 118
DEBRA AND NOBIE	Pictorial	Photos by Carl Wachter 124
X-RATED VIDEO	Service	Al Goldstein 134
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE	Satire	Ori Hofmekler 136
GAMES: The Final Final	Diversions	Gerard Van der Leun 138
HARD TIMES	Humor	143
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione 150



Our cover features Micky Honsa, who was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera; Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses; and Harrison filters. For information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 140.

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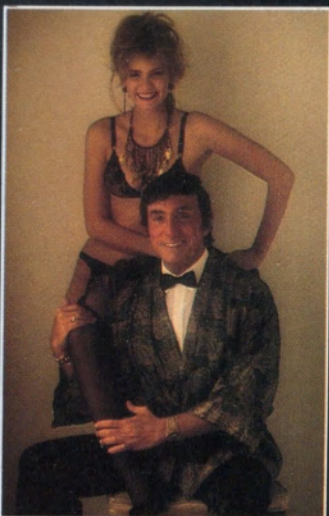
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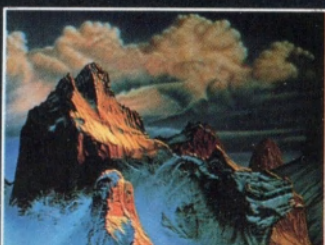
CHINATOWN COSA NOSTRA

It took half a decade of ceaseless effort, but Senior Special Agent **James Goldman**, of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, finally got his message across—in a big way. As we go to press, a Shanghai-born criminal known as **Johnny Kon** was arrested for conspiring to import 1,000 pounds of heroin into the United States (the famous French Connection case, by comparison, involved a mere 70 pounds). Goldman, who had been fighting to enlighten his colleagues and the public about the scope of Chinese organized crime, wasn't surprised. But as **Hariette Surovell** shows in her dramatic investigative profile of Goldman in this issue, his fight is far from over. "The Chinese may possibly become the No. 1 threat to our nation's law enforcement," he told her. "I really don't understand why most law-enforcement officials are dragging their feet on this issue."



ATTORNEY FOR THE DAMNED

At first glance, this month's interview subject, **Barry Ivan Slotnick**, would seem diametrically opposed to James Goldman. Slotnick, after all, is probably America's best-known defense attorney. Elegant, suave, and articulate, with a sense of drama worthy of Alfred Hitchcock, Slotnick has earned his reputation by winning 95 percent of his cases—cases that often involve the type of people James Goldman wants to put away. But talking to *Penthouse* reporter **Teri Wingender**, Slotnick shows why the best, most aggressive defense is so absolutely vital and necessary to our system of justice. Discussing the implications of the



Bernhard Goetz affair, his most famous case to date, Slotnick passionately advocates giving crime victims a major role in the legal process. And he explains how and why the government's abuse of prosecutorial power has become, along with street crime, the greatest threat to innocent Americans.

THE SPORTING LIFE

Danny Sheridan's astute and no-nonsense football prognostication has made him a popular fixture in this magazine, as well as on nationwide television and in the pages of *USA Today*. This month, in response to many readers' requests, Danny previews the upcoming baseball season in "On Deck," with a team-by-team analysis that includes the official Vegas pennant odds. If, like most of us, you want to know who'll be standing tall after the fat lady sings, you won't want to miss Danny's predictions. . . . Although motorcycles may not yet be as popular as baseball, over five million Americans have become

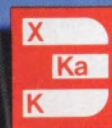
passionately devoted to their "bikes" as they answer the call of the open road, or even just commute to work, enjoying the freedom of this most unrestrictive of vehicles. But as is so often the case, freedom and responsibility go hand in hand. In "A Ride on the Safe Side," Senior Editor **Patrice Baldwin** interviews experts in the field to show how today's bikers, along with manufacturers and safety organizations, are making U.S. highways safer and more enjoyable to cruise.

STUNNING PANORAMAS

Alaska and **James Michener**: a perfect match of subject and author if ever there was one. And this month's preview of the master's latest epic novel from Random House shows him in perfect form. Joining the young and daring bush pilots whose tiny planes opened up this newest and most dangerous of America's frontiers, we share in their heroic struggles and explorations, and experience with them the awesome, frozen loveliness of Denali, North America's highest mountain, as they view it for the first time. . . . Breathtaking beauty on a smaller, but much warmer scale is what our Pet of the Year Play-Off is all about. You'll want to join millions of other *Penthouse* readers in the election that *really* counts this year, and help us choose which of the four special finalists deserves the crown. If you find that it complicates matters a bit that we've also included all those *other* June Pets—sexy, sensuous, and just bustin' out all over—well, that's the kind of complication that makes life worth living . . . especially in June! 

BEL TECHNOLOGY BREAKTHROUGH

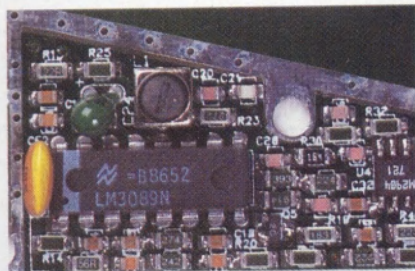
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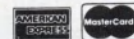
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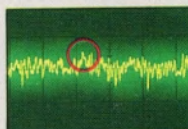


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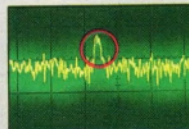
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•Each one of the panes was actually a two-way mirror. When an attractive woman undresses, I can masturbate while watching her in her birthday suit. •

PENTHOUSE FORUM

TUNNEL VISION

I am a 26-year-old male who resides in a small rural community. About two years ago, my mother purchased a small motel-restaurant. My father passed away a few years back, so I more or less became the handyman when I wasn't working the front desk, which was never that busy. One day I was looking things over in the basement when I discovered something very peculiar—a small hinged door midway down from the ceiling. I stood on a chair, opened it, and squeezed my way through. I found myself in a narrow walkway about two feet wide and 50 feet long. There were three panes of glass to each side, spaced about 15 feet apart. I couldn't believe it when I looked through one of the windows into one of the motel rooms!

Each one of the panes, I learned, was actually a two-way mirror. In other words, all six units of the motel could easily be spied upon. Unknown to anyone, when an attractive woman undresses, I can masturbate while watching her parade around in her birthday suit. This has become a very erotic pastime for me, and my only wish is that the place were more busy. I have seen my share of couples making love and performing oral sex on each other, and I have secretly shared beautiful orgasms with these people time and again. But nothing has ever aroused me as much as what I saw a month or so ago.

It was on a Friday evening, and I was working the front desk as usual. I had not had a good "look" and an orgasm in over a week,

because things had been really slow. I had just taken out the trash when a new car pulled up to the office. A very tall black lady got out and came to the desk. I figured she had to be in her mid to late forties. She was quite attractive, with a large build and big boobs. I became totally aroused because I really wanted to see her completely naked, and I now fumbled with the key to room 9, which had two double beds.

After I told her where the room was, I followed her to see that there was another woman sitting behind the wheel of the car. This one was white. I watched as both of them walked with suitcases to their room. This other woman was also quite tall, slender, smartly dressed, and extremely nice-looking with very short hair. I began to get very excited, so I called my mother to watch the desk, telling her that there were

some things I wanted to finish up before nightfall.

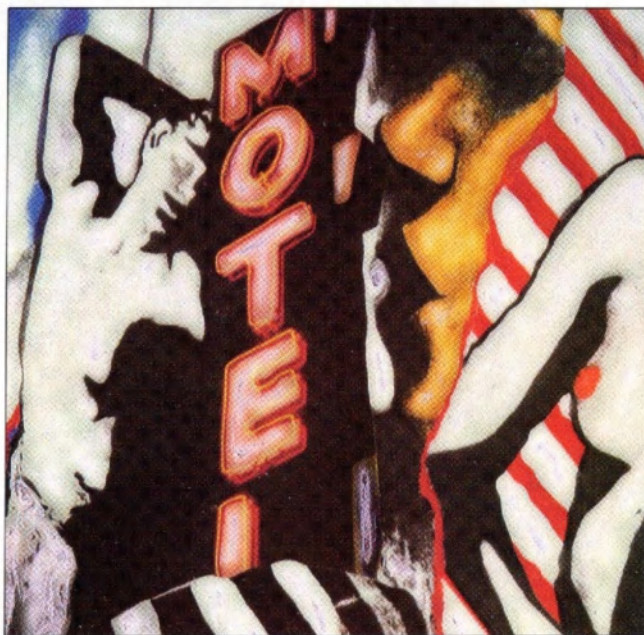
After I was sure my mother was behind the front desk, I squirmed up through the trapdoor to the tunnel. The floor to the small corridor was quite squeaky, and I had to walk very quietly. Room 9 was at the extreme end of the tunnel, and it seemed to take me forever to get there. When I finally peered through the mirror, the black woman was standing in nothing but her bra and panties. I thought I was on fire, and I broke into an immediate sweat. I couldn't believe how long and deep her cleavage was. She was only a couple of feet away from me, adjusting the TV mounted on the wall, and I could see the thick hair on her forearms and around her panties.

I pulled my trousers down to my knees and started jacking my already stiff penis. I had not seen the other woman, but it wasn't a few

minutes before she walked out of the bathroom, still fully clothed. I could now see that she was about the same age as the other one. It was hard for me to understand their conversation, as the walls were well soundproofed, and the television being on loud didn't help, either. I more or less played with myself, not wanting to shoot my load until I could see these women completely naked, if I was going to be fortunate enough to do so.

Then as I stood there, something happened that completely blew my mind. As the black woman continued to fumble with the television, the other one came up behind her, wrapped her arms around her bare midriff, and kissed her on her shoulder. I almost fell back into the mirror of room 8. *Jesus*, I thought, *they're dykes*. I hadn't seen two females get it on ever, and this was something I had always fantasized about—especially two older, nice-looking lesbians such as these.

I stripped off everything in the darkness of the tunnel, and my rigid pecker felt the hardest it had ever been. I watched as the two women came together in front of the television and French-kissed as deeply as they could. I started sweating so bad that I literally became drenched, but I was so light-headed from what was happening right in front of me that it didn't matter. I couldn't believe it when they walked



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(U.S. edition)

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JUNE

arm in arm into the bathroom and closed the door on me. I became frustrated and wanted to dump my load—but not until I could rest my eyes on their beautiful nude bodies. I slumped against the tunnel wall and watched the steam pour through the crack of the door.

After what seemed like the longest 15 minutes I ever endured, my fantasy came true. Both women exited the bathroom, now completely naked. The black woman's unsupported tits resembled big, heavy water balloons, and as I figured, she had the biggest crop of pubic hair I'd ever seen. It trailed all the way to her belly button. The white woman was very slender and well shaped. She led her black friend to one of the large beds, where they pulled back the bedspread and lay down together. Seeing them both stripped and heatedly kissing was too much. I felt myself erupting and heard my jism splat in the darkness.

I felt really weak after shooting so much come, but I couldn't take my eyes off the ladies in front of me. The black one was getting her tits sucked royally, and judging by the expression on her face, she was totally overwhelmed by it all. It wasn't long at all before my pud was completely stiff again and I was involved in another intense hand gallop. I watched starry-eyed as the white woman moved between her lover's large thighs, grabbed her big ass, and shoved her face into that thick patch of hair. The black woman's face contorted in extreme lust, and I could imagine how she voiced her pleasure. She hooked her heels around her slender lover's buttocks, and stroked her head with her long black fingers.

This beautiful event was happening right before my eyes, and again I was nearing another wonderful orgasm. I could see both ladies beginning to perspire, particularly the black woman, for she was really getting worked up. As her friend ate her, I could see her dark sweaty legs wrapping tighter and tighter around the white woman's body. Her long ebony hands had moved to either side of her lover's head, seemingly guiding its movements. I kept my eyes fixed to what was happening only seven or eight feet in front of me, and I felt the beautiful feeling begin to tingle in my toes.

As I shot load after load of thick semen, I watched the black woman's face fiercely contort with her huge orgasm. This time I heard her screams faintly through the wall, along with the sound of my own jism ricocheting off the wooden walls of the tunnel. I was completely exhausted from my overexertion and the stuffiness of the dark tunnel. I leaned against the dusty wall as the light-complected lesbian moved into her lover's sweaty arms and relaxedly fondled her gigantic boobs. Their mood was very tender, and I dressed as they huddled in each other's closeness.

As I moved down through the trapdoor, the fresh air felt great. It was already after

dark and I was concerned about my mother's whereabouts. I found her reading in the office, and told her that I was very tired and wanted to turn in. She asked me about the people in room 9, and I merely told her that they were two women from out of state.

I intended to get up early and visit the tunnel for any further sensuous activity in that room; however, when I arose at 8 A.M., their car was already gone. I got the key from the office and went into the unit I had so earnestly spied on the night before. Things looked typical—wet towels on the floor, messed-up bedding (they had even unraveled the covers on the second bed to make it look right), and missing soap. As I quickly surveyed the sheets, I detected several unbelievably long pubic hairs. Glancing quickly around me, I picked one up and pulled it out straight. The black thing had to be six inches long. I quickly ran it through my lips before spitting it to the floor. It had been my best jerk ever.—Name and address withheld

POST OFFICE BOX

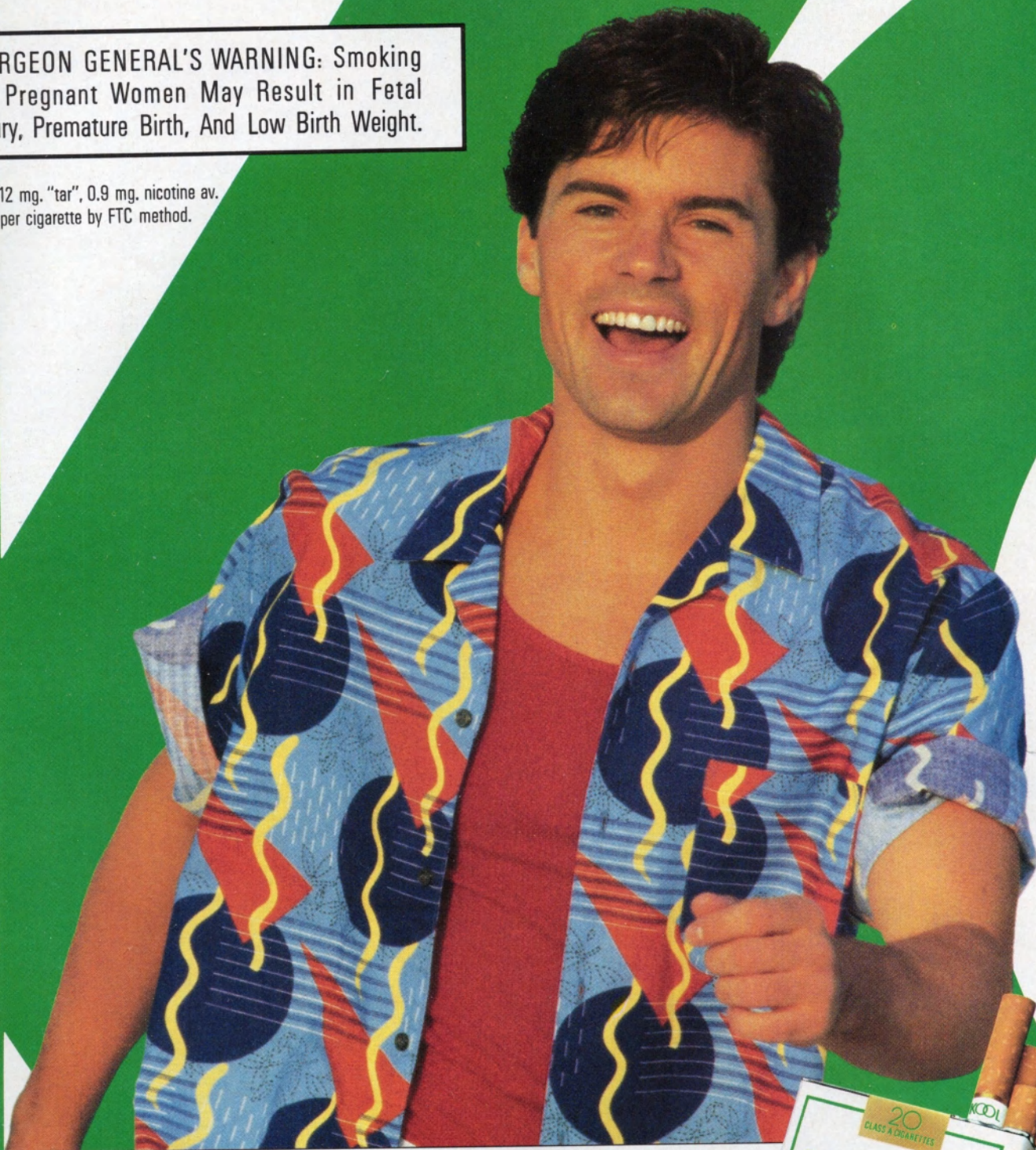
I've been reading and enjoying "Forum" for years, hoping that my chance would "come" for me to tell you a story. I even went so far as to seek an occupation that would increase the likelihood of my having a "Forum" encounter. Figuring that no one gets more experience than a letter carrier, I applied and got a job with the U.S. Postal Service. After nearly one year of sleet, snow, and rain, things were looking fairly grim. While I did get my share of dropped towels and bathrobes slipping open, I didn't have a real "Forum" experience until yesterday.

She was the sexiest brunette I have ever laid eyes on (or laid, for that matter)! After delivering several small packages from Frederick's of Hollywood, I figured the latest one would be my passport into more than just her front door. She opened the door and invited me in to "take a load off," then asked me if I wanted a drink or "something." Something was exactly what I wanted. As she took the package, she noticed the huge bulge that was growing in my pants and told me that she would be right back.

Seconds seemed like hours, until she finally returned wearing the sexiest little negligee Frederick's makes. She unzipped my pants, and my meat ax sprang out at her. She took hold of my tool and began to lick it with a vengeance. She took my massive love muscle down her throat till her lips were touching my balls. I knew I couldn't stand much more, and before long I found myself exploding blast after blast of come down her gullet. I was anxious to lick her luscious love box, and sensing this, she lay down on the couch. She slipped open her negligee, revealing two voluptuous tits. My tongue danced over her erect nipples, then made its way down the length of her body, stopping at her beautiful hairy cunt. First I teased her

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clit, then crammed my tongue into her fur-fringed fun hole. She filled the room with moans of pleasure, and I took her through several orgasms before my bobbing cock begged for more action. I drove my spear deep into her pink nest while her tight cunt muscles milked me dry.

She was just what I had hoped for, and as I began to put my clothes back on, she asked me if I would stop by again with more special deliveries.—*Name and address withheld*

OPEN HOUSE

I am a 22-year-old male who has always dated girls a couple of years younger than myself. I recently met a 19-year-old named Charlotte, a dark-haired beauty with a great body, including firm breasts with half-dollar-sized nipples that point out almost an inch when erect. She also has a set of luscious full lips that I've always dreamed of seeing wrapped around my man-meat. Until this weekend, I had begun to wonder if my dreams would ever become reality.

Although Charlotte and I have been dating about a month and a half, we've never progressed beyond some kissing and petting. She hadn't had much experience with men, and she said her upbringing made her uncomfortable about "giving in" too easily to her animal lust.

Charlotte had to pick up some things at home for her dorm room, so we de-

cided to spend the weekend there. Her parents were clearly suspicious of the older guy with their sweet young daughter. They were afraid of me corrupting her, and made it evident during dinner. Afterward the four of us spent another hour in the den, uncomfortably making small talk; then Charlotte's parents went off to their room to watch television.

Charlotte apologized for their behavior, and we talked for a while about how protective they were and how they refused to face the reality of her becoming an adult. As we talked we kissed and held hands, and suddenly Charlotte looked up into my eyes and whispered in a sultry voice, "I'm not afraid. Let's do it!"

Before I could respond, Charlotte started to kiss me wildly, her tongue darting into my mouth, her body pressing against mine. I hungrily kissed her back, running my hands over her shoulders and tits, feeling her amazing nipples stiffening under her thick sweater. She, in turn, began playing with my nipples, which are also very sensitive, pulling up my shirt to nip at them with her teeth. As I began to push up her sweater to gain access to those fantastic mounds, I thought of our vulnerable position right there in the middle of the house. Charlotte's hot tongue in my ear stopped any rational thought, however, as stronger instincts took over.

I quickly undid her bra and began sucking at her taut tips, running my

tongue around them in circles, then flicking it against the hard points. She began to moan softly, and as my tongue continued its worship of her sweet tits, my hands wandered down to rub at the hot spot between her legs. She was wearing pants, and I could feel her moistness as my fingers caressed her slit through the fabric. She began to buck against me as my fingers slid back and forth, and then she cried out as she was rocked by a powerful orgasm.

Recovering her strength, Charlotte suddenly undid my zipper and pulled my jeans down. With a simple gasp, she freed my cock from my shorts and started to lick around its seven hard inches. She attacked it with a frenzy, sucking on the head and licking it up and down. She pumped it with her hands and blew on the tip, exclaiming over and over, "I've dreamed of sucking your hard cock!"

Apparently her dreams had taught her some things, because she was doing excellent for her first blowjob. She tried to deep-throat me, but was only able to devour the first couple of inches without gagging. I began to fuck her mouth with my hard pole, sliding in and out as she sucked. The sight of her lovely lips wrapped around my engorged organ, along with the incredible slickness of her tongue and hot mouth, caused me to groan as I felt a huge orgasm coming on. "I'm coming!" I warned her, but Charlotte kept to her task, sucking me for all she was worth.

Just as seeming gallons of my liquid passion flooded Charlotte's throat, we heard her father's voice exclaim, "What's going on here?" Charlotte pulled up, and several jets of my cream splashed against her cheeks and into her bangs.

Needless to say, this resulted in a nasty situation, as it was impossible for Charlotte to explain away my come dripping from her hair and mouth. I was promptly asked to leave and never return, and Charlotte was told not to see me again. However, since she has returned to school, Charlotte and I still get together, and now she isn't the only one that has to wipe the juice of passion off her face!—*Name and address withheld*

BOOKWORM

I've been working at a major bookstore for a few months, and on my breaks I always read through *Penthouse's* "Forum." Up until last night the job had become extremely boring, and I was considering quitting. What changed my mind was the new employee that started yesterday. Amanda has an averagely attractive face, but her body is outrageous. She has a wild, untamed look about her. I was introduced to her when she first came in, and a few minutes later we were working at the cash register together. As I walked past her, I was sure that she reached down and tickled my crotch. I told myself that it was an accident and put the thought aside.



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\$5,000 in travelers cheques. Third Prize winner (10) will each receive \$500 in travelers cheques. All prizes valued at \$50,000 will be awarded. 4. Prize winners must be residents of the U.S. and be of legal drinking age in their home state. Only one prize per name or address allowed. No substitution of prizes permitted. The odds of winning will be dependent upon the number of entries received. Applicable federal, state and local laws become the responsibility of the prize winner. 5. Employees and their families of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, its affiliates, subsidiaries, liquor wholesalers and retailers, advertising agency and judging organization are not eligible. Void in Texas and where restricted or otherwise prohibited. All local, federal and state laws apply. Prize winners will be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release, including publicity rights to use names and pictures without compensation. 6. A list of prize winners may be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to V.O. "Good Life" Winners, P.O. Box 3063, Ridgely, MD 21682 prior to July 15, 1988.

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A few minutes later, Amanda got right in front of me and fluttered her eyelashes at me while licking her lips. I was extremely confused by her actions, because we had only just met half an hour ago. At one point when there were no customers, she took my hand in hers, examined it, then ran her tongue across my palm before stopping to suck my fingertips. I was really wondering about Amanda by this time, but I was not about to argue. When I went on my break, I was a little disappointed because I thought we might get a chance to talk, but Amanda was nowhere in sight. I went into the back office and sat down at my desk to get a little paperwork done. I was soon greeted by a pair of luscious lips teasing my crotch, pulling on my 501s and nibbling my inner thighs.

As she started unbuttoning my jeans, I thought, *This must be a tease; there's no way she can go much further here.* In a matter of seconds I was proven wrong as she took my cock all the way into her hot little mouth. She kept deep-throating me with long, smooth strokes. I started to try to feel her, but she pushed me away, stopping her vacuum action long enough to tell me that she loves to please and I'd get my chance another time. There was nothing else I could do but lie back and enjoy this stranger's warm, wet professional mouth.

As soon as I was about to come,

Amanda sensed it and slowed down. She licked the top of my cock and said, "Come in my mouth. I want you to just love my mouth." She took one more deep stroke as I unloaded into her throat.

We both stood up and returned to work, the whole process not taking more than ten minutes. I never believed this could happen to me. I thought this sort of thing only happened in books and movies, but I'm not going to complain about it! I love my job now, and would never consider quitting—as long as Amanda sticks around!—*Name and address withheld*

WORKING STIFFS

Donna and I work in different departments at work, but because our offices are close by, we see each other a lot. When I first met her, we seemed to hit it off quite well. I still remember the nervous thrill I felt the first time I asked her out to lunch. From our conversation I found that we had a lot of mutual interests, and we soon became good friends.

At first I kept our relationship platonic, intending to be faithful to my wife. Donna and I always enjoyed each other's company, and I always felt buoyed up by her carefree attitude toward life. Over time, however, we started flirting. Donna is an outrageous flirt—sometimes she'd ask me to guess what color underwear she had on, then after teasing me for a while, she'd finally give me a glimpse of the edge of

her panties under her business suit. Sometimes I'd get a nice look at her gorgeous legs as she'd lift up her skirt. Other times she would unbutton her blouse to show me her bra strap, and I would see the soft curves of her fantastic breasts. My favorite bra was tan and transparent; it would treat me to the sight of her hard dark nipples trying to poke through the thin fabric. What really made me crazy was the way she teased me with her eyes. Donna is a beautiful blonde with dramatic eyes that are always nicely enhanced by makeup. Even now when she looks at me, I feel that I could just melt and float away.

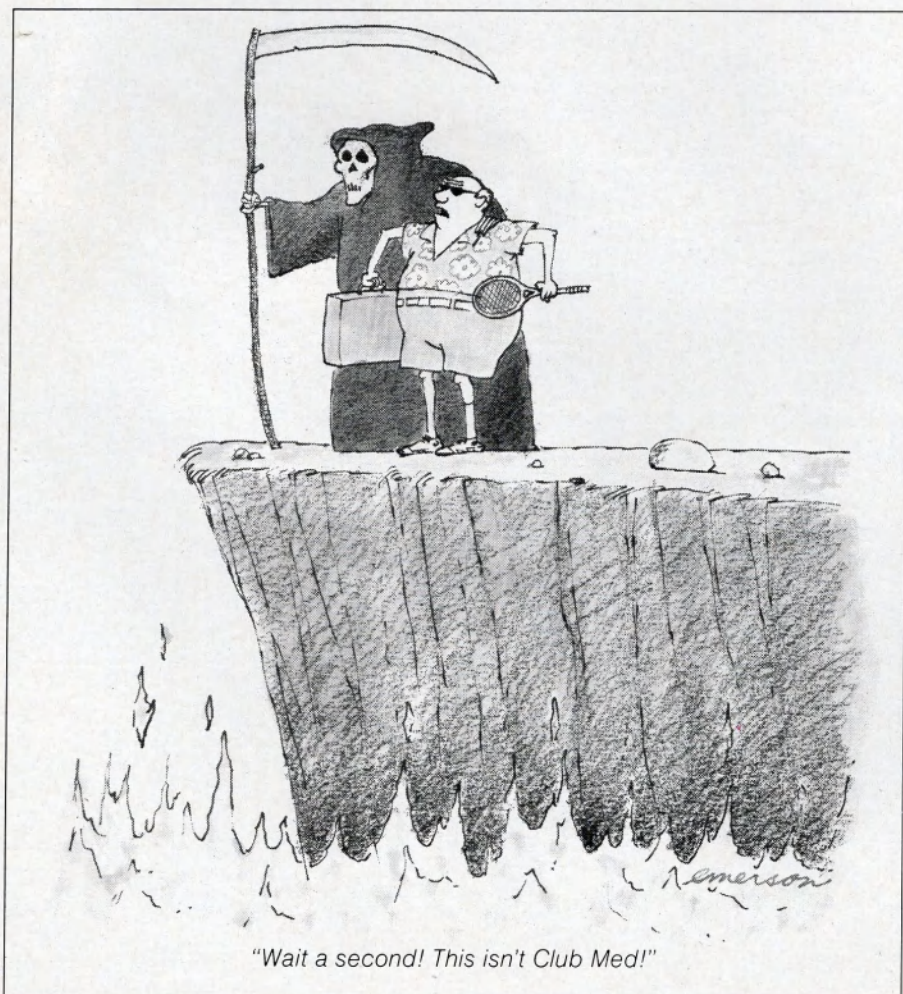
One time, after we had been teasing and flirting with each other for a year, we went on a business trip together. In the brief spare time we had on the trip, we had a great time talking, laughing, and enjoying each other's company. At one point, I was sitting in a chair next to her in her hotel room, watching TV, when she took out a bottle of body lotion and rubbed it all over her smooth legs. Her legs looked just fine that evening in her white shorts, but all I could do was sit next to her, quiver, shake, and pretend that I wasn't affected. She could probably tell by the way my hands twitched that I ached to rub in the lotion myself, but I must have known subconsciously that once I got my hands on her there would be no stopping. That night after I went to my room, I masturbated to a sweet, powerful orgasm while dreaming about Donna wrapping her soft, smooth legs around me.

On the way home, we had some pleasant private time on the plane. Because of flight delays, the airline provided drinks, and we had a few brandies. We laughed and giggled at everything we talked about, and had a wonderful time. During a tender moment, something came over me, and I got up enough courage to reach over and hold her hand. It seemed to signify something special, and I could see her flush deep red. I felt red myself, and my heart pounded away. She looked so sweet that I could have eaten her up right there on the plane. To this day, she still gives me a hard time about waiting until we were on the way home before I touched her.

We learned it would be about two weeks before we'd have the chance to be alone again on a trip, and until then it was the longest, most exquisite foreplay I've ever had. We teased each other unmercifully at work, and kissed and hugged in the car whenever we'd have the chance. At lunch I would gaze in her eyes and melt from the sensuous look she'd give me. We'd both flush from the thought that the wait was almost over.

Finally, our next trip was arranged. The first night, we took our clients out to dinner. Since everyone pleaded being tired afterward, they headed home while Donna and I went back to my hotel room.

We were barely inside the door when I



pulled her to me for a kiss. She kissed my cheeks and neck while we hugged and squeezed each other. Then we used our tongues to explore each other's mouth in a deep, sensuous kiss. "It feels so good to hold you close," I whispered. She sighed her agreement as our bodies meshed closer. I rubbed her ass and held her tightly, pressing my hard-on against her. She pushed back and whispered, "You feel warm in there."

I started rubbing her chest through her blouse, and Donna moaned her encouragement. When I gently pinched her stiff nipples through the thin material of her blouse, she closed her eyes to enjoy the sensation. I unbuttoned her blouse at a leisurely pace, teasing her to pay her back for what she'd been doing to me these past months.

Donna let go of me, allowing me to slip her blouse off her arms, then in a quick motion, she unsnapped her bra. It slid off her shoulders and arms, treating me to the sight of her breasts, full and heavy, capped by dark nipples now stiff with arousal. But before I could bend down to kiss her nipples and lavish attention on her tits, Donna dropped to her knees. She pulled off my shoes, unbuckled my belt, and unzipped my pants. When she pulled them off, my hard cock bulged inside my boxer shorts. She reached inside the fly to tease my balls, then smiled wickedly as she looked up to see my reaction.

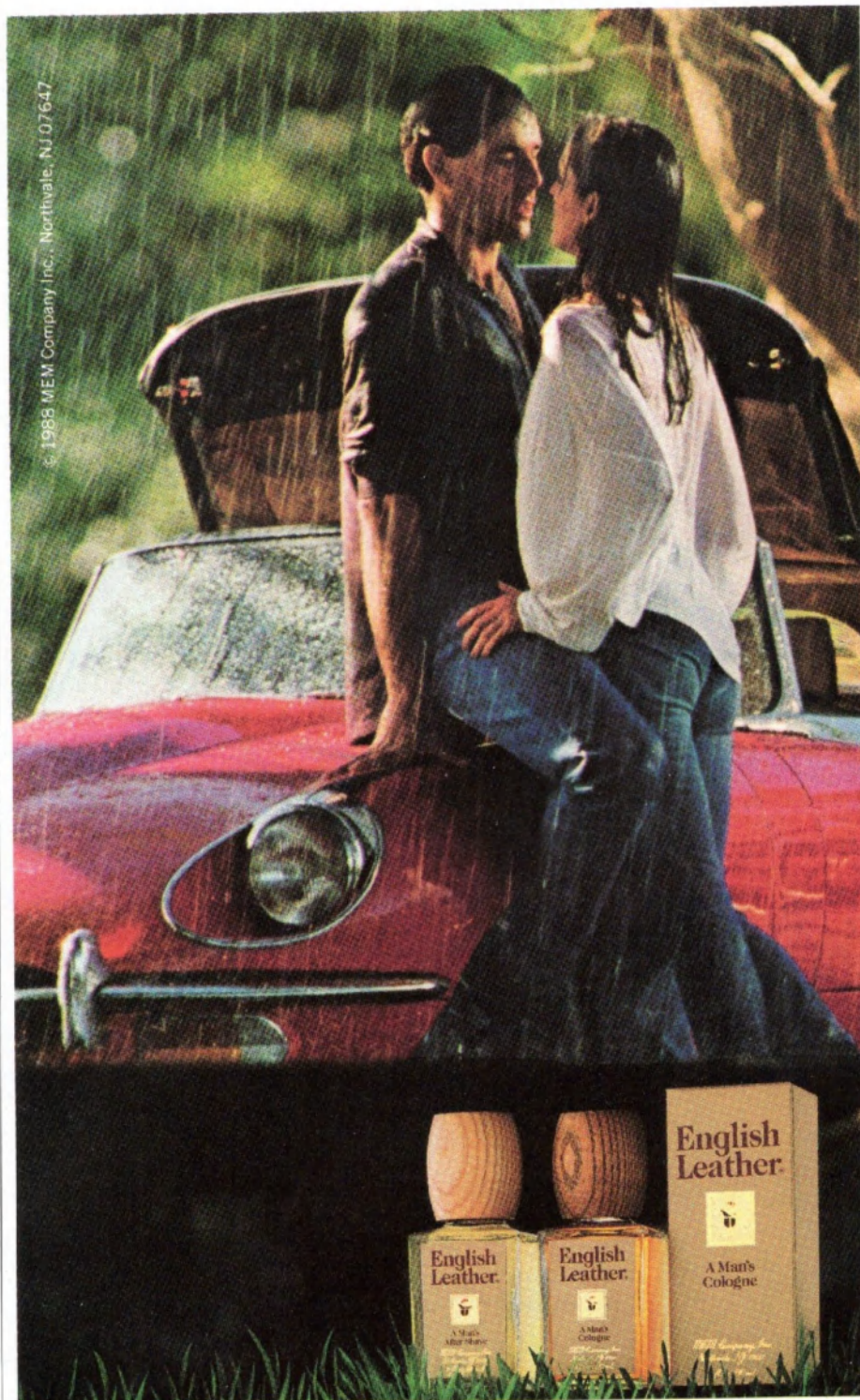
After a moment, she pulled the waistband of my boxer shorts down, gently easing them past my erection down to the floor. She stood up, and I unbuttoned and removed her skirt before pushing her back on the bed and climbing on top of her. As her nipples rubbed against my chest, my cock pressed against her soft stomach and her silken panties. She spread her legs so I could make better contact against her mound. She moaned appreciatively as my swollen member slid up and down between the lips of her slit with only her wet panties separating us. I quivered as her lips seemed to grab at me through the moist fabric.

I rolled onto my side, touched her under the chin, and moved my hand down her neck, caressing her between the curves of her breasts. As I circled down around her navel, she became perfectly still, and her breasts rose and fell with her increased breathing. When my fingers moved back and forth under the elastic of her panties, her hips wiggled and she spread her thighs a bit more. I pulled her panties down, letting my fingers trail lightly over her damp hair. She raised her hips to help, and I tossed her dripping panties off the bed.

I bent over to kiss her on the neck and worked my way down to her chest, licking and nibbling her breasts. Saving them for last, I delicately tongued her nipples, lightly flicking the hard tips. I thought it would be best if I teased her this way for a half hour or so, but within ten seconds, I was firmly sucking on her left nipple,

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using my tongue and the roof of my mouth to stimulate the hard point. Soon I switched to her right breast, which I gently, then firmly, sucked and rubbed. "Oh, that feels so good," Donna sighed. I worked back and forth on her nipples, listening to her moan in pleasure.

Donna reached down to lightly caress my balls with the tips of her fingers, and I shifted over a little to make it easier. My cock felt as hard as a rock as she lightly moved her fingers up and down my shaft. Then she squeezed the head, rubbing it with the precome that oozed out of the tip. I couldn't moan, what with a mouthful of soft, sensitive breast, but my whole body tensed and shook as she continued to rub the head of my cock. I applied myself more to her tits, pressing them together so I could lavish my lips and tongue on both nipples at once.

Then I moved on top of her, feeling her pubic hair graze my balls as we pressed together. I shifted so my penis was between her legs, rubbing directly along her slit without entering. As I moved up and down, sliding my cock along her wet opening, Donna moaned and pulled me tighter. At the start of each movement, the head of my cock would press against her opening, then slip down without entering. The feeling was exquisitely intense and pleasurable. Every time I came close to entering her, Donna would tremble and I would moan and whimper louder

and louder. I intended to tease her for as long as possible, but there was no question as to who was teasing whom.

Finally, my throbbing penis slid inside Donna, and she pushed her hips up as I thrust inside her to the hilt. She wrapped her legs around me as we merged in a love rhythm, her hips and ass rising to meet my every thrust. The sensation was incredible, better than in my wildest dreams! Soon Donna's whole body trembled in orgasm as I pushed harder and faster. She twitched and quaked as the pressure built up inside me. I felt like she was squeezing the whole length of my cock with some tight muscle inside her, the pleasure was so intense. Then she whispered in my ear, using her most sultry voice, "I'm going to squeeze you harder and harder. I'm holding you inside me, milking your penis for the juices. I want your juices inside me, and I'm going to hold you and squeeze your penis until I get it."

I could feel my need to come building up, like a thermometer registering a high fever. "This is what you get for teasing me," I said. "Every time you tease me, this will be the consequence."

"Promises, promises," she replied. She pushed against me harder, and I strained to get inside her as deeply as possible. "I'm going to come," I moaned as I slowed down, feeling the pleasure wash over me. I squirted inside her, and moaned loudly

with the intensity of it. My sweat was dripping onto her face and neck. She continued to squeeze and milk me inside her. I felt so sensitive it almost hurt, but I couldn't actually pull away enough to escape the heavenly feeling.

We lay together petting and whispering to each other, basking in our juices. After a while, we moved to the dry side of the bed and fell into a deep, satisfying sleep, enveloped in each other's arms.—*Name and address withheld*

SCREEN PLAY

I'm very lucky. I invited Jade over, and planned a complete evening of pleasure and excitement. Many men have fantasies about sex. I live them. Jade is a treasure. She has a rear so hard it has dimples, tits so soft they make men stutter, and a smile so enchanting it could melt a frown or make your limp limb stiff. She arrived at my apartment looking dazzling. My initial reaction was to forget the dinner; we'd fuck for appetizers. Yet, I am a study in restraint. Dinner was tasty, but my mind rushed to the treats to come.

We moved into the bathroom for a relaxing shower, and from there to the hot tub. We floated weightlessly, sipping champagne. We toweled off lightly, paying special attention to sensitive parts that were warm, wet, and ready. I surprised her with a hot-oil rub, vigorously massaging her limbs, leaving them warmer, slicker, and flushed with color.

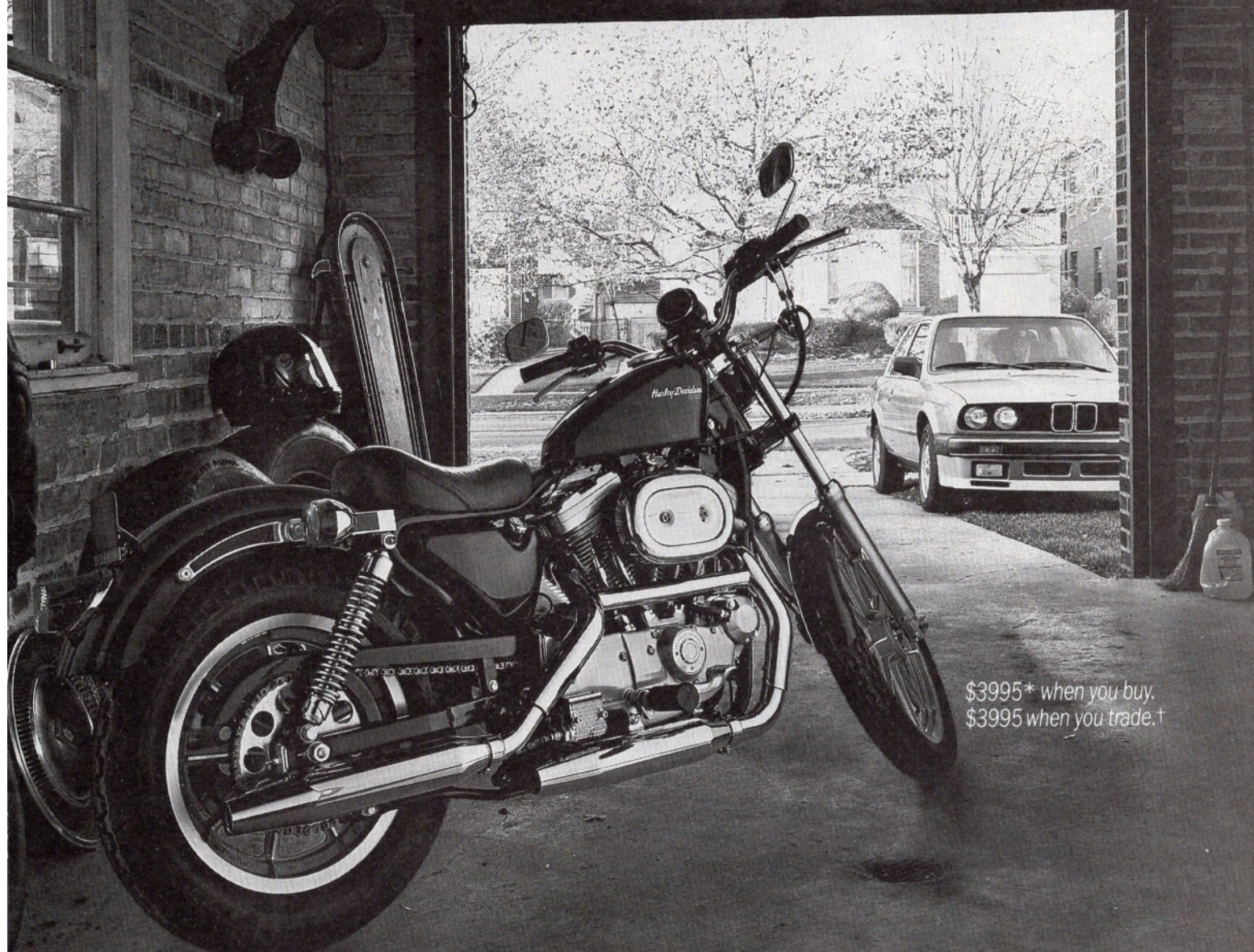
Jade's pubic hair is short, having been trimmed for our vacation to the beach weeks earlier. The shave was our first, and it was a total turn-on. I had taken pictures at the time, but I can hardly bring myself to look at them, as they consume me so. I remember that day so clearly. I soaped her sweet vagina with fragrant soap. I was very careful while spreading her lips, and used the razor with short, light strokes. The result was perfection. Her sex was hot, pink, slick, flushed, tender, and excited.

But I had another fantasy before me. I rolled Jade onto her stomach and began to fuck her doggie-style. I quickened my pace. Our flesh pressed together and our temperatures rose. It was at this point that I was glad I'd set up my video camera. I remember glancing at the television to watch my cock slide in and out of her. Jade's eyes were closed, and her breath was shallow. My hands gripped her tits and tugged at her nipples. Our noises got louder, our bodies contracted, and we reached mutual and ultimate pleasure. I can't wait to watch our "screen-play" again and again and again.—*Name and address withheld*



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CONFIDENTIAL

BY SHARON CHURCHER

J.F.K.'S TANGLED WEB

In a *People* magazine cover story early this year, one of John F. Kennedy's ex-mistresses, Judith Campbell Exner, claimed she was the president's courier to two Mafia dons. Exner hypothesized that J.F.K. was plotting with Sam Giancana and Johnny Roselli to rub out Fidel Castro.

But a source of ours has obtained an August 5, 1960, document that implies that Kennedy used a "J. Campbell" during his presidential campaign that year for strictly personal reasons—to solicit the mob's aid in rescuing him from the embarrassing consequences of another of his dalliances.

The unsigned document purports to be part of an affidavit by a woman named Alicia Purdom. She says that she and Kennedy made marriage plans after meeting in New York in 1951, only to have the betrothal sabotaged by his father. Kennedy apparently was aware she was upset that she had lost her chance to be the "would-be first lady." She writes that he assigned "J. Campbell" to deliver "notes" to Giancana about "our relations in 1951."

For reasons that aren't



spelled out in the document, Giancana was to pass the messages on to another don, Joseph Bonanno. Adds the document, Alicia never saw the communiqués, but she did learn that, in them, Kennedy denied having even known her.

F.B.I. files reveal that the agency suspected that J.F.K. was indeed hounded by a

supposedly spurned inamorata during the 1960 race, recording, however, that he seemingly was saved by Robert Kennedy, not mob thugs. In a memo to Robert, J. Edgar Hoover wrote that he'd heard of a lawsuit filed some time before the J.F.K. inaugural by a woman who charged that the president elect had broken a pledge to

marry her. "You went to New York and arranged a [secret] settlement of the case out of court for \$500,000," Hoover informed Robert, who at the time of the memo was his brother's attorney general. While not identifying the woman, the late F.B.I. czar sent Robert another memo, noting, "In this connection, a weekly magazine published in Turin, Italy, alleged that Alicia Purdom, the wife of actor Edmund Purdom, claimed that several years ago she was engaged to be married to John F. Kennedy, but the latter's father vetoed the wedding because of Alicia's Polish-Jewish descent."

That Alicia Purdom is now a prominent New York socialite, having inherited a fortune from a subsequent husband, Singer sewing-machine heir Alfred Corning-Clark. Heatedly denying that she ever sued J.F.K., she insists that she never received any payoff and that she knows nothing of the purported affidavit that our source located. "Maybe [the Alicia in the document] was someone else. Maybe it was some crooked lawyers I had," she snaps, refusing to elaborate. "I just knew John Kennedy and his family. We were not engaged." So the mystery goes on.

ATTENTION: BORING WRITERS

Aspiring authors who are rejected by the U.S. publishing establishment should try peddling their goods in Moscow instead. Vladimir Kolesnikov, a top Soviet apparatchik at the United Nations, already has introduced one such spurned writer, U.N. Secretary General Javier Perez de Cuellar, to

the Russian literary scene, according to a diplomatic insider. "Discreet inquiries had been made at American houses, including Harcourt Brace Jovanovich and Praeger, about doing a collection of De Cuellar's speeches on subjects like human rights and peace, but if there was ever a commercially losing enterprise, it was this one," the insider says. "Kolesnikov checked back

with Moscow, and they said, 'We'll do it.'" Alvaro de Soto, De Cuellar's executive assistant, says he hasn't heard about any effort by his boss to get published in either the West or the East—but it does so happen that a Soviet house made an *unsolicited* offer, which has been accepted, to publish an anthology of the secretary general's speeches. Unlike other distinguished authors

who've been thus honored, De Cuellar won't be up against the Russians' perennial reluctance to fork over royalties. They won't have to pay, says De Soto, "since when the secretary general makes a speech, it's in the public domain." Adds the U.N. aide, Secretary General de Cuellar is no novice writer: "The German Democratic Republic recently brought out a book of his speeches."



CONFIDENTIAL

GUERRILLA THEATER IN HOLLYWOOD

Helpers at a recent glitzy benefit for Afghan refugees complain that several Hollywood stars—among them, Joan Collins, Richard Dreyfuss, and George Hamilton—shunned the event.

"I think an awful lot of people in Hollywood are scared of being associated with an anti-Communist cause," says Charles Fawcett, an actor and lobbyist for the anti-Soviet guerrillas who did attend "A Night in Afghanistan," as the event in Phoenix (nickname: "Beverly Hills East") was entitled.

"Robert Taylor would have helped us and Errol Flynn would have been over there fighting, but when I tried to persuade the makers of *Rambo III* to go into Afghanistan for some filming, they were afraid."

In fairness, one of Sly Stallone's costars in the new *Rambo*, which was lensed in Israel despite its Afghan plot, showed at the fundraiser and made a stirring pitch.

"We'll fight, and we'll always fight," Spiros Focus, who plays a *moujahedeen*, bellowed in a surprise appearance on the podium,



repeating a battle cry from the movie.

John Wayne's son Patrick and Barbara Eden also were in the crowd. "But I couldn't believe that Richard Dreyfuss didn't come," exclaims an organizer, who says that Dreyfuss is a "very good friend" of Sonia Cole, the Afghan-born socialite who arranged the evening.

"Richard told Sonia the reason was 'certain other people' associated with the event. Obviously he meant George Bush, who was the honorary chairman, and [right-wing superpatriot] Gen. Singlaub," says the organizer.

The organizer claims that

Joan Collins reneged after accepting Cole's invitation, and that "George Hamilton was very disappointing. He told Sonia he'd be there when she ran into him at an AIDS benefit Elizabeth Taylor gave. He's a friend, too, but his secretary eventually said he wouldn't attend because he would be in Europe."

Maintain the press agents for George and Joan and Richard, none of the stars ever accepted. George and Joan were busy working. As for Richard, "He is very politically active for whatever he believes in," his flack says. Does that include displaced

Afghans? "I'm not going to get into that. I've no idea," snarls the flack.

Maybe Dirty Harry will be an example to the noncommitted glamour set. "Clint Eastwood paid for nutritional research on how the guerrillas can augment their diets," says Fawcett. "Orson Welles narrated two films I produced about the conflict, and Kirk Douglas has toured the refugee camps." Other old-timers stepping in where some younger talent may fear to tread include Jimmy Stewart, "who said, 'Use my name [as a benefit supporter],' " reports Sonia Cole.

SEARCH FOR REAGAN'S HAIR

Let's not split hairs: "U.S.A. Confidential" has uncovered an outrageous and disgusting checkbook-journalism plot—the commodity on offer to the press being a snippet of Ronald Reagan's eternally ungraying mop. Okay. This column was tempted when Dan Springer, a P.R. man whose clients include former White House stylists Yves and Nancy



Graux, mentioned that he might be able to obtain for us a cutting of those supposedly all-natural tresses. Just think of the headlines if laboratory analysis proved El Jefe's follicles were impregnated with Grecian Formula.

We decided, however, that

there are better ways to invest \$10,000. "Someone has offered that," Springer assured us. He initially said that the custodians of the First Locks were the Grauxs, who used to tend White House staffers in a basement shop at 1600 Pennsylvania. The shop also was used

by Reagan's barber, Milton Pitts, "and one day, after he'd been in, the Grauxs came back and cleaned up," Springer said.

Nancy Graux demurred when we put this to her. "I don't know anything about Reagan's hair," she said. So there was no plan to sell it? Wrong again: "We know someone who has Reagan's hair," Graux counseled. Whether the presidential relic was for sale was "negotiable," she said. "I would have

MORE RAIN ON REV. PAT'S PARADE

Pat Robertson's presidential ads puff his achievement as the "entrepreneur" who parlayed a \$70 investment into the \$230-million-a-year Christian Broadcasting Network. But court records reveal a dark side to this miracle: In 1975 CBN chose not to contest a Securities and Exchange Commission complaint that, in raising \$7.4 million from investors in 27 states, it committed securities fraud.

Charged the securities regulators in a federal civil-court suit, Pat's fledgling religious empire peddled bonds, "life-income agreements," and other forms of securities in the late sixties and early seventies. Sales brochures touted these offerings as "safe and secure," said the S.E.C. complaint, "while omitting to state CBN's deteriorating financial condition during the period from 1970 to 1974."

The network, founded by Pat in 1959, chalked up \$3.4 million in losses during those years, alleged the federal agency, which sought an order banning CBN, its officers (until he stepped down to run for president, the principal officer was Pat),

and employees from "making untrue statements" or "omitting to state material facts."

"Robertson says he's an expert on tax law, so he should know the regulations," observed a litigator familiar with the case. Actually, though the ex-reverend has a Yale law degree, he flunked the New York State bar exam and has never practiced.

CBN consented to the order requested by the S.E.C. "without admitting or denying the allegations," according to the records, and agreed to tell investors the truth. Pat, however, understands red tape, and what subsequently put his pulpit soundly in the black was his ability to function in a field that is mercifully exempt from S.E.C. bureaucracy. There are no S.E.C. disclosure requirements when you're inspiring your followers to keep those tax-exempt donations flooding in by regaling them with anecdotes about the time you bested Satan in a Seattle motel room.

Asked whether the fraud charge didn't reflect rather bleakly on Pat's veracity, a Robertson campaign spokeswoman referred our query to CBN. "He no longer has anything to do with CBN," she explained. CBN didn't return our calls.

to check with the person that had the hair and the person whose hair it was."

Pending such presidential permission, an update on an Yves Graux client, Barbara Bush: A White House source tells us that Bruce Gelb, vice chairman of Bristol-Myers, has been putting pressure on an old pal—one George Bush—to get Babs to put some color into her anemic pelt. Bristol-Myers, you see, owns Clairol, a hair-coloring maker that has had

it made during the Reagan ascendancy. Nancy uses its chestnut dye, "with lots of highlights added from Clairol bleach," confides her coiffeur, Julius.

The advantages of a tint for Mrs. Bush might seem obvious. Still, "It's not true that Bruce has put any pressure on the Bushes," says a Gelb spokesman. "The Clairol approach is that it's a woman's decision, and Mrs. Bush has beautiful silver-white hair."

SHE'S NO LONGER POUND FOOLISH

First Amanda, a naturally plump 17-year-old aspiring actress from West Virginia, was anorexic, then bulimic. Now she has stabilized at 155 pounds (vital stats: 40-29-40) and found happiness and some fame as the youngest-ever model with a major "plus size" agency.

"I learned I could have my cake and eat it, too," burbles this new discovery of Plus Models Management, who, like Cher, uses only her first name. Though she no longer compulsively starves, gorges, or vomits, she does still have to pay some attention to her weight, since Plus founder Pat Swift likes her chubbies to top out at 200 pounds. "Over 200, it is hard;

but if a girl is really special, we will make some arrangement for her," confides Swift, a Bloomingdale's detective until she was talent-spotted as a large-size model herself.

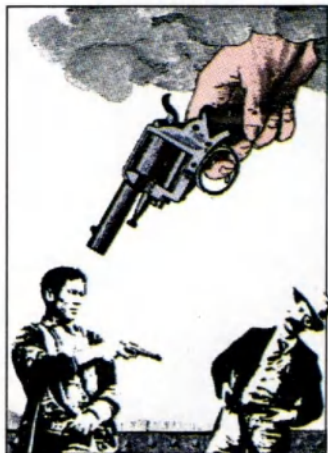
On the other hand, much as Amanda hankers after TV stardom—she has done walk-ons on "Loving" and "Ryan's Hope"—she can't get too thin. "We have one girl who lost 40 pounds. She lost \$35,000 in earnings," warns her mentor, Swift. Fortunately, Amanda detects an increasing industry willingness to accept that real women have hips. "Oscar de la Renta says he won't design for furniture, but Givenchy does large sizes," she points out. Jackie O's court designer, Oleg Cassini, also showed clothes at a show Plus Models sponsored recently.



If you're being sued,
remember it's *your* case.
Don't put it all
in your lawyer's hands.

JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ



The doorbell rings. A pleasant young woman politely asks, "Are you Charles Jones?" You nod casually in the affirmative, expecting a sales pitch for magazines. Instead, she firmly hands you an official-looking envelope and declares, "You're served." At first it sounds like the opening challenge in some kind of athletic match or game. But you quickly understand: It's a legal complaint! You're being sued! Your home, your bank account, and your reputation are on the line. It is the beginning of a game, of sorts, but the stakes are far greater than the glory of victory or the agony of defeat.

As the summons server turns to leave, she offers a bit of friendly advice: "Better get yourself a good lawyer." By this time, you're shaking in your slippers. The great American jurist Learned Hand, you recall, once said, "As a litigant, I should dread a lawsuit beyond almost anything else short of sickness and death." And Hand was a judge! How are you going to find a good local lawyer, one you can trust and

one who can beat your opponent's lawyer? You despair of finding your champion among the thousands of faceless and nameless lawyers in your city. There's Barry, your cousin from Phoenix, but you haven't spoken to him in years and you don't know whether you trust him.

Suddenly, your mind is flooded with lawyer jokes:

How can you tell when your lawyer is lying? When he moves his lips.

Why did the sharks rescue the drowning lawyer instead of eating him? Professional courtesy!

How do the police determine whether a car has hit a skunk or a lawyer? If it was a skunk, there will be skid marks.

Why have they started using lawyers instead of white mice for experimentation? There are more of them and they are a lot less lovable.

You study the complaint over and over again, but you can't even figure out what kind of lawyer you need. You are being sued by a passerby who fell in front of your house and hurt his back. He claims that he tripped over a broken fence and now suffers from excruciating back pain. He doubts he will ever work again—even his sex life has been affected. The dollar amount at the bottom has too many zeros for you to even bother counting. All that matters is that he is suing you for more than you have, more than you ever expect to have, or—and this is the most distressing point—more than your insurance covers.

The complaint includes an

ominous warning: "If you fail to respond to this complaint within 20 days, a default judgment may be entered against you in the full amount." In other words, if you don't show up for the match, you forfeit. Where do you begin?

In this case, there is an easy answer. Since you have a homeowner's insurance policy, you must call your insurance company immediately. They will provide a lawyer. But since that lawyer's job will be to protect the insurance company's interests, you are going to need your own lawyer.

Start by asking your insurance company to recommend several lawyers. Then call your local bar association (it's in the phone book under the city, state, or county name—the Boston Bar Association, Virginia Bar Association, or New York County Lawyers Association, for example). Ask the association's referral service for a list of lawyers with experience in cases similar to yours. Also ask them to direct you to any books available in law libraries or at bar associations that contain brief descriptions of licensed attorneys in your community. Check your lists against these entries.

When you have compiled your preliminary list, start calling around. Ask the lawyers to recommend two or three other lawyers whom they would use if they were sued. Also get their reactions to some of the names on your list. After a few such calls, a consensus will emerge. (Never accept a single recommendation or

condemnation. Lawyers have friends and enemies.)

Don't fall for charm, charisma, or an impressive number of victories. Shyster lawyers, like successful con men, specialize in charm, and there is no official scorekeeper for checking an attorney's record. Even if such a thing existed, a high percentage of wins may indicate a preference for easy cases, not legal brilliance.

A legal "clinic" that advertises on TV is fine for what I call "word processing" law (e.g., uncontested divorces, simple wills and estates). This is not necessarily the way to go, however, if you are being sued for big bucks. And keep in mind that a river view from your lawyer's office doesn't guarantee good law, only high fees.

If you are being sued, your lawyer will probably bill you by the hour, and will request an initial payment called a retainer. Discuss fees when shopping around and after you've made your choice. Get answers to your questions, and make sure the lawyer you hire will respect those inquiries.

Always remember, it is *your* case. Don't just put it in your lawyer's hands; insist on understanding all of the options—procedural and tactical—available on your behalf. Finally, when selecting and dealing with a lawyer, keep in mind the story of the attorney who had just lost his client's criminal case in the Supreme Court: "Well, counselor, where do we go from here?" the client asked. The lawyer looked at him and said, "You go to jail. I go back to my office." 

Until now, beer this real came only from a keg.

Draft beer is as real as beer gets. Since it's not heat-pasteurized, heat can't change its rich, smooth, real taste.

Miller Genuine Draft is as real as that. It's not heat-pasteurized like most other beers in bottles and cans. Instead, it's cold-filtered so it's as rich and smooth as only real draft beer can be.

As real as it gets.



She's four foot ten, but her dream seems impossibly large—to be the top athlete in one of sport's most macho arenas.

Women

BY LISA COLLIER COOL



"I have unlimited ambition," says Julie Krone, cracking her whip smartly against her size 4½ riding boot. "What I want to do is win a race every day, 365 days a year. Do you have any idea at all how hard that is?"

For a person who stands all of four feet ten inches tall and weighs 100 pounds, Krone's dream seems almost impossibly large—especially when that person is a woman jockey competing in one of sport's most macho arenas. At 24, Krone is too young to remember when male jockeys boycotted Penny Ann Early's attempts to ride at Churchill Downs in 1968, or when Barbara Jo Rubin's trailer was stoned at Tropical Park in 1969; but she's discovered that attitudes toward "girl riders" haven't changed much since then.

At Monmouth Park last year, male jockeys reportedly cheered when Krone was disqualified after a race, while an owner is said to have taken his horses to race elsewhere rather than keep them with trainers who wanted to hire Krone. Ignoring the

backlash from the backstretch, she scored her 1,000th career win that summer, became the first woman to ever win a jockey title at Monmouth—or any major track—chalked up another female first by taking top jockey honors at the Meadowlands in the fall, and finished 1987 with \$4 million in purses and the sixth-place position among America's 1,200 jockeys.

In an earlier incident at Monmouth Park, jockey Miguel Rujano struck Krone across the face with a whip after she'd beaten him in a race. As she stood in the winner's circle having her photo taken, someone told her that she was bleeding from the ear. "I said, 'Excuse me, I have to go hit somebody,' got him as he was stepping off the scales, and punched him in the nose," she recalls. "A little while later, he jumped me from behind a bush and tried to drown me in the swimming pool. After we were pulled out of the pool, I threw a chair at him." Both jockeys were fined \$100, and Rujano received a five-day suspension from racing.

Krone's kick-ass confidence and spectacular horsemanship revealed themselves early in life. By age three she was riding alone, sometimes taking her pony as far as five miles from her family's home in Eau Claire, Michigan. The future jockey also demanded that her parents, and even the family dog, serve as substitute mounts when there was no horse for her to ride. By 16, after competing successfully at local horse shows, Krone

was hot-walking horses at Churchill Downs; by 17, she was racing them.

Almost immediately she found herself fighting a devastating setback: a broken back she suffered in a 1980 racing accident at Pimlico. After four months of painful recuperation, she found fresh frustration upon her return to racing. "I went zero for 80. One day, after losing my tenth race of the week, I was so upset, I yelled, 'I quit! I quit!'" The next day I was back, because as long as you have the mounts you have the chance of winning," Krone says.

Getting the mounts is an art in itself, she adds. "In this game, you have to be a good horseman and a good salesman. In the beginning, some male owners and trainers were attracted to me as an underdog, while the women would say, 'Julie, let's whip these guys' butts.' Going around the paddock every morning with my agent to get rides, I learned how to read which trainer wants apple-pie sweet and which one wants tough and aggressive. I tell them that every horse I ride is my favorite horse."

Although she maintains that she was "starving" during her first year, 1980, and says that the only trainer who rode her regularly was a friend's brother-in-law ("and that was on threats"), she found herself hooked by "the romance of racing." It wasn't long before she found herself on the fast track to the top. In 1981, as she has done every year since, she won over 100 races; and in 1982 and 1983 she took the lead-

ing rider title at Atlantic City. By 1986, she was America's top female jockey with 199 wins and \$2,357,136 in purses for the year—a figure she almost doubled in 1987.

"There are girl jockeys and there is Julie Krone," a trainer at Aqueduct Racetrack told *Penthouse*. Others praise Krone's ability to recall in near photographic perfection races she ran months earlier, and her hard-driving, aggressive style on the course. "All the time we're trying to get each other, to find openings and to take risks that won't get us killed," Krone explains. "It's an extremely competitive two minutes."

With career wins numbering 1,200 and purses worth \$12 million, Krone no longer feels that she has to prove she can give the boys a good run for their money. "What I do on the track is a secret between me and the horse that has nothing to do with gender and everything to do with speed, control, and strength."

Strength seems to be an obsession with Krone. Reacting to one trainer's recently published comment that a 100-pound woman just isn't strong enough to control a 1,000-pound horse as effectively as her male peers, she flexes her diminutive arm. "Feel this," she challenges, showing muscles that racing and weight lifting have etched into perfect definition. "How about these thighs?" she asks of the attendant who's brushing the mud from the third race off her racing silks.

"Hard, Julie, hard," he replies, as he kneels to clean her boots. 



Jack and Jill
went up the hill
to fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down
and broke his Crown Royal
and now Jill is dating
some guy from L.A.



Crown Royal

Compulsory maternity leave
could hurt both
businesses and employees
—men and women alike.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER



Few things in our society are more highly revered than motherhood. However, it does not follow that everything connected with motherhood is automatically good. There has been a strong movement to compel businesses to grant automatic "parental leave" to the great majority of workers who request it. Up until now, only women were allowed time off from their jobs after the birth of a child; but recently, Congress has seen fit to allow other members of our work force to reap the benefits of maternity leave without having given birth.

By the time you read this, it is quite likely that one form or another of what has been called the Family and Medical Leave Act will have been passed. This bill forces businesses, depending upon their size, to grant most or all of their employees an unpaid leave to tend to a birth or an adoption.

The bill is deceptive because it attempts to portray a benefit specifically aimed at women as being gender neutral. Congresswoman Patricia Schroeder, Democrat

from Colorado, admitted that the bill's supporters considered it essential that it cover both men and women. If the bill were presented as being directed solely toward women, we would "go back to male versus female," said Schroeder. "[The bill has] been seen as establishing a right for women. It's important to make it a family program." Nonetheless, maternity-leave legislation, no matter what guise it goes under, will always favor women. Surprisingly, some feminists oppose laws that grant women special benefits in this area. The National Organization for Women argued against Lillian Garland in her landmark maternity-leave case against the California Federal Savings and Loan Association in Los Angeles. So did the staunchly feminist American Civil Liberties Union. "We don't think women are weak and in need of special assistance in that way," said Joan Bertin of the A.C.L.U.'s Women's Rights Project.

Garland, a receptionist at California Federal, left her job in order to give birth. When she returned to work two months later, the firm told her that her job had been filled. Though she was offered her choice of other positions, she turned them down and, citing a California law that requires employers to grant up to four months of unpaid leave for pregnancy or childbirth, sued to be reinstated. The bank, joined by the chamber of commerce and other business interests, challenged the law, claiming that it discriminated against men and was therefore in violation of federal equal-

employment laws.

Garland eventually prevailed in the Supreme Court, but not before the issue had sharply divided feminists. Backing her were Betty Friedan and an organization of working women called 9 to 5, who were prepared to accept that maternity leave was a special benefit to which only women were entitled. In support of Garland, Friedan asserted that "the time has come to acknowledge that women are different from men, and that there has to be a concept of equality that takes into account that women are the ones who have the babies."

As for the NOW feminists who opposed Garland in the lawsuit, their outrage stemmed from their calculation that employers, knowing the tremendous potential cost of having to hold open an essential position for innumerable weeks or months, would be less likely to hire women of child-bearing age.

A compulsory-leave bill could be very detrimental to businesses, especially in this era of economic uncertainty. "Small companies cannot operate efficiently [or] cost-effectively while tolerating vacancies among limited numbers of employees," noted John Sloan, Jr., president and chief executive officer of the National Federation of Independent Business. "Nor can smaller companies afford the cost of retraining employees to fill temporary vacancies or the expense of making room for employees who return after an absence of several months." The chamber of

commerce estimated that a compulsory unpaid-leave program would cost American businesses somewhere between \$2.6 and \$16.2 billion per year.

NOW and its allies, in its opposition to compulsory parental-leave measures, believes it can pull the wool over employers' eyes by instead demanding that leave be given for *any* disability, "whether it's pregnancy or a hernia," as one activist put it. This seems shortsighted. Although an employer *theoretically* would have to grant leave to a male employee with a hernia, it doesn't blind him to the fact that a critical disruption in the organization is far more likely to come about as a result of a pregnancy than a hernia. It is possible that under a compulsory-leave law the small employer will avoid, to whatever possible extent, hiring women of childbearing age for positions that can be filled by other employees. As a result, untold numbers of women may be denied employment under the plan originally prescribed for their benefit.

Employers should make every reasonable effort to accommodate women who must take off from work for childbearing purposes. However, it's wrong to require businesses—especially small businesses—to leave positions vacant indefinitely. By harming their operation, all their employees will eventually suffer.

Editor's note: Mr. Siller is a New York-based matrimonial attorney and the founder of the National Organization for Men.

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•Male nudity has always been a controversial subject, even from the sculptor's point of view—many girls grew up with the idea that a penis had the shape of a fig leaf. •

XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

In the July 1987 Penthouse, on page 63, there is a picture of a woman lying totally naked in the sand. Surrounding her are an army of men photographing her. Well, I am a man, age 30, and my fantasy is to be totally naked in front of a group of women armed with cameras, photographing me.

I'm not sure why I feel this way, but I've been interested in stripping in front of females for a long time now. I don't necessarily mean being a bump-and-grind male stripper, although I wouldn't mind trying that too.

I feel that women enjoy visual stimulation just like men do. I would love to enhance that enjoyment by posing nude for a camera. Xaviera, is this a normal yearning for a male? Maybe somewhere down the road I got my wires crossed and developed a "feminine" need for attention instead of male aggressiveness.

Also, I am not attracted to men at all. I love to look at the naked female form—that's why I love Penthouse. I would love it if there were a publication similar to Penthouse but geared toward women. It seems that male nudity is not welcome in society. Am I right in this assumption?—P. G.

You want to have an orgasm on the moon, or would you like a night of passion above the snow line in bigfoot country? Just ask Xaviera, she'll tell you how to do it. Sometimes I wonder if I shouldn't start a travel



agency, arranging fantasy trips to inner space; but even that isn't an original idea—they did it on TV. Nobody has yet written to ask me how to become president of the United States, but I'm sure someone will sooner or later.

If you glanced at the small print below the photograph in the July 1987 *Penthouse*, or better still, read the article, you would have discovered that it concerns a social problem rather than a sexual one, specifically the public exhibition of the female bust in South Africa, a country notorious for its double standards of morality.

Public nudity, partial or total, has always been a political issue. In Germany before the Second World War, nudity was encouraged by the Nazi party, who were on a health, beauty, and purity-of-race kick. The middle class didn't like it, so it

became even more desirable to Hitler's goons—until the anarchists took it up, and it was immediately decided that nudity clearly went against party policy.

In Spain today, after 11 years of democracy, the pronudists are in the majority, supporting it on the grounds of human liberty, and one local official was known as "Mister Topless" for his campaign for exposed breastworks.

I love being naked, but it often gets me into trouble. In Mexico I got a phone call from a government minister, who told me that certain Mexican mothers had objected to my sunbathing topless on the beach. When I pointed out that it was customary for Mexican mothers to breast-feed their children in public, he admitted that it was the "gringas" who had complained.

On the beach in Jamaica, a large lady in a one-piece bathing suit ordered me to cover up my tits. "You better do what she say," a passing Jamaican boy told me. "She de local judge." In Brazil, I was actually arrested for wearing a lace blouse through which my nipples were visible, and in Kenya I was handed a typewritten piece of paper by a security guard that informed me that displaying breasts was forbidden in the precincts of my hotel, although it was acceptable on the beach.

Male nudity has always been a controversial subject, even from the sculptor's point of view—a lot of girls grew up with the idea that a penis had the shape of a fig leaf. Can you imagine Michelangelo's larger-than-life statue of David with an erection? And what do you think people would say if it were to be exhibited in Times Square? On nude beaches all over the world, a man with a hard-on is greeted with stares of shocked disapproval, which gives the impression that nice men don't get horny in public.

But that is not really your problem. You sound as if you are a perfectly normal ego-maniac and, like beautiful women since time immemorial, you just love your own body; you think it is gorgeous and want the world to see it.

I think this desire is healthy,

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send yours to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse* Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, NY 10023-5965. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

The Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund Presents An Official Tribute to American Heroism



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although it is not shared by a lot of men, particularly your average American male, who seems remarkably reluctant to be parted from his ugly white underpants, which sometimes come in the shape of knee-length boxer shorts.

The most exciting aspect of fantasy desires is to realize them yourself, so I won't spoil your fun by making it too easy for you. But I suggest that you start by visiting a few nude beaches, of which there are plenty in the United States. Pick up a naturist publication at your friendly local bookstore and follow the trail until you locate something that sounds interesting. You can also buy magazines about photography and compile a list of lady photographers. A circular letter to these, offering your services as a model, is bound to produce some kind of result.

Finally, if you are prepared to travel, there are innumerable nude beaches in Europe, and I would recommend the island of Ibiza (Spain) or Ile du Levant (South of France) in July or August, which in these months are packed with female tourists toting cameras. In either place, your magnificent naked frame will be critically acclaimed, if not actually admired, by enough women to satisfy your cravings. You could even take a box of cheap cameras with you and organize a photography class on the beach.

ONE-NIGHT LOVE AFFAIR

I am a 19-year-old male virgin. However, my problem is not considering love and sex as separate concepts; I realize the intricacies of the two and how closely intertwined they are. I am quite well built, friendly, and open, and I normally have no problems when I want to find a serious relationship.

On the other hand, the difficulty is in how I handle myself in social situations—the ones where it is not love that I am looking for. I seem to get very shy in these situations, and feel that I am cheapening something by having a one-night stand. I think that once the ball gets rolling and our mutual aims are established and well understood, things would go fine. It's just that initial contact that really makes me nervous.

In Penthouse so many of the write-in encounters are totally spontaneous. One of my greatest fantasies is to be seduced by a sensuous, sexy woman. But in reality, I find that I have to work hard for it—sometimes embarrassing myself in the process. Maybe it's because I am quite a sincere and straightforward person, and not a smooth talker, that I have difficulty obtaining my goal.

Due to this, I am of limited sexual experience. I want to gain some so that when I make love to a special girl I can give her pleasure.—H. S.

One of the unfortunate aspects of the sexual act is its extreme brevity: so one of the objects of sexual instruction is to lengthen the union of two bodies, by

means of foreplay and self-control, so that it becomes a memorable experience rather than a two-minute quickie.

The technique of chatting up (as the English call it), pulling, dating, whatever, is an important part of foreplay and can be just as thrilling as the physical intimacy that is the end product. Even if you fail, don't worry; it is all useful experience. If initially you forget about the sexual implications and treat your potential pickups as ordinary people with whom you can have a normal conversation, you will have a much better chance of success. No girl really likes to be regarded as just a sex object, and despite evidence to the contrary, women are human beings just like you. This is a sport where the old saying "It doesn't matter if you win or lose, it's how you play the game" has never been more appropriate.

Your philosophy of considering love and sex as indivisible is a good one and is not a problem at all. In any case, every-

“
She hit every sexual
nerve in my body. After she
stopped, she cradled
me in her arms and said
someday a prince will
come and sweep me away.
”

one nowadays is paranoid with the thought of catching AIDS, so the one-night stand is a much more difficult goal to achieve than it used to be. Although it certainly happens every now and again that a man and a woman who are total strangers meet and, wham bam, five minutes later they are screwing like minks; nevertheless, most of the accounts that one reads (usually written by men) of predatory women parting with horniness, who tear off their clothes to expose a pulsing pussy dripping with desire, are more likely to be fantasy than reality.

The reason why a one-night stand does not extend itself into a weekend of passion or a lasting relationship is usually because the couple involved have nothing in common but a set of interlocking parts, and once they have got their mutual horniness out of the way, they have nothing more to say to each other. I have known at least two playboys who specialized in one-nighters, but after a few years of this (they lived in tourist resorts, so there was a constant supply of nubile female flesh) they became incapable of spending more than one evening with the same girl. Fine if you are in your teens or

twenties, but these guys are now in the over-40 bracket and have only lonely old age to look forward to.

I'll give you one tip to get your cherries off. If you read this column regularly, you will notice that the under-twenties have their first success mainly with an older woman. This is usually achieved by a stint of lawn mowing, house painting, babysitting, or odd-jobbing for an attractive neighbor, thus getting into her good books and subsequently into her underpants. So polish up your Boy Scout badge and get to work.

OLD-TIMER

I am a 73-year-old male retired doctor with some experiences—developed talents—that are unusual and exciting. I have admired your career, honesty, and practical approach to sexual matters. I have also read your books and column in Penthouse.

In my practice, I did a lot of family counseling and gave sexual advice, though my own experiences were limited to only a few different women. I divorced my first wife after 17 years, married my office nurse, and after 36 years in that marriage it seems I made a very good choice, even though she is 13 years younger than me. Lisette and I had I.C. before marriage, but it was really after we tied the knot that we developed our sexual skills.

During the last three years, with my age advancing, I have been giving myself testosterone shots, and in the past year I have used a penile injection that is available, which has been proven effective and acceptable. My own dimensions are only average, so to give Lisette the experience of a large penis I frequently wear extensions that add width and length. When properly applied, these extensions are firmly attached by suction, and they require patience to remove.

The enhanced enjoyment from these has settled for all time, in my mind, the argument about size. For Lisette, larger is definitely more enjoyable. We have I.C. five to seven times a week, with our combined orgasm total ranging from between 30 and 60, and these orgasms are shattering and almost indescribable. We have missed only two nights this month, and our usual session lasts a very loving and relaxed 60 minutes.

Needless to say, I am physically and mentally in great shape, and appear to be much younger than my years. The last year of my life with Lisette has been sensational. I am well-informed and well-read, but I know of no similar experiences with which to compare. Any comments, Xaviera?—K. U.

Your remarkable case history and medical know-how certainly gives a ray of hope not only to aging sex maniacs but also to the countless males who consider themselves undersized.

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ing your sexual activities, I think it would be a public-spirited idea for you to write a book on sexual techniques with particular reference to the third age. You are uniquely qualified in this subject, and apart from the commercial aspect of such a book, I am sure it would spread a lot of happiness.

I must, however, comment on a couple of your remarks. Sex is so much a matter of personal preference that there can be no serious argument about size. It is a simple matter of engineering. Cocks and cunts come in all dimensions, just like shoes or gloves, or nuts and bolts! If you try and put a size-12 foot into a size-9 boot, something has to give. It is all a question of fit. The other day I met a very small male person who works in a circus. I referred to him as a midget. He got very uptight, drew himself up to his full height (around four feet), and said, "I am not a midget, I am a dwarf." "What's the difference?" I asked. "Midgets are small all over," he replied, glancing meaningfully down at his crotch.

My other criticism of your fascinating letter, which applies to writers on every subject, concerns my loathing of initials. We are surrounded by yuppies and dinks, advertisement columns are full of S.A.S.E.'s and O.N.O.'s; but not everybody knows what they mean, and they

also have different connotations in other languages. NATO, for example, is OTAN in Spanish. AIDS is SIDA in French. So what is I.C.? I presume you mean intercourse, which without the "sexual" prefix means conversation. (The four-letter word is "talk" rather than "fuck.") I.C. is more likely to stand for ice cream, or internal combustion. Sexual intercourse should be S.I. (in Spanish, *si* is both "yes" and "if"), but it could be S.I.C.; and although *sic* is Latin for "thus," it has bad connotations (it sounds sick).

In sexual matters as in life, honesty is the best policy, and in my opinion, people who obscure their meaning with unnecessary abbreviations are literary premature ejaculators.

FIRST TIME

I am an 18-year-old girl who just recently graduated from high school. Upon graduation, I got a job as a secretary for an investment firm on Wall Street. My boss is a beautiful, intelligent woman in her late thirties. She is all business in the office. I respect and admire her because she treats me like a professional.

Last Friday, she invited me to dinner at a fancy restaurant as a reward for my hard work during the week. She was friendly and cordial during our meal. After dinner, I accepted her invitation to visit her Fifth

Avenue apartment; she wanted someone to talk to on a Friday night.

Her apartment was beautiful and had a great view of the city. As I stood by the window admiring the view, my boss held my waist and kissed me passionately on the lips. I was shocked and confused. After a few minutes, she took my hand and led me to her bedroom. She lowered herself onto the bed and sat me on her lap as she pulled up my dress. She proceeded to caress me through my panties. I overcame my initial shock and began to tongue-kiss my boss. She undressed me and herself, and laid me across her bed. She massaged my dainty feet and sucked each toe affectionately. She licked her way to my cunt and stopped. She went to her closet to retrieve a two-ended dildo and returned to the bed. I was both scared and horny as she held it in her hands. I was ashamed to confess to her I was a virgin. She wiped the tears from my face and kissed me reassuringly on my cheeks. She dropped the dildo on the floor. She lifted my legs high over her shoulders and began to kiss and lick my cunt. She hit every sexual nerve in my body as I cried and screamed from her love touch. After she stopped, she cradled me in her arms and said someday a prince will come and sweep me away. I fell asleep in her arms.

Next morning, we took a bath together, but we acted more like two childish teenagers than lovers. She cooked me breakfast and drove me home. I was disappointed I couldn't make love to her as she did to me. A week later, my boss was transferred to California. She wished me well and invited me to visit her.

I was a very popular girl in high school, and I never had problems with dates. I remained a virgin because I wished to be. My sexual encounter with my boss was the first one I ever had with a male or female partner. After this incident, I find myself more attracted to girls than boys. My older sister's best girlfriend, who is 15 years older than me, recently made a pass at me. Whenever she sees me, she kisses me on the lips, and a couple of times she used her tongue. I am tempted to accept her invitation. Is it normal for an 18-year-old girl to have such strong lesbian desires? Is being a lesbian and a virgin abnormal? Please help me, Xaviera.—S. T.

Female homosexuality is such a complicated and controversial subject that I cannot go into enough detail in the space available, so you are going to have to answer some of the questions for yourself. The first one is, what do you mean when you say you "remained a virgin because you wished to be"? Are you saying that in spite of your popularity, you never met a man who attracted you enough for you to want to make love with him, or do you mean that you were not yet ready for what is nowadays considered a normal stage in growing up? I suspect it is the latter,

which is why you were "shocked and confused" when your boss made a pass at you. How would you have reacted if your boss had been a man? Would you have been just as scared and horny on seeing his erect penis as you were about the double dildo, or would you have run away before he got that far? When you ask if it is normal for an 18-year-old girl to have strong "lesbian desires," isn't that the same as saying "sexual desires," which of course are perfectly normal?

My feeling is that you are too passive. You remained a virgin because it required no effort, and when you were finally seduced, you let it happen for the same reason. Now, however, your sexuality has been awakened and you want more, but you are still playing the part of the frightened virgin. A female sexual partner is suddenly available, so you have decided you are a lesbian, since that is the easiest course to follow. Well, maybe you are, but you cannot be certain until you have tried all the alternatives. Your boss sounds like a truly intelligent and forthright person, and I accept her assessment of your character when she says that "someday your prince will sweep you away."

You are obviously a desirable and beautiful young girl and attractive to both sexes, so instead of sitting back and letting things happen, I suggest you catch up on your sexual education by finding yourself a boyfriend to relieve you of the continued embarrassment of admitting to being a virgin. He may not be your actual prince, so don't give up after only one attempt.

WHAT'S A REAL MAN?

There is nothing I enjoy more than extended foreplay. I enjoy stroking, licking, and eating my boyfriend's cock. Although I enjoy doing these things, my boyfriend insists that he needs a lot of stimulation to perform. So either he reads an X-rated novel, thumbs through pages of beautiful nude models, or watches an X-rated movie while I stimulate him.

My problem is that the foreplay is never returned. After I've been playing with him for about three to four hours, he either has me suck him off, or he bends me over the counter and fucks me. The only meaningful physical contact he may have with me before the actual sex act is to put his arm around me.

I've also tried to not touch him at all—he just plays with himself, goes to bed hard, waits for me to fall asleep, and then takes a magazine to the bathroom to masturbate with. We have sex about once a week now. We used to make love five to six times per week during the first three weeks of our relationship. I was very satisfied, and he was very attentive.

Xaviera, I do not mind the books, magazines, or movies. What I do mind is that I am ignored. I am intelligent, sensual, and pretty. However, I have run out of ideas and patience.—S. Z.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

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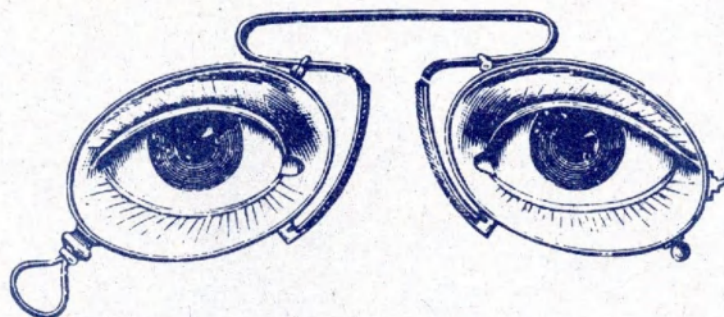
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

VIETNAM FOR KIDS

BY EMILY PRAGER

I've been to see the latest crop of Vietnam movies—*Full Metal Jacket*, *Platoon*, and *Good Morning Vietnam*, and there's something off about them. All are subtly different from *Apocalypse Now* and *The Deer Hunter*, and that difference sends a message about the war that, though not destructive, is revisionist, inaccurate, and at bottom, right wing. Made during the Reagan era, these movies have a "Vietnam for kids" approach that reminds me of military movies of the 1950s. If you did not live through the Vietnam War, I'd just like to offer you some thoughts to chew on along with your popcorn.

It's important to get one thing straight: During the Vietnam War, no one was confused about whether they were for or against it. The benignly confused, apolitical main character who is forced by being in Vietnam to take a position, a common factor in all three movies, is an eighties conceit and was simply not a reality at that time. You wore your position toward the war as a badge of honor, as an identity. To have had no position, like the guy in *Platoon*, or a derisive, who-cares, mocking attitude as in *Jacket* or *Good Morning Vietnam*, would have been really weird. Vietnam was a place of fighting and war and death to everyone, pro and con, not really a lackadaisical, laughing matter.

What was a reality at the time, on the other hand, was the guy who believed in the sanctity of his government and who went to Vietnam with a mandate to fight for his country, where he found out he had been screwed. The story of the right-wing guys who came home wounded and with medals and who burned their draft cards in protest is the real story of *Platoon*. The innocent-nonentity-who-learns-to-get-high-and-kill story makes *Platoon* a generic war movie. Could be Guadalcanal. *Platoon* is stunningly, movingly realistic but totally unspecific to its time.

The faintly left-wing guy who goes to Vietnam and is surprised to find the war is a nightmare is also anachronistic. The antiwar position was that Vietnam would make you a killer. It

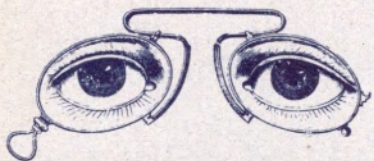
would have come as no particular surprise to anyone even faintly leftist that if he ended up in Vietnam, he might easily be led to kill. Go there and there will be blood on your hands, the antiwar movement screamed. It was no secret. Everyone heard it. So when you see the guy in *Full Metal Jacket* and *Good Morning Vietnam* suddenly find out that war is hell—that's for your eighties benefit. It's not history. If you go to see *Good Morning Vietnam*, you may notice that when the Vietcong boy cries at the end, everyone in the audience over 34 starts booing at the screen. Here's why: No Vietcong would have cried in confusion. They were fighting a revolution. Friendship with an American would have made them cry? Bullshit. Ultracrap. Tell it to Ho Chi Minh.

The point of this movie revisionism is to get you to believe that the Vietnam War, just like all wars, was sad and confusing. This is true, but it is not what made the Vietnam War unique in American history. What was extraordinary about this conflict was it caused a civil war at home. It divided the country into prowar and antiwar, and caused a schism that still festers today. It pitted fathers against sons, universities against police, and the right against the left in actual pitched battle.

In addition to this, we know now that the military, which is depicted in all of these movies as "doing their job," actually did not do their job. They fiddled with troop assessments so our troops were outnumbered during the Tet Offensive. They provided little or no health care for our returning soldiers who came home mentally and physically fucked up. And when they pulled out of Vietnam, they abandoned God knows how many living American prisoners of war and left them to die in Vietnamese and Laotian prisons.

There's one other thing you might think about when you see these movies: We lost the war. The Asians in the black pajamas—they won. You'll be surprised how odd these movies will seem to you if you keep this in mind.





VIEW FROM THE TOP

FASHION

BY LYNN KEARCHER

When designer Nicholas Graham received a visit from the Secret Service this past February, the last thing that flashed through his mind was that one of his newly designed boxer shorts, ones sporting replicas of \$500 bills, had put him in the hot seat. Known for his zany underwear, which often serves as a podium for social comment, Graham intended his money boxers to be a jab at America's infatuation with the almighty dollar. Billed as the "\$23,000 Underwear," the briefs were considered a form of counterfeiting; so "the Secret Service confiscated all 850 pairs," Graham told *Penthouse* from his San Francisco design studio.

Aside from his little run-in with the law, Canadian-born Graham spends his days, as he tells it, "Pulling the pants down on underwear and letting them speak for themselves." Nicholas Graham (a.k.a. Joe Boxer—his company's name) is the first designer to create a persona for men's underwear. A fictitious character, Joe Boxer is a combination of many mythical Joes—he's the street-fightin' Joe of the forties, the

cynical Joe of the eighties, and the timeless blue-collar Joe. To say the least, Graham's attitude toward fashion is very tongue-in-cheek. "My feeling about fashion is that the business is so desperately serious that it becomes a parody of itself," says Graham. "I'm trying to make the parody more outrageous."

But Graham's irreverent wit doesn't hinder the fine workmanship of his clothing, nor his success as a businessman. Joe Boxer's major competitors (for volume) are Calvin Klein and Jockey. Some of the

hottest-sellers to date have been Robin Leach boxers that boast TONS OF TASTELESS JEWELS, LARGE VACANT DREAM HOMES, AND OIL WELLS GALORE. And for the supershy guy, Joe Boxer offers neon underwear that by day is pure white, but when the lights go out, green ants and skeletons appear—perhaps Graham's way of saying we've all got skeletons in our closets and ants in our pants.

On a less flippant note, Graham makes social statements via his gear. Just in time for our upcoming presidential elections, Joe Boxer offers us a "Gorbachev for President" shirt, sporting his portrait with his famous birthmark rendered as a crinkled \$100 bill.

At present, Graham is working on a collection of knits for men and women. His prices range from about \$15 for boxers and \$16 for tanks, to around \$30 for miniskirts and \$40 for men's wrestling suits, to \$100 for silk fighter robes.

The one advantage Nicholas Graham has over so many other designers is that he leaves us wondering just what new observations he will come up with next. Until then, we can be sure of one thing: Joe Boxer exposed our Secret Service Department to the world of fashion while simultaneously bringing a farcical meaning to the word *undercover*.



"Mysterious" Christine . . .

SOUNDS

BY VIN SCELISA

You are about to read a rave review of Christine Lavin's new album, *Good Thing He Can't Read My Mind* (Philo Records PH-1121), but before some wise guy cries foul—"Hey, Vin, you *know* Christine, you've worked with her, you two are *friends*!"—I have something to say. Yes, I know the lady. Yes, we've broken bread together, coproduced some radio specials, shared a dressing room or two (don't worry, I was a perfect gentleman)—but big deal! So what! You think I can't be objective? You think I would use precious space in this national publication to shamelessly tout the career of a woman who's like the sister I never had (um . . . that's not true—I *have* a neat sister), the baton twirler I always wished lived next door? Huh, smart aleck? Well, I'll show you how "objective" I can be.

For starters, I don't like the cover photo: It's a subtle joke her fans will love, but I think newcomers to Christine's sense of humor might misunderstand and be put off by



it. And . . . um . . . sometimes the arrangements are a tad too busy, too slick for my taste. And . . . oh, yeah . . . she could lose the Livingston Taylor-duet cover of "Downtown." It's nice, but unnecessary. There. So much for all of you doubters of critical integrity.

Christine Lavin has been a driving force and enthusiastic cheerleader of the eighties urban acoustic Folk Revival. But don't let the F-word scare you. This is no wimpy-dip, time-warp hippie I'm talking about. *This is one of the country's best songwriters.* Period. Regardless of genre or backup instrumentation. For her literacy, humor, and compassion, her keen, observant eye and ability to translate the most mundane moments into magic, I can only compare her to the likes of, say, a Paul Simon. Yeah. . . . "Christine Lavin is the new Paul Simon!"—*Penthouse*. That has a nice ring to it.

As in her previous albums, the material here bounces from the slyly humorous to the slightly wicked to the sad and touching—sometimes even in the same song. There is less immediate silliness than on past efforts; her humor has grown more subtle. Lavin can write lilting ballads that echo in the heart and playful ditties that tickle the ears; there's even a kind of reggae thing here ("Never Go Back," a Thomas Wolfe-ian memory trip which, in my objective opinion, ought to be released as a single). This is not singer-songwriter stuff so much as the kind of craft that could revitalize the dormant American musical theater. ("Christine Lavin

is the new Lerner and Loewe!"—*Penthouse*.)

The album's outright *ha-ha* song is "Mysterious Woman," a loving send-up of Suzanne Vega, in which a woman who wants to experience existentialism and high art can't get her mind off defrosting the refrigerator. In a musically perfect skewering, Lavin conducts a stream-of-consciousness journey from frozen chicken parts and candy bars to Greek mythology. But when she finally asks a bartender—mysteriously, *Lauren Bacallishly*—for a light, she's asking for beer, not allure, and she knows her baton-twirling past can never be denied. The song gets funnier with each listen; Lavin knows how to layer the jokes, how to caress the punches. Vega should be flattered. (She might not ever speak to Christine again, but hey, *F-word 'em* if they can't take a joke!)

Lavin's eyes are much too wide open to be mysterious. In many of these songs she's "Christine, Girl Reporter," chronicler of what dramatist Paddy Chayefsky called "the marvelous world of the ordinary." Santa Monica's "Tina Turner palm trees," New York's homeless street people, Miami's retirees and drifters—the most chance encounters kick off concise narratives and evocative images.

The humorous title track examines what a woman will suffer for her man—opera, skiing, even sushi ("like chewing on your own cheek"). This comically mismatched couple are taken more seriously in "Bumblebees": Admitting neither is what the other expected, they confess

their fears and tiptoe gingerly into love, where they wind up hurting each other ("Realities") the way people do in Anne Tyler novels, not maliciously, but sadly, inevitably.

The thing that most impresses me about Lavin is her basic goodness. Not goody-goody—there's a big difference. In a business filled with charlatans, liars, and creeps, Christine Lavin's light shines like a beacon of sanity. And I would say all these nice things about *Good Thing He Can't Read My Mind* even if she wasn't a pal.



R & R: Who took this pic? Who sees it? Family Viewing.

FILM

BY MARCIA PALLY

• Can the star of *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?* come again? The answer: Not in films like *Shoot to Kill* or *Little Nikita*—they're Superfly as F.B.I.

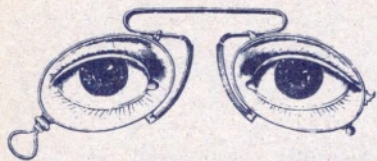
• Neil Simon's *Biloxi Blues* (★★½), based on his play about boot camp circa 1945, ambles along with affectionate humor—like a trolley without an engine: So what if the ride gets you nowhere. At least you'll enjoy the trip. Directed by Mike Nichols, *Biloxi's* treatment of

anti-Semitism and gay-baiting is some of the best in current cinema. **Matthew Broderick** is appropriately disingenuous, and **Christopher Walken**, a cocked .45 with a crack in its bearings.

• **Daniel Day-Lewis** can do anything: punk (*My Beautiful Laundrette*), prig (*A Room With a View*), philandering physician (*The Unbearable Lightness of Being*), and now, ingratiating Englishman in **Pat O'Connor's** *Stars and Bars* (★★). It's a good thing the film has Day-Lewis, along with **Harry Dean Stan-**

ton, because this comedy about a Brit in Georgia is duller than the intelligence of most of its characters. All of its cutting moments are by Day-Lewis; the rest is soap.

• Any film with **Vanessa Redgrave** and **Jonathan Pryce** (*Brazil*) based on a play by Monty Python troupe-ers **Michael Palin** and **Terry Jones** is sure to attract attention. But *Consuming Passions* (★★), a satire about a cost-cutting exec who discovers it's cheaper to put corpses in candy than chocolate, is long on slapstick but short on edge. Those with a craving for goof, go for it.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

Newcomer **Tyler Butterworth**, as chocolate man of the year, does the most with a gummy script.

- Finally a film for "Addams Family" fans. ***Beetlejuice***(***), directed by **Tim Burton**, with **Michael Keaton** in an eye-popping role, parodies plastic Halloween horror by making ghosts the guests of an affectionately neurotic American family. Sweetly ghoulish, singularly bizarre: Imagine Rob Reiner in Amityville.

- They sell condoms in women's restrooms in Germany. It was my first impression of the country en route to the **1988 Berlin Film Festival**, one of the largest in the world, with a slight reputation for kink. I expected Ekstase dispensers in men's rooms, especially in Frankfurt, port of entry for the U.S. Army. But women's rooms were a stretch. Condoms are also sold in street dispensers so that prostitutes can buy them for their johns. This means—let my flummoxed American mind grapple with the concept—that women who not only have sex but earn money from it don't deserve to die. But, my dear, what was *Fatal Attraction* all about?

The festival was launched with a screening of **Reinhard Hauff's *Line 1***, followed by a reception where beer and champagne glided along on the same trays. Based on the satirical operetta due in the U.S. this summer, *Line 1* is set in Berlin's subway—a sort of "Cosi Fan Toot."

The most cutting number is the Widows of Wilmersdorf quartet. Septuagenarians in fox collars and veiled cloches fondly recall the führer and

lap the cream from their husbands' pensions while baring lipstick-smeared teeth at Turks.

I compare my impressions of Berlin with *Line 1*. Every street I've passed is litterless; every bathroom I've seen is spotless and works. Crowds wait for the green before crossing even if there's no traffic as far down as Poland. Queues move 83 percent faster than in the States. (Germans track that sort of stat.) There are fewer homeless in all the main bus terminals than on one New York subway grate. So whatever social ills afflict Germany, I think the Widows of Wilmersdorf are winning.

This was confirmed for me by a demonstration I witnessed at the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church. The protesters objected to the rule that protesters can't cover their faces (the better to photograph you, my dear). Only Germans would demonstrate about the rules of

demonstrations.

We now have to confront the prizes—Big Bang of the Berlinale. The Golden Bear went to ***Red Sorghum*** by **Zhang Yimou** (People's Republic of China, 1987), due in the U.S. later this year. Silver Bears went to ***The Commissar*** by **Aleksandr Askoldov** (U.S.S.R., 1967, a glasnost release) and ***Matka Krolow*** by **Janusz Zaorski** (Poland, 1986). Significant politically, none of these has the grace or subtlety of **Miguel Pereira's *The Debt*** (Argentina, 1987), about the impact of military rule and the Falklands war on an isolated mountain village and one simple shepherd boy.

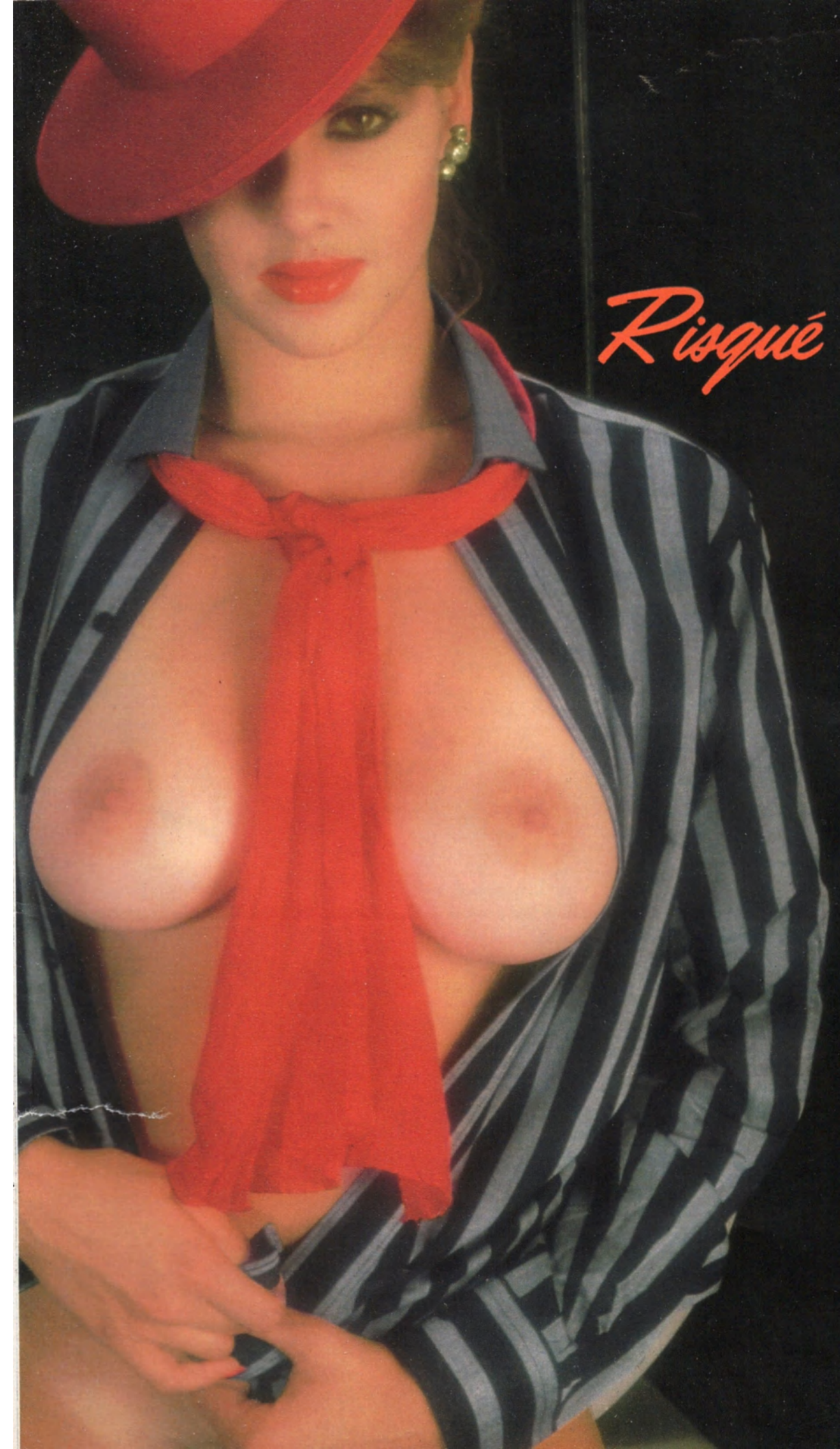
The Debt was awarded a Silver Bear, and I hope distributors take notice—more notice, say, than the festival's hotel office. The director and producer walled up in the home of a local journalist, sleeping on one cramped child's cot. If the festival doesn't want to get the reputation of promoting homosexual Winter Tan.

uality among third-world filmmakers, perhaps it should consider paying for the award winners' hotels.

I was distressed to see that **Norman Jewison** got Best Director for ***Moonstruck***, a big-budget blockbuster that doesn't belong in a festival meant for movies with less exposure and more experiment. If I were king, I'd give first prize to **Atom Egoyan's *Family Viewing***, the festival's most mysterious, seductive movie. A family with a few skeletons in the closet discovers that years of videotaping family affairs—children's play in the yard, grown-up play in the bed—leaves behind a record. He who has the tapes has the people in his palm.

For my second prize, I'd take director **Rosa von Praunheim's** suggestion of an award for perversity. Most Perverse Film goes to ***Winter Tan***, based on the letters of **Maryse Holder**, an American university professor striving hard for the bowels of decadence with pills and, above all, sex with a cavalry of brown boys south of the border. Imagine William Burroughs with a sex change seen through Woody Allen's eyes. O—





Risqué Business

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A HOT PROPOSITION



ARTICLE

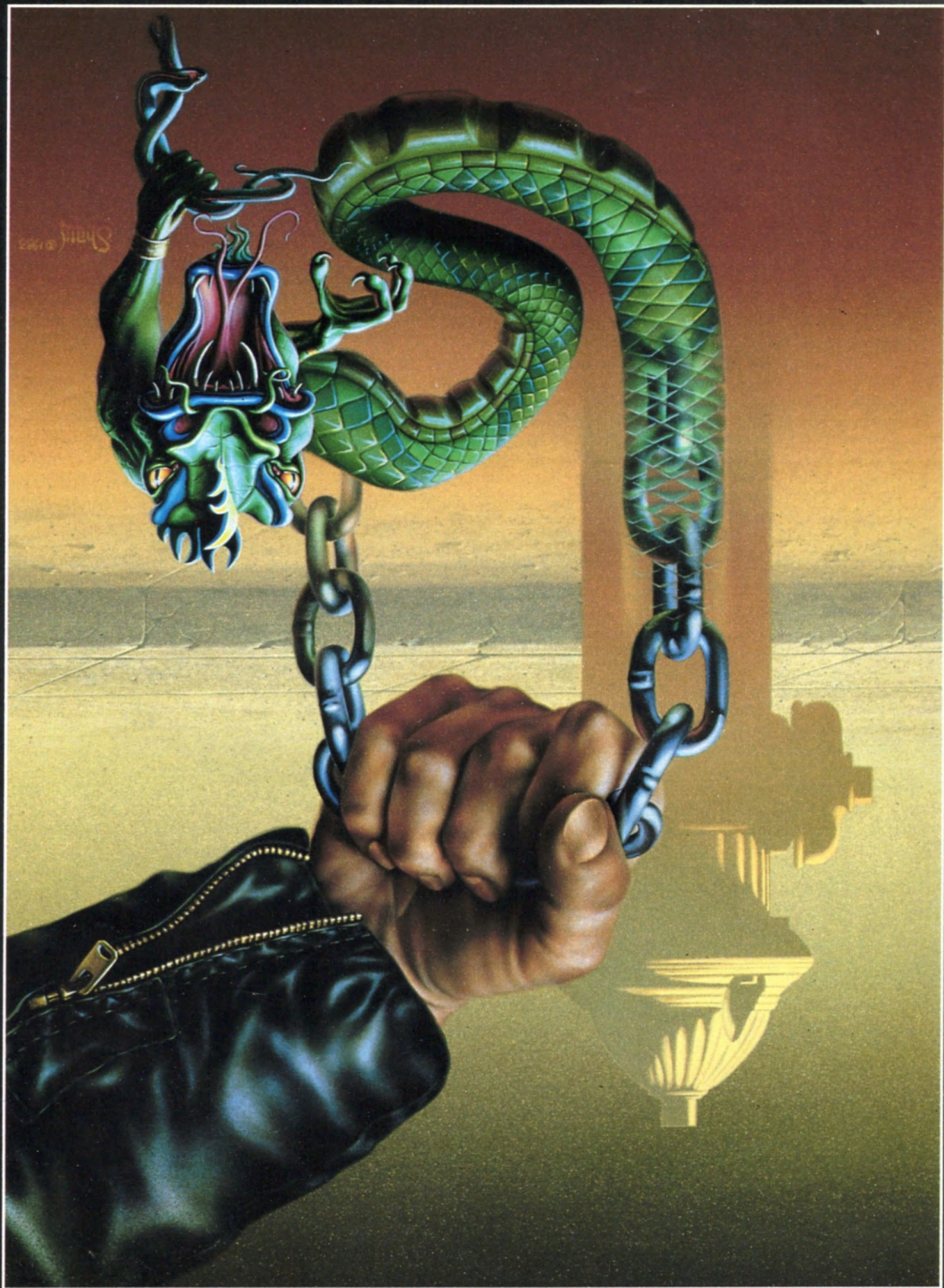
Police experts fear that
a little-known criminal subculture
could become America's
No. 1 law-enforcement threat.

CHINATOWN COSA NOSTRA

BY HARIETTE SUROVELL

"It is very hard to tell with men.
Some like tall and skinny ones. Some like fat
ones," Shih Hsaio Pao, a middle-
aged Taiwanese madam and mother of three,
complained to an oriental New
York City police detective who was posing as a

PAINTING BY BARCLAY SHAW



Shanley 10/02

wealthy businessman. The detective, wearing a wire, nodded sympathetically. "Everybody's taste is different," Shih Hsiao Pao continued. "Some girls look really good. Once they get into the room, they are as cold as ice. That is useless. The customer is not happy and must scold her. Some people are not as beautiful. But they are more humble, and they are willing to do anything. So the men figure that they are not marrying a wife, and all they want is good service."

The detective was a key player in an extensive investigation initiated by the Federal Immigration and Naturalization Service's Senior Special Agent James Goldman. It was nicknamed the "Project Hydra" case, and Goldman was assisted by his partner Glen Reyes. During a period of several weeks in March 1986, Goldman's undercover detectives had wine and dine Shih in an effort to find out how she ran her international alien smuggling and prostitution ring. Madam Shih didn't appear to find her job particularly daunting. There wasn't, she assured one detective, "a single bit of risk" in getting the girls.

"We get them over from Taiwan, where my son works in the travel business," she explained. She neglected to mention the fact that her son specialized in approaching cosmeticians, factory workers, and hotel maids who were desperately poor—and equally ingenuous. He enticed them with tales about America, the land they called "The Mountain of Gold." His mother, he said, owned nightclubs there, where there were job openings for entertainers and hostesses.

"If a girl wants to come here, my son has her sign a contract," said Shih. "This is her agreement that she will pay back all her travel expenses after she has earned them by working for me. Every month, we are getting visas issued from the Taiwanese U.S. Consulate, where my son has a connection inside. We give the girls money to buy the airplane tickets, money to settle their families down. Sometimes the money situation is tight. The uglier ones require a smaller advance. The younger and good-looking ones typically repay us slowly. The total fee for a customer is \$80. The admission fee is \$20. We get an extra \$18 from the girls—\$8 is for those in Taiwan who arranged for the girls; the remaining \$10 goes to the shop. The ordinary massage parlor only makes \$20. We make an extra \$10. This is where we are stronger than other places."

The detective humbly expressed his deepest respect for his dining companion's business acumen. But wasn't there a possibility, he asked, of losing the investment if a girl ran away? "Over in Taiwan, we know where they live," she assured him. "We know their telephone numbers. If she cannot be found here, she can be found in Taiwan."

She sighed, and repeated that "the tastes of men are strange. There are girls

who dress nicely—20 years old—they did not do any business the whole day. Then there is one who is quite, quite old, 40 something years old. Every day, she does 13 hours a day, and the 20-year-old, she sits on the bench."

"Stranger still, she added, was the customers' desire for "fresh girls only." Shih explained her ingenious system of "recycling" her workers—at her whim, she transferred employees between any of her seven brothels located in New York City, Houston, San Francisco, and Lakewood, Colorado.

There were also new girls coming in all the time, Shih said. Her daughter's lover, Lu Hung-Dar, was planning to bring in two girls from Thailand who were 19 and 20 years old. "Thai girls have very small waists and big breasts," said Shih. "[The travel expenses] would be \$6,000. But this is no problem. Let us suppose she has five customers a day. We can make back \$300 a day. As long as she can be

Madam Shih sighed: "The tastes of men are strange. . . . There's one girl who's 40 years old. Every day, she does 13 hours. And the 20-year-old sits on the bench."

controlled to work for 20 days over here, then we get our money back. We have to keep an eye on her for 20 days. We don't let her leave. With girls like that, we surely hold on to their passports."

As Agent Goldman read the transcripts of these tapes (which were later introduced as evidence), he grew increasingly convinced that Madam Shih's enterprise did not exist in a vacuum, but was linked to a highly organized, clandestine Chinese organized-crime network operating in America and working with connections in the Orient. Many of his colleagues in the I.N.S. and in other federal government agencies regarded this with skepticism. The year was 1985, and the consensus among law-enforcement officials at the time was that Chinese criminal activities in America were restricted to the occasional street-gang shoot-out in New York or San Francisco, and, of course, sales of illegal fireworks on Independence Day.

Goldman had first become suspicious of Madam Shih's activities when he was transferred from the United States Border Patrol to New York City in July 1984. An anonymous letter had been sent to

him by a concerned Chinese-American citizen, alleging that a house of prostitution was operating at 148 Baxter Street in Chinatown. Goldman surveyed the location, and observed a heavy traffic of oriental males and a video camera positioned above the front door. Neighborhood residents told him stories of gunshots, violence, and protection by members of Chinese street gangs. Next, a search of public records connected the name Stephen Lai to the Baxter Street residence. Goldman learned that Lai was a repeat felon who had sold heroin to a Drug Enforcement Administration undercover agent. Shortly after Goldman began the Madam Shih investigation, Lai's wife Mary was gunned down by Chinese gang members at her place of work—a brothel located at 686 Sixth Avenue in New York. Mary Lai had co-managed the house with her husband, who was considered a prime suspect in the homicide. No one was ever charged with the murder, and the case remains unsolved. Both the brothels at 686 Sixth Avenue and at 148 Baxter Street were owned by Madam Shih Hsiao Pao.

Pulling the telephone records for Baxter Street and Sixth Avenue, Goldman was taken aback when he saw repeated calls to numbers in Houston, San Francisco, Lakewood . . . and to Central and South America, Taiwan, and Thailand.

"At that point, I realized I was dealing with a large-scale illegal operation with national and international connections," Goldman said.

His next step was to develop a high-level informant within the Madam Shih organization. Goldman chose an old friend and trusted confidant of Shih's. The informant told Goldman that Madam Shih was eager to open up new "shops." It was decided that Detective Albert Chan would present himself as a greedy entrepreneur with unlimited cash flow. At a critical meeting, Chan brought along his "bodyguard," Detective Louie Chan (no relation). Madam Shih brought her daughter and key associate, I Huei Chin. Albert Chan pretended to be a neurotic, fastidious, and polite investor. In contrast, Louie Chan acted the tough guy. He made statements like, "If you don't fucking believe me, then how can you fucking get me to come here today?" He snickered about the corruption of "white foreign devil" officials, at one point referring to deceased Queens Borough President Donald Manes as "a turtle egg." Through their combination of deference and defiance, the two wired detectives gained the trust of the two wary women. There was a tense moment, however, when Albert Chan discovered that he didn't have enough money to pay for the expensive meal at one of Manhattan's more elegant Japanese restaurants. Pleading car trouble, he beeped James Goldman from a pay phone. Goldman, his fellow agents, and New York City cops had surrounded the Iroha Restaurant in



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unmarked vehicles. Goldman walked from car to car, collecting all the cash he could to cover Chan's bill . . . and save Chan's cover.

Finally, Goldman obtained enough incriminating evidence to execute search and arrest warrants at all of Madam Shih's brothels and residences. Goldman's task force now included I.N.S. agents and police officers in San Francisco, Denver, New York, and East Brunswick, New Jersey.

Guns were confiscated at the Lake-wood brothel, glassine envelopes at Baxter Street. The building in New York had been fortified with three steel-locked doors, and was guarded by several Chinese youth gang members, one of whom held a loaded and cocked .22 caliber pistol disguised as a ballpoint pen.

I Huei Chin's \$92,000 East Brunswick condo (paid for in part with a \$60,000 loan from Citibank) was seized, and explorations of her safe-deposit boxes unearthed over \$17,000 worth of jewelry, gold, jade, and pearls. There were also bankbooks revealing that mother and daughter had amassed upwards of \$100,000.

The tiny rooms in which the 50 Taiwanese women lived and worked contained tremendous quantities of condoms, other contraceptives, and tubes of KY jelly. A hundred condoms were found in the refrigerator of a whorehouse owned by a man who had once rented a shop to Madam Shih. When questioned by an assistant U.S. attorney in his private chambers, the man said that he used the prophylactics as a culinary aid: "Many times I cook in a wok, and I keep them on my fingers to protect from splashing hot oil," he said.

Madam Shih's defense attorney also attempted to deny the obvious implications of the seized sexual paraphernalia. In his opening arguments in U.S. District Court in Manhattan in June of 1986, in the case of *United States of America v. I Huei Chin and Shih Hsaio Pao*, Steven Rosenzweig proclaimed, "Nobody is on trial here for owning KY jelly."

The lawyer was less glib, however, when Carl Loewenson, Jr., the assistant U.S. attorney, presented substantial evidence of unstamped passports, contracts made out by the travel agent, address books containing names of people and hotels throughout Central and South America, and transcripts of the taped conversations. I Huei Chin fixed an evil eye on the dozen former "employees" who testified for the prosecution. The young women described, through a translator, being flown to Bolivia, El Salvador, and Guatemala. From there, they were smuggled over the Mexican border and held captive in houses in Texas until being transported to New York City.

They spoke of their isolation and unhappiness, of the urgency they felt to pay off their "travel debts"—which ranged from \$3,000 to \$6,000—of the fear of ret-

tribution against their families should they fail to fulfill their "contracts." Some witnesses said that even after they repaid their debts, I Huei Chin refused to relinquish the documents.

Madam Shih and I Huei Chin were each convicted of prostitution racketeering and given long terms in federal penitentiaries. The other members of the network included Shih's two sons; Stephen Lai; I Huei Chin's lover; and a popular Taiwanese movie director. One son and Hung Chang Wang, known as "Director Wong," pleaded guilty to felony charges in California. The son was sentenced to four years in prison, and Director Wong was sentenced to 20 months. Stephen Lai was already incarcerated following his second arrest for selling heroin. Chin's lover, Lu Hung-Dar, remains a fugitive—although James Goldman traced his movements through Guatemala, Ecuador, Thailand, and Hong Kong, and came close to capturing him in a dragnet in

6

He said he used
condoms as a culinary
aid: "I cook in a wok,
and I keep them on my
fingers to protect
from splashing hot oil."

;

Oklahoma, where his sister owned a Chinese restaurant. Shih's No. 2 son, the travel agent, remains at large and cannot be legally extradited since the United States does not officially recognize Taiwan.

In many ways, Madam Shih's prosecution was a historic victory. It was the first time ever that the I.N.S. had brought a case under the federal RICO (Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations) statute, which prohibits conducting the affairs of an enterprise through a pattern of certain kinds of illegal activity (such as "transportation of women in interstate or foreign commerce for the purpose of prostitution").

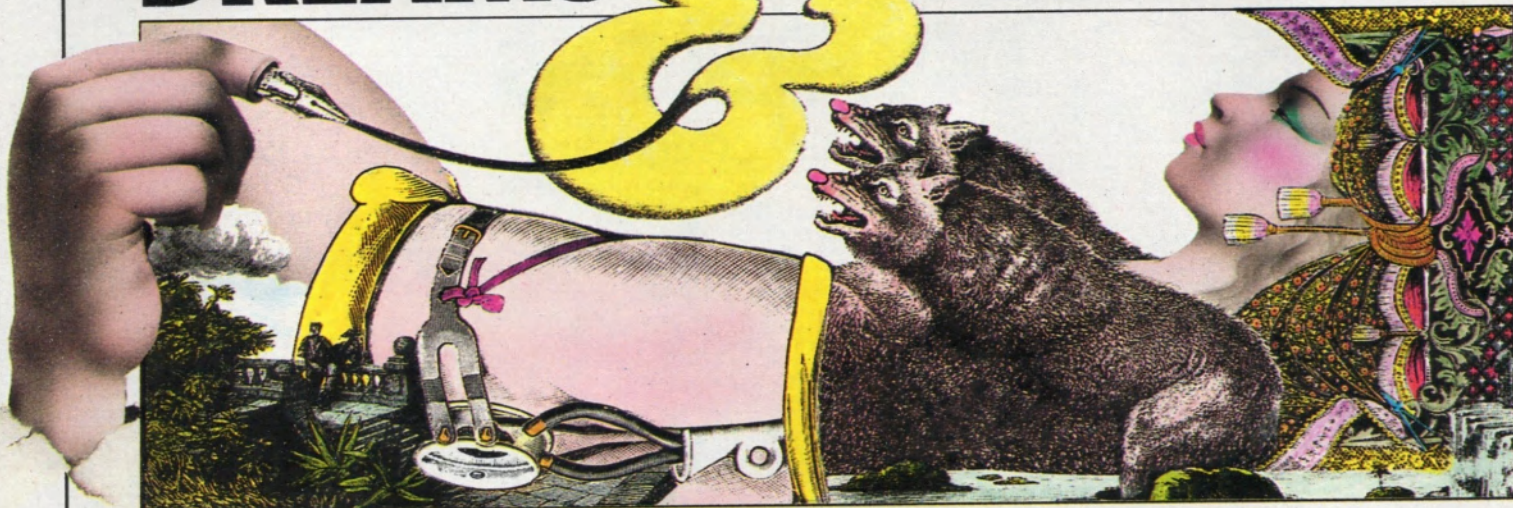
For James Goldman, the conviction was a personal triumph—the result of extensive investigation, shrewd strategy, and almost obsessive dedication. Developing informants and coordinating work with detectives contrasted dramatically with his experiences as a United States Border Patrol agent at the U.S.-Mexican border. The only son of a middle-class Boston family, Goldman's parents had expected him to become a doctor or a lawyer. But after enlisting in the

Air Force and working for a detective agency, Goldman decided on a career in law enforcement. He had been to the Mexican border, and realized that the most challenging of all law-enforcement positions would be with the I.N.S.—combating the hordes of illegal aliens storming across the border. His first assignment was the harrowing Chula Vista sector. The routine raids there were often conducted at night, with one's closest partner stationed 40 miles away. There were times when Goldman discovered groups of 50 or more people hiding in the brush, any one of whom could be dangerous and desperate. I.N.S. policy is, don't shoot unless fired upon. Although James Goldman is tall and powerfully built, retaining the musculature he developed as a professional boxer, he learned techniques of large-scale psychological intimidation. The Chula Vista border, Goldman says, was like a world unto itself: a physical, rugged, unpredictable, and unrelentingly stressful world. But after six years, Goldman realized that many aliens were still escaping through the border, and an equal number were committing crimes. He decided to work in the interior, concentrating on criminal investigations.

Ironically, Goldman first became aware of oriental alien smuggling while patrolling the Mexico-California border. Driving toward a school playground, he saw a group of young men, all wearing brand-new sneakers, playing basketball. A closer look revealed that they had no idea how to dribble. Goldman drove even closer, and discovered that the men were not Chicanos, but Orientals. A few miles down the road, there was a van filled with empty sneaker boxes. The Taiwanese smugglers who lay in wait there had assumed that the trendy footwear would make their group look more American.

In the summer of 1984, he was transferred to New York City, where he concentrated on emerging ethnic crime groups. Even his most preliminary observations indicated that the Chinese had long ago emerged as active criminals. Soon, Goldman was introduced to yet another world unto itself; one that was, in its way, as treacherous as Chula Vista. Chinatown. As he walked the streets, he learned that Chinese youth gangs were regularly committing a full spectrum of street crimes. At night, he crawled through convoluted tunnels built deep beneath Chinatown's streets . . . and stumbled upon a clandestine firing range where older, seasoned criminals taught Chinese youth gang members to clean and fire Saturday night specials. Chinese youth gang kids crouched on rooftops, waiting for rival gang members to pass by, waiting to empty their weapons. Shabby, innocuous little storefronts housed high-stakes gambling dens where wizened old men chain-smoked cigarettes and drank cups of tea while they won and lost thousands of dollars a

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

According to the government, more than four million social-security recipients were paid the wrong amounts between 1981 and 1986. The average overpayment was \$1,069; under-

payments averaged \$591.

The Texas Department of Human Services was accused of spending more on fancy office furniture than it spends a year on any one

child. Among other items, the agency spent \$2,258 for two executive swivel chairs. Needy children receive \$684 a year under the state's Aid to Families With Dependent Children program.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH

Annoyed by what he considers unfavorable press treatment, Prince Charles said that he might give up his crusade against poverty and instead spend his time playing polo.



MODERN TIMES

A Houston company offers fake passports using non-existent countries, as well as other documents, to be carried by Americans traveling abroad to avoid being singled out by terrorists. The fake passports, which come complete with bogus exit and entry stamps, sell for \$135 each.

WRETCHED EXCESS

ARhode Island teenager accidentally shot his friend to death while brandishing a revolver in an attempt to cure his hiccups by scaring him.

Actress Amanda Plummer slept through a performance of the New York hit play *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore*, in which she was appearing off Broadway.

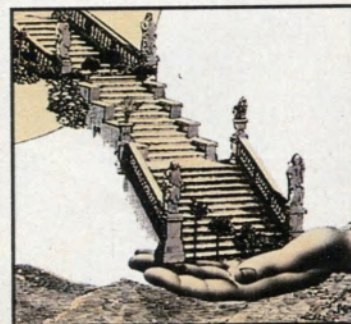


SIC TRANSIT

A watercolor attributed to Adolf Hitler, painted in 1911 when the former dictator was 22 years old, was auctioned for \$8,300.

A PLACE IN THE SUN

The girls' basketball team of Pinewood High School in Los Altos, California, lost to San Mateo High School, 101-1, following which their coach said, "This is going to be a rebuilding year."



DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES

The late rock 'n' roll star Frankie Lymon was discovered to have married three different women without bothering to divorce any of them. All three women are now fighting for a share of the \$500,000 in royalties earned by Lymon's famed 1956 classic song, "Why Do Fools Fall in Love."



BAD KARMA

A bankrupt West German professional hockey team enlisted Libyan leader Muammar Qaddafi to sponsor the team. In exchange for \$1 million of support from Libya, the team will wear new Islamic green jerseys advertising Qaddafi's "Green Book" of revolutionary philosophy.

DOG DAY AFTERNOON

The head of the Crime Watch organization in Lake Lucerne, Florida, came home a week after delivering a talk on how to burglar-proof a house to discover that thieves had ransacked her home and stolen her jewelry.

GO TO YOUR ROOM

A monkey named Troublemaker was chosen to fly on an experimental Soviet spacecraft, where he managed to work free of his restraints. After he pushed every button he could reach, the mission was aborted.



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"When I shopped, I got exercise. And it was a way of keeping well mentally."

—Tammy Faye Bakker



HIGHS AND LOWS

Each day for the past year, a Huntington Beach, California, man bought a state lottery ticket and picked the same numbers: 44, 12, 39, 36, 2, 47. One day he did not buy a ticket. That night, the winning numbers for the \$8 million jackpot were announced: 44, 12, 39, 36, 2, 47. State lottery officials gave the man eight free tickets as consolation. None of them won.



WORST NEW PRODUCTS

A New Mexico company offers rolls of toilet paper imprinted with a portrait of Ayatollah Khomeini.

A Minneapolis firm offers white boxer shorts with the slogan "America's behind you, Ollie," and an Ollie Wear label on the front. The washing instructions read, "Wash warm, tumble dry, and shred."

OUR NATION'S JUDGES AT WORK



A Deerfield Beach, Florida, judge ordered a man who was convicted of killing his wife and then attempted

to commit suicide to watch the film classic *It's a Wonderful Life* as part of his sentence.

KNOCK ON WOOD

Yogi Berra, hired by a sports magazine to review movies, described his reaction to *Fatal Attraction*: "I was only scared at the scary parts."



WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Scott Powell, former lead singer of Sha Na Na, is now working toward becoming an orthopedic surgeon.

TIT FOR TAT

As part of a running war between Soviet and U.S. officials over diplomatic privileges, the State Department assigned the letters "FC" as the new code for license plates of Soviet diplomats assigned to this country. According to the *Washington Herald*, the "C" stands for "Communist," while the "F" doesn't stand for "friendly" or "forthright."

FOOTNOTE

A U.S. boomerang champion, who is a former U.S. Naval Academy classmate of Oliver North, now conducts exhibitions in which he puts an apple and an egg atop his head, then smashes the egg with the return flight of a boomerang.

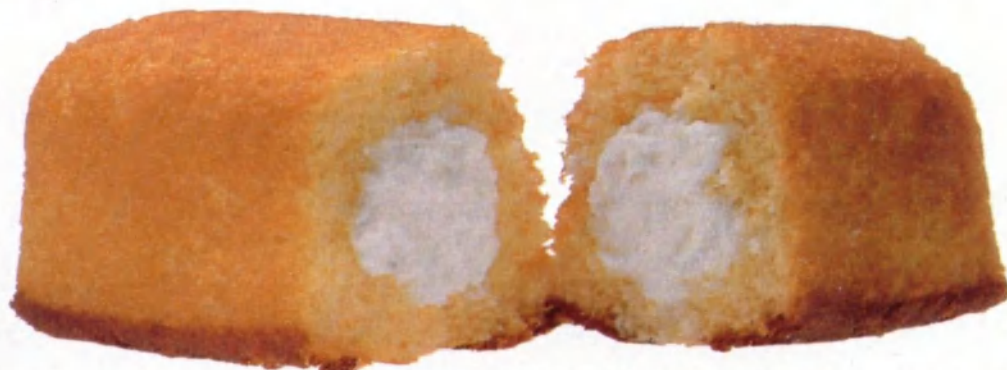
THE WALLS OF IVY

The instructor of a Columbia business class on corporate raiding offered his students

\$100,000 if they could identify a vulnerable company for him to buy.

SPORTING AMERICA

A Pittsburgh Steelers fan, saying that he was infuriated over the passing of Steelers quarterback Mark Malone, drove his car into Three Rivers Stadium, smashing into a couple of vehicles and wrecking a wall.



OUR SCHOOL ADMINISTRATORS AT WORK

After serious consideration, the manager of school food

services in Rhode Island went ahead and approved

the inclusion of Twinkies on school lunch menus.

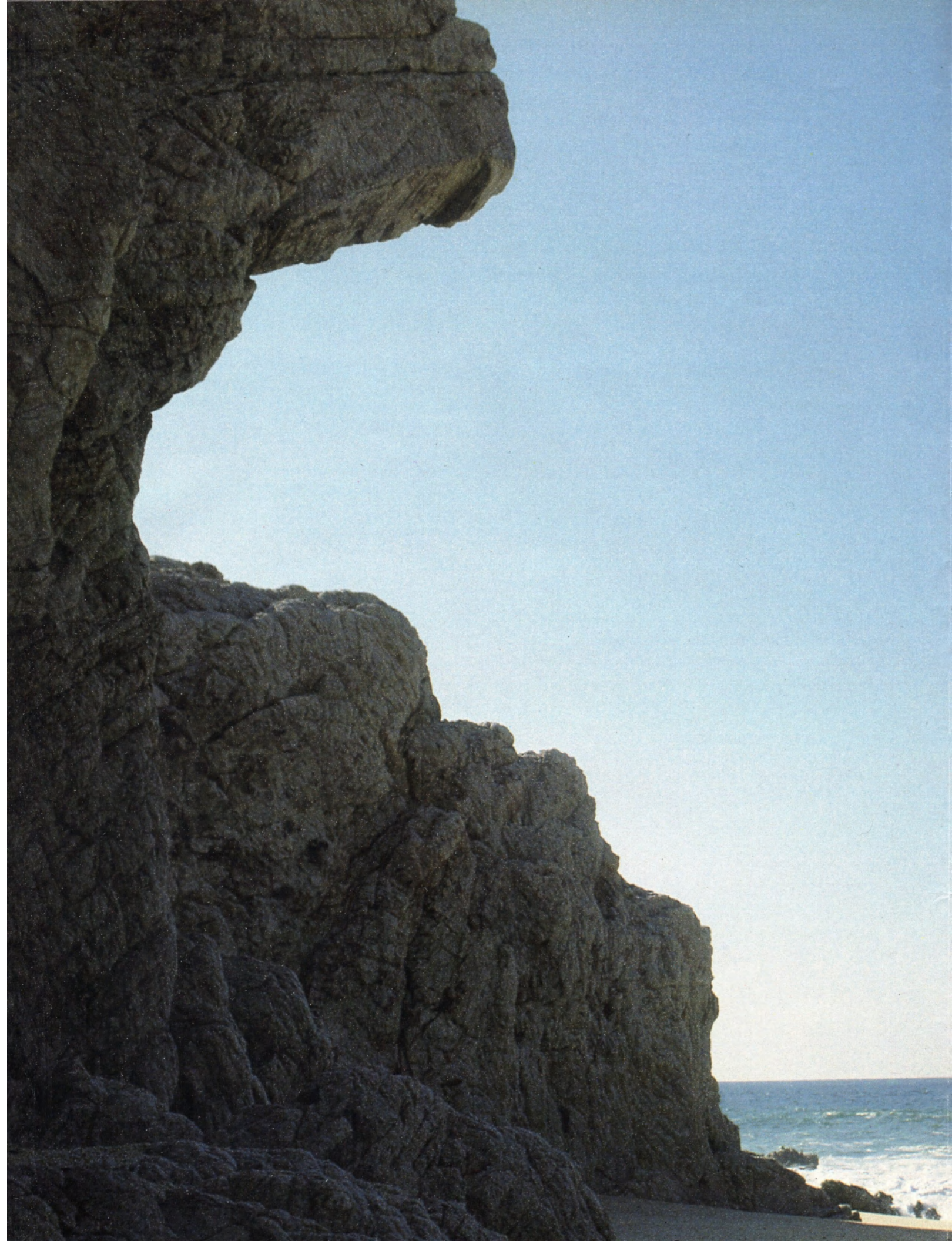


LIFE AT THE TOP

Lisa Marie Presley, the 19-year-old daughter of Elvis Presley, was reported to have stopped speaking to her mother after she cut Lisa's allowance to \$800 a week.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Dreams & Diversions" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Dreams & Diversions, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.



SNEAK THIEF

She's a professional dancer who tours throughout Canada. He's a drummer in a rock band. "It's the price of fame," sighs Kirsten Kolby. "If I want to see my boyfriend, I have to coordinate it through our respective agents!"



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY J. STEPHEN HICKS



Hair and makeup by Michael Bohrer, styling by Michele Hayden-Wood

Brown-haired, brown-eyed, and barely 20, Kirsten enjoys receiving compliments on her voluptuous 36-23-36 figure. But she's turned off by "obnoxious men who come on too strong."



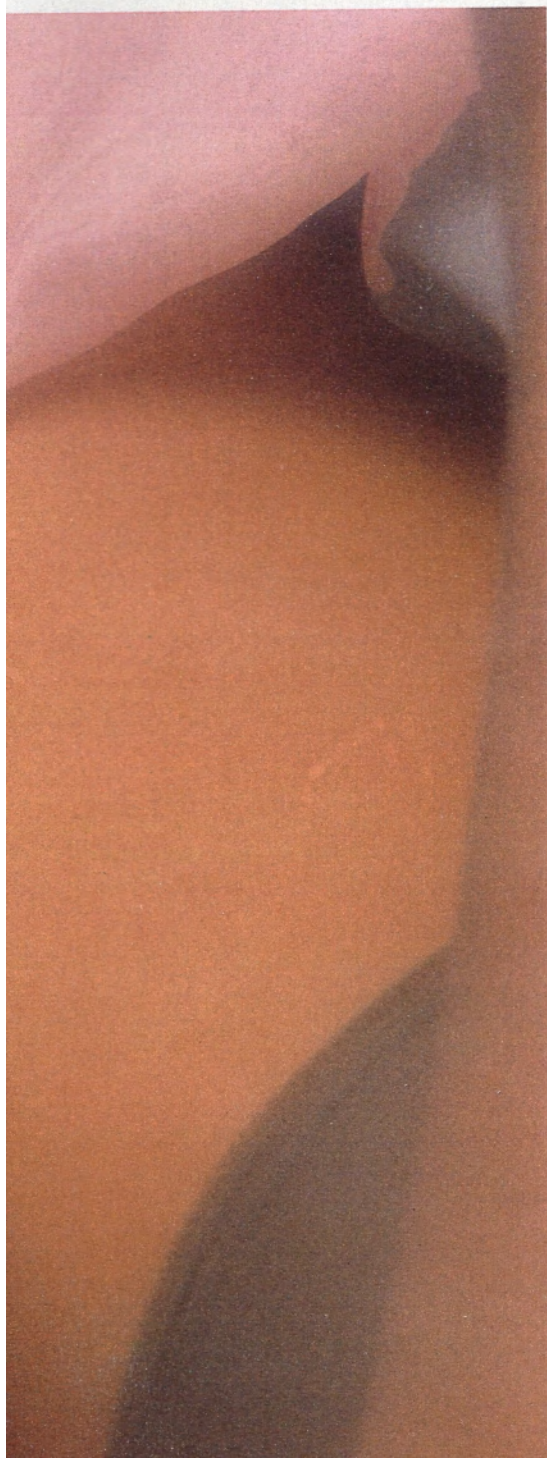




According to Kirsten, shopping is one of life's greatest "recreational sports," but if she had the time, she'd like to do more sight-seeing while on the road.

"One night my girlfriend and I got bored, so we decided to have a 'pink-flamingo hunt.' We went to all the houses in town, took their lawn ornaments, and arranged them in my backyard!"







Looks, she
asserts,
can be
deceiving.
"I've been
told that
I look sweet
and
innocent.
And I guess I
am, to a
point. . . ."
O+ 





FICTION

ALASKA

BY JAMES A. MICHENER



The struggle to survive in
America's last frontier is dramatically
chronicled through the lives of
those who flew its uncharted skies.

PAINTING BY CARL CHAPLIN

In his rich and elaborate new novel, Alaska (Random House), James A. Michener tells the unsung story of America's 49th state. Alaska is the rugged epic of an exotic land. Purchased from the Russians in 1867 for \$7,200,000, this untapped giant became "The Last Frontier." Through the lives of cossacks, Eskimo chiefs, missionaries, and hunters, an astonishing flow of events is uncovered, from the Gold Rush of 1898 to the construction of the Alcan Highway during World War II. This is a saga of natural phenomena and human exploits as only Michener can write it.

It was a magnificent world into which LeRoy Flatch entered with his Cub. It was a sturdy plane, so thoroughly rebuilt after its predictable series of accidents that not much of the original structure remained. Its engine, sixth in the series for this particular craft, was now a 75-horsepower Lycoming, but it too had been heavily recast after smashups.

It was a plane that had to be flown by muscle power, for it contained no automatic pilot or the instrumentation that would make its successors so easy to operate. It responded slowly to instructions and its various surfaces could be activated only by brute strength, but it had one characteristic that made it revered by its longtime pilots: It could land on almost anything, remain upright, and fly out three days later after repairs had been completed. It was almost an ideal plane for an Alaskan bush pilot, but after LeRoy had flown it several hundred hours he saw that for it to serve him as he intended, it needed two simple modifications, and he spent the remainder of Matt Murphy's bequest to engineer them.

"What I got to have," he explained to Flossie when she flew with him to mining camps far in the hills, "is a pair of pontoons so's I can land on water up in the lake country. A smooth lake is far better than a rough field. And I simply got to have a pair of skis for landin' on the snow in winter."

Reflecting on this, she said: "LeRoy, you'd be takin' your plane apart every four months. Now wheels, now pontoons, now skis"; and he said: "It'd be worth it." But when he scouted around for such gear he learned that it was not cheap, and he had to approach Flossie: "Only way I can get the plane I need is you lend me the money to buy the other landing gear."

She had the funds to make the loan, Matt Murphy's bequest would take care of that, but she was not satisfied that her brother was really serious about making his living as a pilot until he rushed home one afternoon: "Floss! A man at Palmer is selling his plane, going to Seattle. He has a buyer who doesn't want the extra landing gear. A bargain, a real bargain!"

She accompanied him to the airfield, where she found that what he was saying was true, for an old-timer there told her: "Them's the best pontoons around here,

and the skis are practically like new."

"Could my brother get them on and off?"

"I'd teach him in ten minutes."

It was a deal, and with his acquisition of pontoons and skis, LeRoy became a full-fledged bush pilot, able to land on ground, snow, or lake; but as Flossie had predicted, switching gear was hard work. However, the man who had encouraged Flossie to lend her brother the money now showed him how to approach this difficult task: "You get yourself a long spruce pole and a short oak stump for your fulcrum. Watch how easy it is to lift the Cub right up in the air!"

"Of course," the old fellow said, "each year you have to spend four mornings of hard work. Mid-March, off with the skis, on with the wheels. June, put on the pontoons for the lakes. September, you need wheels again, and in early December, back to skis." With this relatively simple shifting back and forth, LeRoy had a most

6

For some moments,
they flew in silence, each
man breathing
heavily, and then came the
command: "Drop!"

9

versatile machine, and he used it imaginatively, flying anywhere at any time in almost any weather, promoting new business and earning real income.

At Palmer Airstrip, where he kept his plane when it had wheels, he became acquainted with several young hotshots who performed amazing feats, flying onto glaciers with their skis, landing on remote, uncharted lakes, or carrying immense loads far beyond the stated capacity of their planes; and they were a glamorous lot until the night they lost their way home and crashed, out of fuel, in a timbered area. If they were picked out of the tree next morning and if their plane could be rebuilt, they were talked about on all the airfields, while cautious farm boys like himself attracted no attention. But he noticed two important facts: The great bush pilots, like Bob Reeve and the Wien brothers and Bud Helmericks, took none of these unnecessary chances, and the young bucks who tore the place apart, challenging the Far North with their frail planes, invariably wound up dead. Gallant legends, the very heart of the bush pilot's charisma, but very dead.

It had now become standard practice

for any Flatch who was at home when LeRoy set out on a flight to tell him: "Don't go killin' yourself," and he did not resent the implication, but even though he was a most careful pilot when he reached his twenties, he did not escape the normal adventures that seemed to lie in wait for all bush pilots. On one flight into a high lake in the Talkeetna Mountains north of Palmer, where a man from Seattle had a hunting lodge, he was carrying a load of mail and groceries purchased at the local store. He had his pontoons on, and after 21 minutes he spotted the landmarks leading to the camp. With care he zeroed in, circled the lake to be sure its surface contained no unexpected additions like rafts or loose boats, and made a perfect landing upwind to help him stop his forward progress. Dropping the revolutions on his propeller to their lowest practical speed, he steered his Cub deftly up to the floating dock, where the owner of the camp and his wife awaited.

"LeRoy," the Seattle man said, "you make a better landing on this lake than any of the big boys. The minute you get yourself a four-seater, Madge and me are goin' to fly with no one else."

"I pick up the grocery trade," he told the Seattle man. "Or like when you built your new wing."

When he made such deliveries, he tried always to be extra helpful in unloading the gear, doing most of the work himself to let the owners know he appreciated their trade; and always if he had time, when the unloading was finished, he asked the wife: "Ma'am, would you like to take a short spin to see the land around here?" and he almost never got a refusal.

Then he would climb into the pilot's seat, instruct the woman as to how she could manage the struts to climb in beside him, and after she was belted in, he would take the plane slowly out to the farthest end of the takeoff area and tell her: "Now, ma'am, I don't want you to watch me. I've done this lots of times and it's old hat for me. But you lean way forward, keep your face close to the window, and watch how we use the step."

"The what?" she usually asked.

"The step. The pontoon isn't just straight, you know. Halfway back it has a step, a break in the smoothness, and unless we can get this plane up on that step, where the adhesion of the water and the friction is less, we won't be able to lift off." When he felt that she understood, more or less, he said: "Watch! Here we go for the good old step."

It was sometimes incredible the amount of lake LeRoy required before his plane went up on the step, and several times the watching wives shouted: "Are we going to make it?" And always he yelled back: "Sooner or later, up we go"; and always, when it seemed that the plane was never going to fly, it would mysteriously lift itself onto the step, and then the length of pontoon clinging to the water was diminished by half, and in a few mo-

Ballonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



"Is that your last word, George?"

ments, from this more advantageous posture, the plane finally broke completely loose, whizzed along throwing bits of spray, and rose grandly into the air while the passenger clapped and sometimes shouted with triumphant joy. The fact was, LeRoy also wanted to cheer every time this miracle of the seaplane took place; he couldn't believe that it required such a very long takeoff before the pontoons broke loose, and he was cautious about the maneuver, because on three occasions, to his great embarrassment, his plane never did get onto the step, and twice he ran right onto the beach at the far end of his attempt. For that reason he added an extra precaution to the ones the old-timer had given him: "When you start to take off from a lake, always study the far shore, because pretty soon you may be on it."

On a sight-seeing trip he usually stayed aloft no more than 15 minutes, but on this afternoon the lady wanted to investigate the entire area surrounding her family's holdings; so she called to LeRoy: "Give me a real trip. I'll pay for the full hour." He was happy to comply, for he also enjoyed such exploration. It was a fine sunny day with just a hint of clouds moving in from the distant ocean, and the scores of lakes nestled among the hills glowed like emeralds when the sun struck them. Being careful to maintain his orientation among the mountains that protruded, he spent more than an hour aloft, and this took him well to the north.

"Wonderful!" his passenger shouted. "Let's go home." And when he landed the plane on her lake and ferried her to the dock, she told her waiting husband: "Pay him double. I never realized we lived in such a gorgeous place!"

His unplanned excursion meant that he was delayed two hours on his return trip south to Matanuska, but this posed no problem, for in late July there would be plenty of daylight—sunrise at 0314 in the morning, sunset not till 2057 at night—but the situation became more complicated when the dark clouds that had been hovering to the south began to speed in, with that astonishing ability to move that made Alaskan weather so unpredictable.

It was about eight at night when LeRoy approached the Matanuska area, which meant that he had almost an hour of light left; but this was somewhat irrelevant because he had fuel for not more than 40 minutes, and the finding of his home lake in light was obligatory. By the time he had located Knik Glacier and knew where he was, storm clouds of a rather violent nature rushed in to obscure the area, and he knew that any attempt to either find his lake or land upon it was futile. He therefore began casting about for an alternative, and there were a dozen eligible lakes in the area, but now they too were closed down by this rampaging storm.

It'll pass in an hour, he told himself, but that won't do me much good. So he must either speed back northward, hoping to

outrun the storm, and land on one of the lakes adjacent to Palmer, where several planes headquartered, or continue south and try landing on some arm of the Knik River or even the bigger Cook Inlet, but to attempt the latter would be risky, for if the storm contained strong winds, it might generate waves too high and powerful for the Cub to negotiate. The situation was becoming ugly.

What to do? He tightened his seat belt, relaxed his hands, shook them twice, then gripped the wheel even more firmly and gave himself time-tested instructions: *Now's the time to take a deep breath, LeRoy. You know you can always land this bird on the ground. Chew up the pontoons; they can be replaced. You can't.*

Looking out, he saw to the right the menacing tops of the Talkeetna Range: *Let's get out of here!* and he swung sharply to the left, striving to gain as much altitude as he could, but when he did he could see nothing below.



He was in dire trouble and
he knew it. He would
survive only if he flew with
but one resolute
purpose: *Let's get her down.
Eight minutes to go.*



In this extremity he sought no miraculous escape, no sudden revelation of a known lake. He was in dire trouble and he knew it. He would survive only if he flew in a manner to put every chance condition like wind or sudden gusts or choppy water or lack of vision in his favor, and only if he flew with but one resolute purpose: *Let's get her down. Eight minutes to go.*

He would not remember those eight minutes at the end of which his tank would be empty. He flew south till he was certain the Knik River must be under him, within a mile, give or take. He descended precisely as he would have done had the terrain been visible, and he trusted the strength of the storm to remain constant. Most of all, he kept control of his plane, adjusting to the wind as if he had wheels and a clear landing strip ahead. When his altimeter showed little free space beneath him, he did not grit his teeth and prepare for some unexpected shock: He continued to breathe evenly, kept his hands at the same pressure as before, and prepared to land in whatever lay below.

Not quite as fatalistic as that: *I'll have*

some visibility. I'll see whether it's water or land, and if it's land, I'll have about two minutes to find water. He did not add that, in those minutes, it would be vital as to whether he flew north or south at low altitude to find his water.

At the end of the sixth minute he broke through the clouds at an altitude of 40 feet and saw below him only land, and extremely rough land at that. To put his plane down in that mix of trees and hills would be insane, but in which direction lay the river? Calmly, and for no reason that he could have explained, he estimated that it was behind him, to the north; so in an easy swing he brought the plane about in a 180-degree turn, dropped even lower, and at the last practical moment saw ahead of him the rippling waters of the river. Breathing just a bit more deeply, he steadied the wheel, judged that he was landing broadside to the wind, which did not seem excessive; and with almost the last cupful of gas, he landed the Cub in a faultless approach, and without slowing the engines continued across the river until the front of the pontoons climbed up on grassy bank. Using the luggage ropes he always carried, he tied the plane to a group of trees and set out on foot to find someone to help drag it ashore.

In many ways LeRoy derived his greatest pleasure from his Cub when it wore skis, for then, if a heavy snow had fallen, he would soar over central Alaska with the feeling that he could fly anywhere and land in almost any corner of his majestic world. In the first days of trial and error he learned the limits of altitude to which his little plane could go and the most effective ways of landing on drifted snow. "Hey!" he shouted one morning as he flew into a blazing sunrise with snow covering everything. "This is all mine!" But there was also a financial advantage to flying on skis, as one of his customers explained in a letter to his wife back in Maryland:

Since I was eager to see the Matanuska experiment, I went to a small airport in the area and asked who their best pilot was, and they agreed that a fellow named LeRoy might not be the best but he was certainly the safest; so I engaged him. He had a small rickety-looking plane which he assured me never failed, and after I had inspected the famous valley he asked: "You want to see our glaciers?" and I nodded. But we were still miles from them, flying over snow, when he suddenly shouted: "Lookeeee!" and he dropped the plane in a sickening spiral, whipped open his window, reached for a shotgun from behind his ear, flew the plane with his knees while paying no attention to where we were heading.

"Look at that wolf!" he said, and with great skill he brought our plane about, leveled with the huge beast, and killed him with one shot. Then, swinging the plane about,

he landed not ten feet from the dead wolf, ordered me out so that he could climb down to retrieve the animal, which he threw into the cabin behind us.

When we resumed flight, we had been in the air only a few minutes when he yelled: "Hey! There's his brother"; and down we dropped in that sickening spiral. Again he flew the plane with his knees and again he nailed his wolf with one shot. This time when I started to get back into the plane I said: "There's blood all over my seat," and he became most apologetic, producing from a little box a clean cloth with which he wiped my seat clean. I also noticed that he lashed down the two wolves as carefully as if they were cargoes of gold, and when I said: "I hope you don't see any more wolves," he explained: "For flying you I get \$40. For each of those wolves, \$50 government bounty." And I asked him where he had learned to shoot so professionally, and he said: "I learned guns in Minnesota, airplanes in Alaska." I later found that he'd had one week of flying instruction. Believe me, Elinor, flying in Alaska is a lot different from flying in suburban Baltimore.

It was days after this wolf hunt that LeRoy stumbled upon the adventure that was to modify his life in ways he could not have anticipated. He was idling at the Palmer Airstrip when a well-dressed, good-looking businessman in his mid-fifties came up: "You LeRoy Flatch?"

"I am."

"The fellow who made that remarkable river landing last summer?"

"Luck and a very strong plane got us down."

"Could I see the plane?"

Bewildered as to why a stranger would want to see an old workhorse like his Cub, LeRoy said: "That one over there . . . on skis. Lot of miles on it. Lot of savvy in it."

The stranger studied the exterior of the plane for some minutes, then asked: "Mind if I take a peek inside?"

"Be my guest." And when the inspection was complete, the man asked: "Son, why don't you get yourself a four-seater?"

"I'm savin' like the devil to get one."

The stranger laughed, extended his hand, and said: "I'm Tom Venn, Ross and Raglan, and my wife and I are building ourselves a hunting lodge up on the flanks of Denali. We need someone to fly in big batches of our gear."

"I'd be interested. How far is it?"

"About eighty miles northwest heading. Could you handle that?"

"I could. But I'd want to top off with some aviation gas when I got there."

"That can be arranged. When could you fly?"

"About ten minutes after you got your stuff here. Will you be flying along?"

"Yes. I want to do some exploring along the way and after we get there."

"You know I'm not allowed to fly into the national park."

FINNISH UP



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"There's a lot of land outside it," and with that, Venn hurried into the building and phoned the truck waiting at the railroad siding to start bringing out the electrical gear. At half past one the Cub was solidly packed, with all the cargo tightly lashed. Venn, working inside the fuselage and sweating like a deckhand, asked: "Can we throw out these branches?" and LeRoy shouted back: "Not on your life. You remember carefully just where they are. Anytime you fly into mountains you may need them."

The loaded plane, with Venn flying in the right-hand seat, took off from the Palmer Airstrip, rose purposefully to an altitude of 4,000 feet, and started on a 320-degree heading. After the routine was set, Venn asked: "By the way, have you ever flown in the Denali area?" and LeRoy said: "No, but I've always wanted to," and Venn said with no hint of sarcasm: "Good. We'll explore together."

They had flown about halfway to their destination when LeRoy gasped so audibly, Venn guessed correctly that his pilot had never seen the extraordinary sight ahead. Rising majestically above a cloud wreath that enclosed its lower elevations stood that mass of great mountains—Russell, Foraker, Denali, Silverthorne, from southwest to northeast. Except for Russell, these were among the highest mountains in North America, and Denali was the highest.

They formed a stupendous white-crowned barrier across the heart of

Alaska, and after gazing at them in awe for some moments, LeRoy told his passenger: "You can come to Alaska forty times and travel around all sides of those mountains and never see Denali," and Venn said: "I know." But there it was, in all its frozen glory, not only the highest peak in the continent but also the farthest north by a large margin. When you paid your respects to Denali, you were knocking on the door of the Arctic Circle, which lay less than 250 miles to the north.

For about 20 minutes the great mountain stood in solemn majesty, a peak so grand that only two groups of mountaineers had ever mastered it, the first in 1913 when a Nenana clergyman made it to the top, the second in 1932 when a group of four especially daring men used skis and dog teams, an amazing combination, to master the howling winds and the crevasse-ridden slopes. As the plane approached the outer perimeter of the park, LeRoy explained: "You know, Mr. Venn, the mountain isn't visible from down there," and Venn said: "It rarely is. I was here eight times before I ever saw the darned thing."

So Flatch started to descend, but when he passed through the cloud cover that seemed always to cluster about the mountains as if perversely they refused to let their treasure be seen, he found that the clouds did not end but continued right to the ground, which in this area was covered with snow of the same coloration. Trying not to alarm his passenger, LeRoy

said quietly: "We seem to be caught in a whiteout. Tighten your seat belt."

"Are we going to crash?" Venn asked with that coolness in the face of adversity that had always characterized him.

"Not if I can help it." But when he started to drop cautiously, it was clear that neither he nor any other pilot, no matter how skilled, would be able to determine where these snowlike clouds ended and the real snow covering the ground began. There was, in other words, no discernible horizon, and Flatch recalled the shocking number of Alaskan aviators who in such circumstances had flown their planes nose-first into the solid ground, not having a clue as to where they were or in what attitude relative to the earth. Always, of course, in such crashes, the plane exploded; and in only one or two cases could one of the young, bold pilots later boast: "I flew it right into the snow cover and walked away."

In an extremity like this it was essential that the pilot not panic, and Venn, watching LeRoy closely, was pleased to see that he was behaving with admirable calm. Three times Flatch tried to land on the snow, and three times he was thrown into total confusion, for he could not ascertain where clouds ended and snow-covered rock began; so he flew in what he was sure was an upward attitude, and when he had gained some height above what he assumed the ground to be, he told Venn: "We must try to spot something on the ground. Anything. A caribou, a tree, just anything."

So the two men strove to determine where the ground was, and failed. "Mr. Venn, undo your belt, climb back, and fetch those spruce branches."

After a struggle across the lashed-down luggage, Venn reappeared with a large armful of branches. "Open your window, put your seat belt back on, and when I shout 'Drop,' start throwing out the branches, one at a time. Throw the ones with the most branches first."

For some moments they flew in silence, each man breathing heavily, and then came the command: "Drop!" Out from Venn's window the branches began to fall, but only the first one was required, for when LeRoy saw how quickly it came to rest, that is, how perilously close to the ground he was, he said only one word: "Jesus!" But with the frail bit of directional information provided by the branch, he adjusted himself in his seat, pulled his plane almost straight up, then circled low until he was lined up with the fallen spruce branches, which stood out on the snow like great beacon lights. Rarely had he been so glad to see something solid.

"Seat belt tight? Good. This could be rough, but we've got to suppose it's level snow," and with no further attention to his passenger, who behaved well, Flatch lowered his flaps, dropped the nose of the Cub, and felt a surge of joy as the skis struck the smooth snow that stretched in all directions. 



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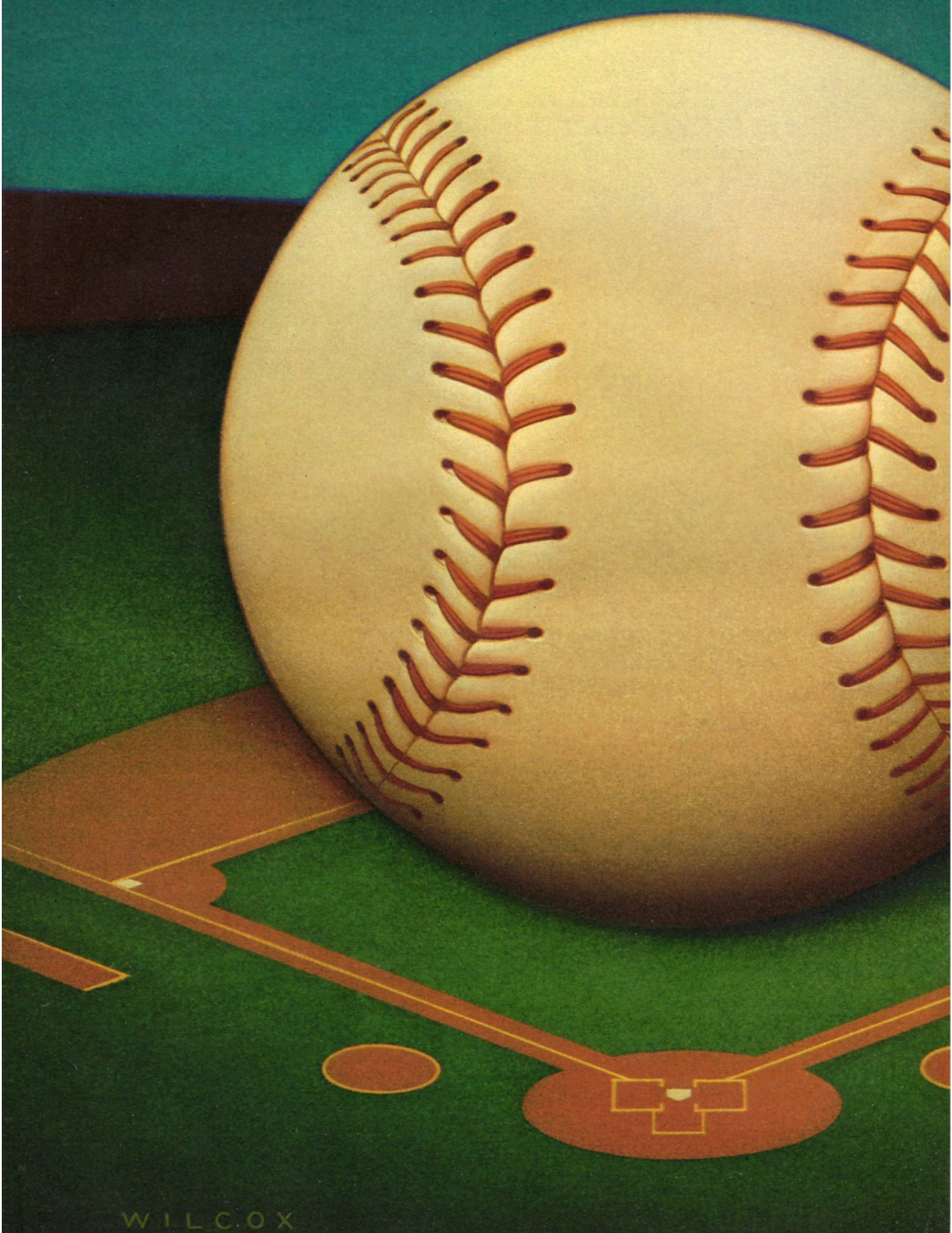
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WILCOX



ARTICLE

One of America's top sports experts explains who'll be standing tall this year after the fat lady sings.

ON DECK

BY DANNY SHERIDAN

Baseball—more so than any other major professional sport—is a game of annual shocks and surprises. In football, teams like the Chicago Bears, San Francisco 49ers, Washington Redskins, Denver Broncos, and Cleveland Browns are perennial postseason play-off participants. The Los Angeles Lakers and Boston Celtics have pretty much owned basketball for the past ten years. Baseball, however, is unique. Teams suddenly shine with unbelievable brilliance for a season and then fall away, almost like shooting stars. Before the start of the '87 campaign, the Minnesota Twins weren't even picked to be serious contenders for the American League West title. Now that they're World Series champions, just about every sporting pundit you might care to name—excepting yours truly—thinks the Twins are shoo-ins to make it to the American League Championship Series. But as Earl Weaver once said, "Teams that win the World Series are stocked with hitters and pitchers that have terrific seasons. But who's to say the same hitters won't drop off 50 points—they're not going to have good years every year. And you never know when one of your pitchers is going to have an arm problem. You don't know that from season to season—*nobody* knows."

As if to underscore Weaver's point, consider the following: Last year the Milwaukee Brewers' Paul Molitor, a career .291

PAINTING BY DAVID WILCOX

hitter, batted .353; the Detroit Tigers' Alan Trammell, with a career .281 average, hit .343. Going the other way, Tony Pena, traded to St. Louis after hitting .288 with Pittsburgh in '86, dropped to .214 with the Cardinals. Dan Pasqua, a .293 hitter with the Yankees in '86, last season batted a woeful .233, which is why he's since been traded to the White Sox. Anyone care to risk serious money that the four players I've just named will repeat their '87 performances? If you're so inclined, odds are that your mama once convinced you that those quarters under your pillow came from the tooth fairy.

In any case, the 1988 baseball season is upon us, so let's get down to the serious business of predicting this year's winners and losers.

AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST

1. MILWAUKEE BREWERS

I'm going with a long shot—Milwaukee—to shock all the experts by finishing first in baseball's toughest division. Last year's Brew Crew finished third, seven games behind Detroit, for the sole reason that the Brewers couldn't get pumped up for games against subpar teams: Milwaukee murdered its divisional rivals (the Brewers were 50–28 against the A.L. East's big boys) but were only 41–43 against the twisted sisters of the A.L. West. They'll do better this year, for the Brewers are an emerging team. Teddy Higuera, now the best left-handed pitcher in baseball, finished 18–10 in '87; he was a 20-game winner the year before and is primed for the finest season of his career. Higuera is complemented by a talented young mound staff that features another lefty, Juan Nieves. Last year Nieves (14–8) pitched the major leagues' only no-hitter. Dan Plesac was the league's No. 1 reliever during the first half of the season, but an overworked arm caused him to falter in the stretch. He'll be given more rest this time around. Manager Tom Trebelhorn, a rookie last year, has put together a lineup of potent hitters that includes youthful B. J. Surhoff (.299 last year) and proven vets like Paul Molitor, Robin Yount, and Jim Gantner, not to mention power-hitting (but strikeout prone) Rob Deer. Look for the Brewers to pull off the biggest surprise of the season. **Official Vegas pennant odds: 12–1**

2. NEW YORK YANKEES

Yankee owner George Steinbrenner, once again in a funk because his Bronx Bombers came up empty last season, has dug deep into his checkbook this year in yet another effort to buy his team a division title. In January, Steinbrenner signed Cardinals' free agent Jack Clark to a two-year \$3 million contract. Last year, although out of action with a late-season ankle injury, Jack the Ripper hit .306, hammered out 35 homers, drove in 106 runs, and led the National League in walks with 136. Opponents will no longer be able to pitch around Clark, who'll hit

cleanup behind Don Mattingly (the best player in baseball and a 3–1 favorite to win 1988's M.V.P. in the A.L.) and in front of Dave Winfield (Mr. Consistency banged out 27 home runs and 97 RBIs in '87). Another big plus for the Yankees is lead-off man Rickey Henderson, a .291 hitter who creates havoc on the base paths. Says NBC's Joe Garagiola, "If I was down to my last dollar, I'd spend it watching Rickey Henderson." No doubt about it: The Yankees have the most potent attack in baseball. What they don't have is a reliable pitching staff. True, Dave Righetti is one of the league's top relievers, but if Steinbrenner were really slick, he'd have bought his Bronx Bombers at least one solid starter. Instead, George went shopping in baseball's bargain basement and came up with journeyman John Candelaria (who gave up more than five runs a game in stints with the Angels and the Mets last year) and Seattle's Lee Guetterman, who was 11–4 with the Mariners

I'm going with a long shot—Milwaukee—to shock all the experts by finishing first in baseball's toughest division.

but only 3–3 during the second half of the season. The rest of the Yankee's aging and questionable pitching corps—Rick Rhoden, Rich Dotson, 44-year-old Tommy John (the major leagues' oldest player), and surgical outpatient Ron Guidry—will not overwhelm anyone. Hoping to really shake things up, Steinbrenner has hired Billy Martin to manage the Yanks for the fifth time in Martin's career. By season's end, Billy once again will have worn out his welcome; but as I predicted after Steinbrenner fired him for the fourth time, never fear: Billy will be back. Talk about fatal attractions. **Pennant odds: 4–1**

3. TORONTO BLUE JAYS

If the Blue Jays had as much heart as talent—and on paper they appear unbeatable—Toronto would now be the home of the world champions. Unfortunately, the Blue Jays have a habit of snatching defeat out of the jaws of victory. Last year, with the division title theirs for the taking, the Jays blew it by dropping seven straight games to Detroit. League M.V.P. George Bell was sensational for most of the season, but down

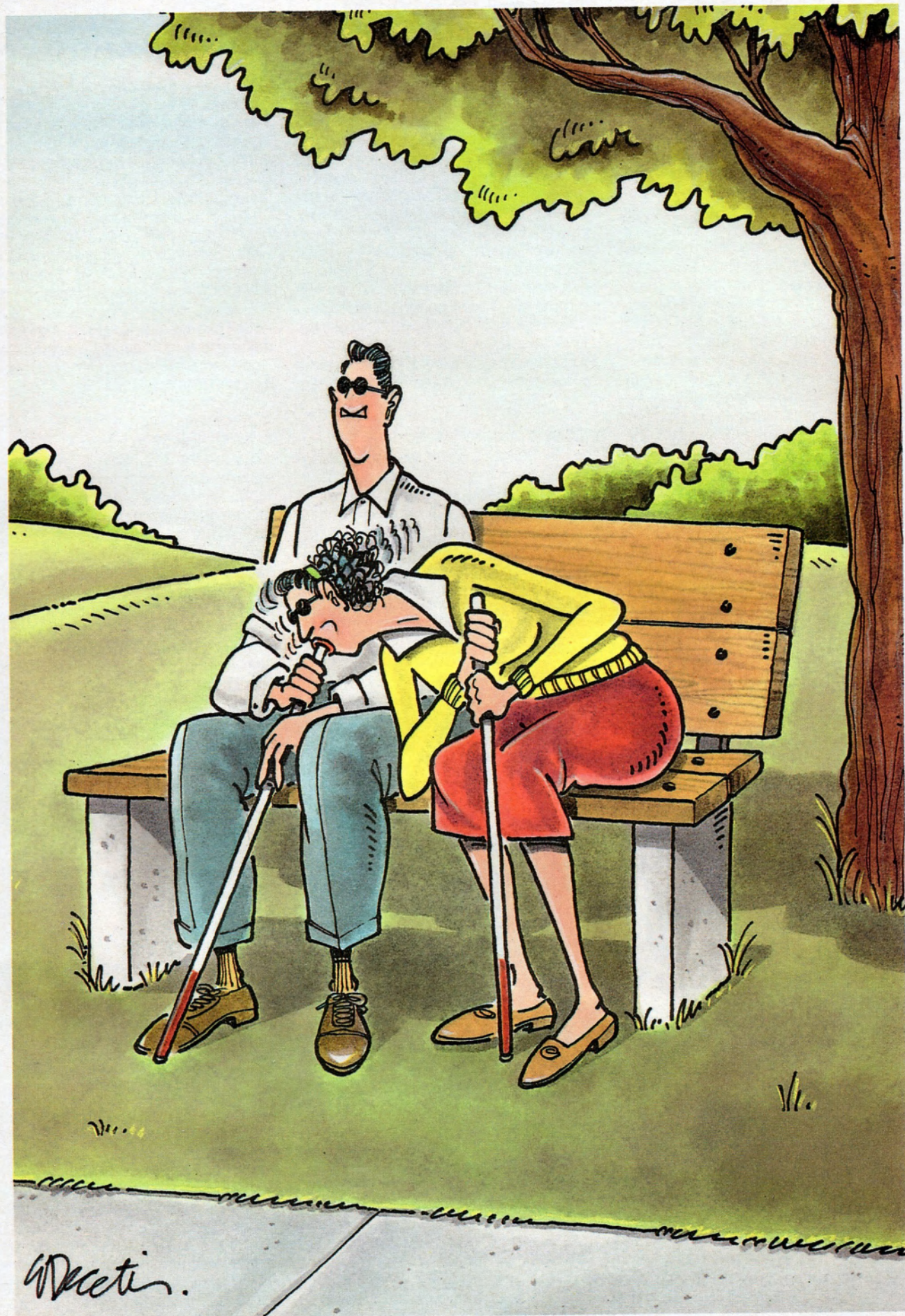
the stretch he was colder than a Canadian winter. That doesn't cut any ice with ABC sportscaster Al Michaels, who says, "George Bell is the most exciting player in the game—even when he strikes out he gets your attention." Bell, a .308 hitter who led the league with 134 RBIs, is part of baseball's finest outfield—center fielder Lloyd Moseby and right fielder Jesse Barfield are also big boppers. Manager Jimmy Williams is further blessed with a first-rate infield led by Tony Fernandez, voted by big-league managers as the American League's top shortstop. Toronto's got a deep bullpen—Mark Eichorn, Jeff Musselman, David Wells (a 3–1 favorite to win A.L. Rookie of the Year), and Tom Henke are all proven stoppers—but like the Yankees, the Blue Jays are short on starters. All-Star Jimmy Key (17–8 last season with a league-leading 2.76 earned run average) is Toronto's only established mound ace. As of this writing, the Blue Jays were trying to swap some of their young musclemen for another frontline starter. If Toronto doesn't complete such a deal, look for the Jays to again fade away come September. **Pennant odds: 3–1**

4. DETROIT TIGERS

Detroit won the division title last year on the strength of power hitting and a penchant for coming through in the clutch. Catcher Matt Nokes hit 32 home runs; 40-year-old first baseman Darrell Evans belted 34; shortstop Alan Trammell slammed 28 homers; right fielder Kirk Gibson whacked 24; and light-hitting center fielder Chet Lemon made 20. Detroit not only led the major leagues in home runs (225), but also compiled the A.L.'s best record in one-run games (26–16). The odds of either of those events happening again are almost nil, especially now that Gibson has flown the coop via free agency. In addition, if aging reliever Willie Hernandez doesn't regain his old form (and he probably won't), Detroit won't be a factor, no matter how many games fireballer Jack Morris wins. **Pennant odds: 5–1**

5. BOSTON RED SOX

Bosox fans were jubilant when the team acquired a strong reliever, Lee Smith from the Chicago Cubs, for journeyman pitchers Al Nipper and Calvin Schiraldi. There's no question that Boston got the better of the deal, but it's hard to believe Smith will make the Sox title contenders. (Even though he registered 36 saves for Chicago last year, Smith won only four games and lost ten.) Boston's a tough team to figure: The Red Sox led the majors in hitting with a .278 team batting average; third baseman Wade Boggs (.363) won his fourth league batting title in five years; and Cy Young Award winner Roger Clemens (a 9–5 favorite to repeat this year) overpowered opponents en route to a 20–9 record. So why the fifth-place finish? Simple: When the Bosox are on the



road, they fold like paper napkins—in '87, they were a miserable 28–54 in away games. Boston fans traditionally deny that the Sox choke under pressure, but how else can one explain why the Bosox had the major league's worst record (3–12) in extra-inning games? For Boston to contend (and for Manager John McNamara to hold onto his job), young turks Ellis Burks, Mike Greenwell, and Todd Benzing had best bust loose early—and not just in Beantown. The Sox, incidentally, made a lot of bettors rich last year, and will do the same this year. Forkballer Bruce Hurst may be the only southpaw in the American League who's totally un-intimidated by the Green Monster (Fenway Park's easily reachable left-field wall). Last year Hurst was 14–4 at home and 3–9 on the road. If you want in on this, bet on Boston when Clemens or Hurst is pitching at home. Double your wager and bet against the Bosox when they're away, especially when Clemens or Hurst is pitching—even when they're favored, the Red Sox refuse to do it on the road. **Pennant odds: 100–1**

6. BALTIMORE ORIOLES

During the 14½ years of Earl Weaver's reign, Baltimore won more games than any other team in the majors. Since his departure, this once-proud franchise has fallen on evil times. *Horrible times*: Last season's sixth-place Orioles were 67–95,

and finished a ghastly 18–60 versus Eastern Division opponents. You might think that any team with superstars like Cal Ripken, Jr., and Eddie Murray would be competitive, and you'd be right—if the team had pitching, which the Orioles do not. Baltimore's pitching staff gave up more than five runs per game last year, and served up a major league-leading 226 home run balls. In desperate need of some live arms, the Orioles made exactly one meaningless move during the off-season: Baltimore swapped Ken Dixon (7–10 in '87) for Seattle's Mike Morgan, who was a splendid 12–17. If you take an occasional flyer on a ball game, go against the O's when they're home favorites against any Eastern Division club. In '87, Baltimore had the worst home record of any team in the majors (31–51), and doesn't figure to fare much better in that category this time around. **Pennant odds: 7,500–1**

7. CLEVELAND INDIANS

The '87 Indians were the most disappointing team in the majors: A surprising number of baseball insiders picked Cleveland to wind up in the World Series, mostly because sluggers Joe Carter, Cory Snyder, Julio Franco, and Brook Jacoby all enjoyed terrific seasons in '86. As noted earlier, you can't count on repeat performances en masse: Although Franco and Jacoby hit .319 and .300, re-

spectively, Carter slipped from .302 to .264, and Snyder tailed off from .272 to .236. Cleveland's pitching, meanwhile, was abominable, which explains why the Tribe wound up winning 61 games and losing 101—the worst mark in the majors last year. We're talking real futility here: The Indians were baseball's lousiest team against left-handers and right-handers, and in day games, night games, and road games. As a result, Cleveland had the league's lowest attendance—and management wants to know why more fans don't support the team. The fans, meanwhile, want to know why management allowed center fielder Brett Butler, one of the team's best and brightest performers, to get away via free agency. Cleveland's chances of escaping the A.L. East cellar are about as good as those of Pat Robertson becoming president. **Pennant odds: 5,000–1**

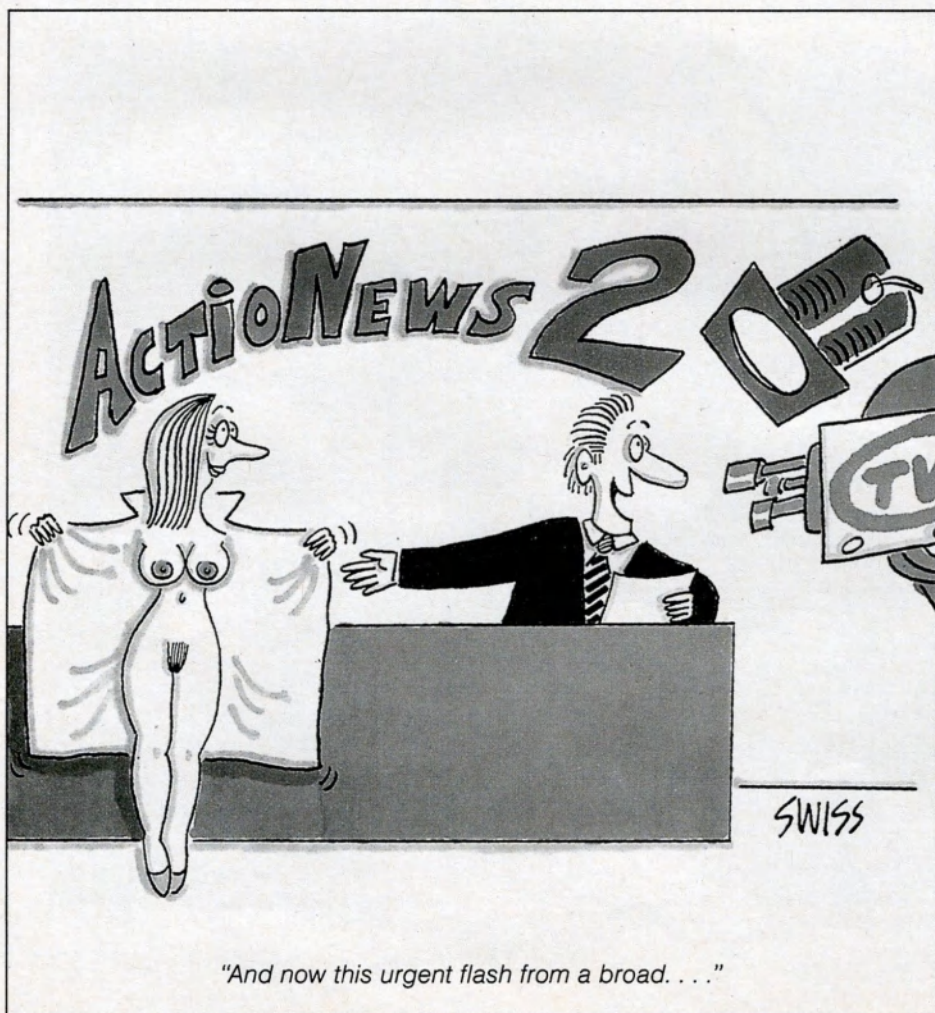
AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

1. OAKLAND ATHLETICS

Although the A.L. West is generally considered a collection of cream puffs, division winners (Kansas City in '85 and Minnesota last season) have captured two of the last three World Series. Be forewarned that the same thing might happen this fall, for Oakland is loaded and ready to explode. Credit the A's vice president Sandy Alderson and manager Tony La Russa with being superb wheeler-dealers. During the winter, Oakland acquired slugger Dave Parker from Cincinnati, and although he's 38, Parker—who's missed only four games in his long career—last season slammed 27 homers playing in spacious Riverfront Stadium. He also drove in 97 runs, and tied for the National League lead with 16 game-winning RBIs. Parker, Rookie of the Year Mark McGwire (who championed the league with 49 home runs), and Jose Canseco (32 round-trippers) are the A.L. West's most dangerous three amigos. Oakland also picked up veteran slugger, free agent Don Baylor, and pitchers Matt Young and Bob Welch from the Dodgers (Welch should be a big winner in the American League). Another ex-Dodger, Dave Stewart, won 20 games for the Athletics last season. Oakland's got the goods to go all the way. **Official Vegas pennant odds: 6–1**

2. KANSAS CITY ROYALS

The Royals always make a stretch run for the title, and last season they just missed catching the Twins at the wire. Since then, Kansas City has acquired lefty Floyd Bannister from the White Sox and right-hander Ted Power from the Reds, so K.C.'s pitching will be much more formidable. By dealing for Cincinnati shortstop Kurt Stillwell, the Royals ensure themselves of a sound infield. That's the good news. The bad news is that once you get past Kevin Seitzer (who hit .323 as a rookie), the Royals are led by aging stars—this might be the last hurrah for



second baseman Frank White, 37; George Brett, 35; and speedy outfielder Willie Wilson, who'll soon turn 33. If Brett can once again post big numbers, however, the Royals will again stage one of their patented late-season drives. **Pennant odds: 7-1**

3. MINNESOTA TWINS

Not since 1977 and 1978, when the New York Yankees did it, has a team won back-to-back World Series. The Yankees' record won't be matched this season, for the world champion Minnesota Twins are about to fall on their face. The Twins have a split personality: They're killers at home but pushovers on the road. Last season the Twins were 56-25 at home, but I have a hunch that visiting teams (especially divisional rivals) will fare better this year at the Metrodome. Last year, visiting teams were pounded stiff on the intimidating anvil of Metrodome pandemonium; but baseball people aren't stupid: Twins' rivals have spent the off-season studying how to maintain their poise in the Metrodome. Don't bank on the Twins winning two-thirds of their home games this year. In '87, Minnesota ran up the division's worst road record (29-52), and I don't see much of an improvement for the Twins in that department. (They were also a shabby 24-38 when playing on natural grass.)

Minn's got some maxi-strengths in starting pitchers Frank "Sweet Music" Viola and Bert Blyleven, and in right-handed sluggers Gary Gaetti, Kirby Puckett, and Tom Brunansky. With the exception of power threat Kent Hrbek (34 homers last year), the Twins are light on left-handed hitters, and are therefore vulnerable to right-handed pitchers. (In '87, the Twins were only 59-60 versus righties.) The Twins figure to be also-rans—unless they can dramatically upgrade their road record. I don't see it happening. **Pennant odds: 6-1**

4. TEXAS RANGERS

The Rangers finished at the bottom of the

A.L. West last year, but this is a team with some very legit talent. Manager Bobby Valentine has a budding superstar in first baseman Pete O'Brien (23 homers and 88 RBIs last season); an underrated slugger in Larry Parrish (32 homers and 100 RBIs); and everybody's choice for future All-Star, outfielder Ruben Sierra (30 home runs and 109 RBIs). The Rangers could contend if they had decent pitching—but they don't, so they won't. Aside from Charlie Hough (18-13 last year), Texas didn't have a single pitcher above .500. The team's one edge: In '87, Texas was baseball's only last-place team to post a winning record at home. That's no real surprise. Arlington Stadium is mur-

liams employs a cast of thousands. Or maybe that's because the man just loves to make trades. *Bad* trades. This winter, Williams dealt outfielder Phil Bradley, a .297 hitter, to Philadelphia for outfielder Glenn Wilson, a .264 hitter. He sent 11-game winner Lee Guetterman to the Yankees for reserve Henry Cotto, a .235 hitter, and for pitcher Steve Trout, who was 0-4 as a Yankee. Who else but Tricky Dick would have dreamed up such deals? Williams is, reportedly, also thinking of trading talented young third baseman Jim Presley, but at least first baseman Alvin Davis (.296 and 100 RBIs) seems safe for now. The one untouchable jewel in the Mariners' crown is pitcher Mark Lang-

ston, 19-13 last year. Langston is as good as any hurler in the league. Unfortunately, one can't say the same for any other Seattle pitcher. **Pennant odds: 1,000-1**

6. CALIFORNIA ANGELS

By golly, the Angels are just plumb *peculiar*. Perhaps taking his cue from Dick Williams, Angels' skipper Gene Mauch has only one starter he can rely on—Mike Witt, 16-14 in '87. Mauch quit on veterans Don Sutton and John Candelaria, and replaced them with Dan Petry (who gave up nearly six runs a game in '87) and injury-prone Kirk McCaskill, who was out of action for most of last season. Mauch also acquired

center fielder Chili Davis, who hit only .250 for San Francisco last year, but who could turn out to be a pleasant surprise: Davis hated windy Candlestick Park with a passion. The rest of Mauch's mercenaries look strong. Left fielder Brian Downing and first baseman Wallace Joyner are the heart, soul, and guts of the Angel batting order; and keep an eye out for second-year right fielder Devon White, a potential superstar. The rap on the Angels is that they don't win the close ones—and it's hard to dispute that. In '87, California finished 17-27 in one-run games, the worst showing by any American League team. Bottom line: No pitching and no hope. **Pennant odds: 100-1**



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derously hot and humid (temperatures often reach 100 degrees), and the Rangers are accustomed to playing there. Their opponents are not, so if you wager on the sport, go with the Rangers when they're at-home underdogs. You'll be richly rewarded. **Pennant odds: 50-1**

5. SEATTLE MARINERS

As always, it's difficult to assess a team managed by Dick Williams—if players so much as look at him the wrong way, they're benched. Even when his doghouse is empty, Williams perpetually has problems arriving at a starting lineup: He shuttles players in and out of the lineup so often that it sometimes seems Wil-

7. CHICAGO WHITE SOX

Why mince words? The Chicago White Sox are the worst team in the American League. They're so bad that fans have taken to calling them the White Schlocks. *Schlock* is Yiddish for "shoddy goods," and that's about all the Sox have to offer. For whatever reason (and it's one that eludes me), Chicago traded away its top-two pitchers, Floyd Bannister and Rich Dotson, to the Royals and the Yankees, respectively. The Sox starting rotation will feature such household names as Melido Perez, Bill Long, and Jack McDowell. Opposing southpaws are locks to beat the socks off the Schlocks: Chicago's top-three power hitters—Harold Baines, Greg Walker, and Dan Pasqua (newly acquired from the Yankees)—are all lefties. It's going to be a long, hot summer on the South Side. **Pennant odds: 10,000-1**

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST

1. NEW YORK METS

The Mets are the best team in baseball. Led by Dwight Gooden (a 2-1 favorite to win the N.L. Cy Young award), Sid Fernandez, and Ron Darling, New York has the finest group of starting pitchers in both leagues. By sending disgruntled reliever Jesse Orosco to the Dodgers, the Mets opened a spot in their bullpen for lefty flamethrower Randy Myers. Working in tandem with righty Roger McDowell, the Randy and Roger Show will snuff out any late-inning uprisings. The Mets aren't just stacked with pitchers; they also have a lineup filled with dangerous hitters. Last year Darryl Strawberry smashed 39 homers and drove in 104 runs, and he still hasn't fulfilled his potential. This year he will—look for the Straw Man to come away with M.V.P. honors. Gary Carter's healthy again, and with Keith Hernandez, Kevin McReynolds, mighty mite Howard Johnson, and speedster Len Dykstra, the Mets have a murderous row of their own to counter that of their crosstown neighbors, the New York Yankees. George Steinbrenner's acquisition of Jack Clark actually will help the Mets more than it

will the Yankees: Without Clark, the Cardinals don't have the muscle to repeat as division champs. And look out for Kevin Elster, a 4-1 favorite to win N.L. Rookie of the Year honors. Manager Davey Johnson's thoroughbreds are going to be wire-to-wire winners this year. **Official Vegas pennant odds: 2-1**

2. MONTREAL EXPOS

Last season the Expos were the biggest surprise in the major leagues. After losing All-Star Andre Dawson (via free agency to the Cubs), relief ace Jeff Rardon (traded to Minnesota), and superstar Tim Lincecum, who held out until May, the Expos still managed 91 victories and

will be looking over their shoulders all season long. **Pennant odds: 6-1.**

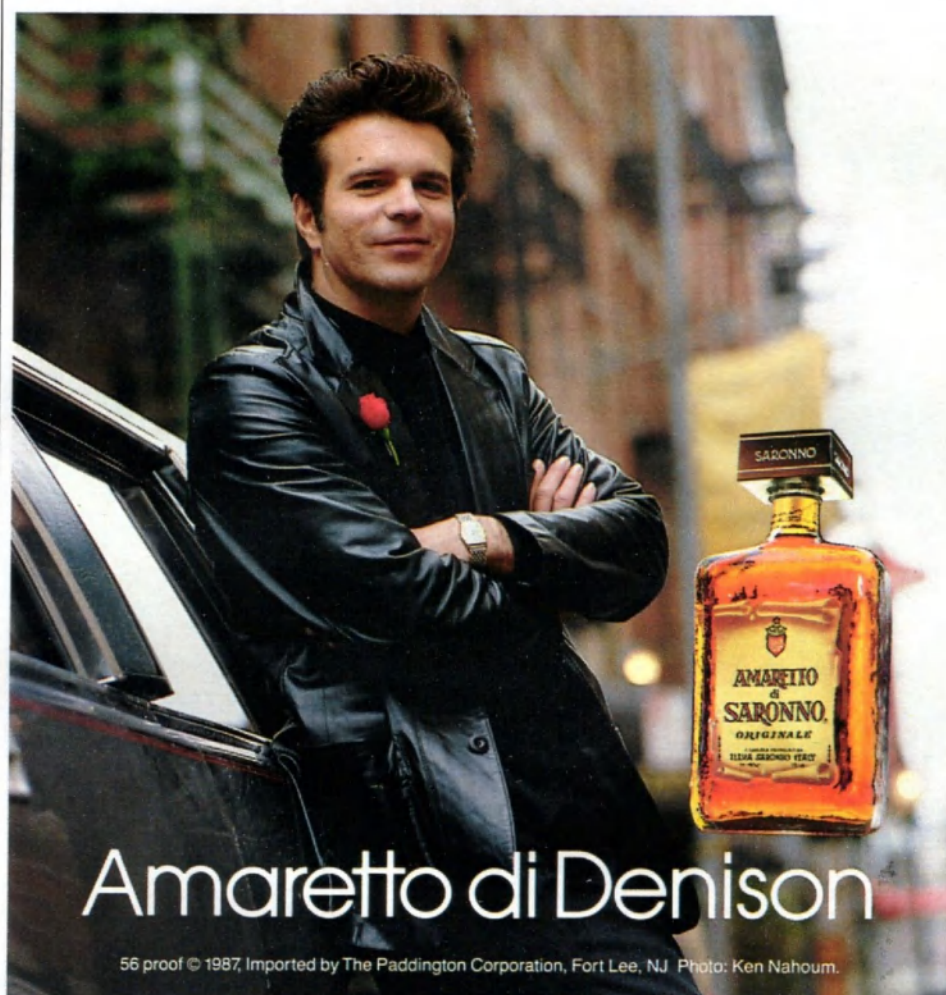
3. ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

Now that Jack Clark has taken up residency in Yankee Stadium, St. Louis is little more than a house of Cards, which is a lot less durable than the house that Jack built. Don't get me wrong: St. Louis's talented pitching staff (led by Danny Cox, John Tudor, Jose DeLeon, and reliever Todd Worrell) and the best defense in baseball—all praise to shortstop Ozzie Smith and center fielder Willie McGee—will keep the Cardinals flying fairly high. Vince Coleman (109 stolen bases in '87) will continue to drive pitchers up the wall.

But without an authentic power hitter, St. Louis is going to come up short. After letting Clark get away, General Manager Dal Maxvill signed Bob Horner, who last year banged out 31 homers for Japan's Yakult Swallows. Prior to his '87 fling with yen and Zen, Horner belted 215 home runs in nine N.L. seasons; but 142 of them were hit in Atlanta's bandbox ballpark, and only five came in cavernous Busch Stadium. Look for the Cards to short-circuit because of a power failure. **Pennant odds: 7-1**

4. PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES

Last year's flat-footed Phils finished 16 games behind the pennant-winning Cardinals, and in hopes of injecting speed into their lineup, Philadelphia traded for slick Seattle outfielder Phil Bradley. Let's hope Bradley gets off to a good start, because if he doesn't, the Philly Phanatics—baseball's loudest bunch of boo birds—will jeer Bradley and his fragile ego right out of town. Last year they certainly had a field day hooting at newly acquired free agent (and former Detroit Tiger) Lance Parrish, who spent his first two months in Philadelphia looking lost at the plate, both as a hitter (he was under .200) and catcher. Parrish, currently rated by *Baseball Digest* as the No. 1 receiver in both leagues, wound up hitting .245, and is a good bet to return to his far more productive form. With



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came up only four games short of tying for the division title. Title contenders win close games, and last season the Expos were a superb 28-14 in one-run decisions. No other team in the league comes close to the Expos when it gets down to nail-biting time. Montreal mound aces Pascual Perez, Dennis Martinez, and underrated reliever Tim Burke (who was injured) weren't even with the Expos at the start of the season, yet they still managed to run up an awesome aggregate record of 25 wins and four losses. With hitters like Raines (.330 last year), Andres Galarraga (.305), and Tim Wallach (26 homers and 123 RBIs), the Expos can light up any scoreboard in baseball. The Mets

Bradley and a rejuvenated Parrish complementing All-Star Mike Schmidt (35 homers and 113 RBIs) and Juan Samuel (28 dingers and 100 ribbies), we're talking about some very live bats here. Philly's downfall, however, will be its pitching, or lack thereof. Despite the presence of Cy Young Award winner Steve Bedrosian (40 saves last year), there's only so much a reliever can do. Beyond lefty Shane Rawley (17-11 in '87), Philadelphia's pitching is as thin as an anorexic fashion model. Phorget the Phils. **Pennant odds: 25-1**

5. PITTSBURGH PIRATES

The vastly improved and youthful Pirates will be a team to be reckoned with—but not this year. Thrifty Syd Thrift (let's hear you say *that* three times in a row), the Pirates' brainy general manager, masterminded the majors' slickest trade last season when he sent Tony Pena to St. Louis for rookie pitcher Mike Dunne (13-6 last season), outfielder Andy Van Slyke (.293 and 82 RBIs), and catcher Mike LaValliere (who hit an even .300 and who's now considered baseball's best defensive catcher). Unfortunately, Dunne was Pittsburgh's only starter to win more games than he lost. Unless El Syd can pull off another minor miracle, his pitch-poor Pirates won't improve on last year's mark of 80 wins and 82 losses. **Pennant odds: 500-1**

6. CHICAGO CUBS

When it comes to baseball, Chicago is nobody's kind of town. This year, while the White Sox are finishing last in the A.L. West, the Cubs will obligingly reprise their '87 tune as the N.L. East's cellar dwellers. Aside from league M.V.P. Andre Dawson, All-Star second baseman Ryne Sandberg, and 18-game winner Rick Sutcliffe (who was my choice for the Cy Young Award), the Cubbies have very little going for them. They did have a fierce reliever in Lee Smith, but for reasons that have thus far escaped everyone but himself, new general manager Jim Frey traded

Smith to Boston for two stiff. The acquisition of Goose Gossage won't make up for the loss of Smith. Dumb, dumb, *dumb*. **Pennant odds: 1,000-1**

NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST

1. LOS ANGELES DODGERS

I know, I know—the Dodgers finished 17 games behind the Giants last year, but I think they're ready to regain their long-lost stranglehold on the N.L.'s wild, wild West. New general manager Fred Claire was said to be too spineless to wheel and deal, but how's this for backbone: During the off-season, Claire picked up pitchers Jesse Orosco from the Mets, Jay Howell from the Athletics, and onetime artful

shall, who has never played in more than 140 games a season. Although L.A. Manager Tommy Lasorda feels that Marshall is an awesome talent when healthy, the Dodgers need to strengthen their pitching, and therefore must trade for a third starter. I look for the Dodgers to make it to the N.L. Championship Series. **Official Vegas pennant odds: 12-1**

2. SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS

If the Dodgers don't win the division title, the Giants will. San Francisco is a tough team studded with talent throughout its lineup. Last season, first baseman Will Clark (35 homers and a .308 batting average) came into his own; iconoclastic left fielder Jeff Leonard, baseball's answer to Greta Garbo (you don't want to try to engage this man in conversation), hit .280 and 19 HRs, despite playing with an injured wrist for much of the season; young Mike Aldrete hit .325; and despite a disastrous league championship series, Candy Maldonado (.292 and 85 RBIs) will again be San Francisco's most dependable clutch hitter. During the winter the Giants unloaded unhappy Chili Davis and picked up free agent Brett Butler, a scrappy, speedy center fielder who hit .295 for Cleveland. The Giants led the league in turning double plays last year; so all told, San Francisco is no easy touch.

The team's one questionable commodity is its pitching: Ricky Reuschel (13-9) will soon turn 39; Mike LaCoss (18-10) is little more than a journeyman; Atlee Hamaker (10-10) has yet to show he can win when the chips are down; and although he closed strong, Dave Dravecky must prove he can win consistently. Unless Mike Krukow can rebound from his 5-6 showing and again display his '86 form of 20-6, the Giants don't figure to do it all on hitting again. **Pennant odds: 4-1**

3. CINCINNATI REDS

If the Reds' pitching was merely decent, like the Giants, Cincinnati would be favored to win the N.L. West this year. Un-

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Dodger (and free agent) Don Sutton, a 321-game winner. He also dealt for Alfredo Griffin (who'll finally solve the team's shortstop problem) and acquired free-agent outfielders Kirk Gibson and Mike Davis (22 homers for Oakland in '87). The new additions give the Dodgers a formidable cast. Pitchers Fernando Valenzuela (with a 3.98 ERA) and Orel Hershisier (3.06 ERA) both figure to end up better than their respective 14-14 and 16-16 finishes of last year. Pedro Guerrero (.338 and 89 RBIs) and Steve Sax (.280) are as dependable at the plate as Steve Garvey was in his heyday. With the acquisition of Gibson, it's my opinion that the Dodgers will look to trade Mike Mar-

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

•Street crime has placed us under house arrest. We're forced to secure ourselves with dogs and burglar alarms. We've got to deal with the problem and free ourselves of the fears that pervade our lives. •

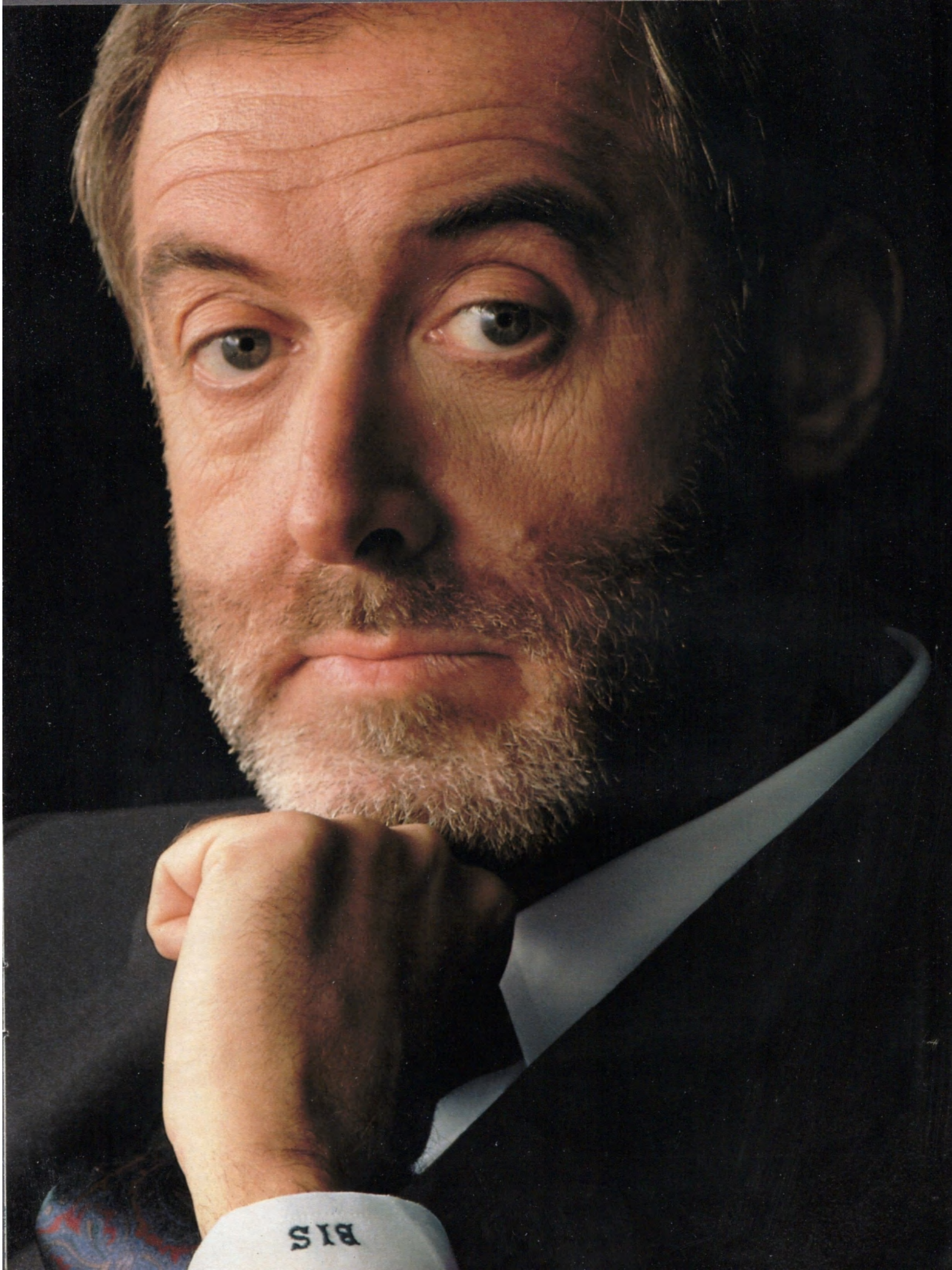
BARRY SLOTNICK

In a city where nothing surprises even its most thin-skinned denizens, Barry Ivan Slotnick always makes headline news. Most of the bold print recently lavished on this New York attorney's name in the city, national, and world press has been for his astounding defense of Bernhard Goetz, the New York electrical engineer turned subway vigilante. The Goetz case, a story with all the moral, social, and emotional upheaval that makes for a hit movie, has also made Barry Slotnick the hottest legal defense attorney practicing today.

The Bernhard Goetz

case was the last thing with which Barry Slotnick, defender of high rollers, important people, and slick city types, thought he'd ever get involved. He took the case out of curiosity, out of a sense that it would amount to more than just another urban crime statistic. By 1984, the thin, bespectacled Goetz had been robbed and assaulted three times too many in his 39 years. He was sick and tired of being a victim of street predators, of being defenseless, and he determined not to be a four-time loser. A few days before Christmas that year, armed with an illegal gun,

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN NAHOUM



Goetz shot four black youths who had surrounded him in a Manhattan downtown-bound subway, bullying him for five dollars. This cathartic but controversial act, committed by the quintessential everyman, raised ferocious debate.

With an instinct for what chills the heart of man, Slotnick put the jury in Goetz's subway seat, reenacting the tale in a real-life New York subway train, all the while urging the jury to picture the "four menacing faces" Goetz saw that December day. The effect was not lost on the racially mixed jury, who acquitted Goetz, upholding the plea of self-defense and convicting him only of the lesser charge of illegal weapon possession. Although a landmark case was won, marking a psychological victory for all crime victims, Goetz was sentenced to a six-month prison term, 280 hours of community service, and a \$5,000 fine for the weapon charge. Slotnick has appealed.

In the theater of the court, even limbo-style, without set or props, he is every prosecutor's nightmare, down to the final cross-examination. Just ask the federal prosecutors who spent years and thousands of taxpayers' dollars to convict reputed mob boss John Gotti and six co-defendants of racketeering, murder, loan-sharking, and robbery. Slotnick, together with the other defense lawyers, cut the prosecutors' case to Swiss cheese, exposing the federal-witness lineup as liars and thieves, convicted killers and felons who weren't doing all that talking out of patriotic charity. In the end, the prosecution itself was put on trial, with references made to the dubious methods of the federal lawyers on the case, who allegedly used promises of sex and drugs to gain the cooperation of some of their snitches. The jury stared in disbelief.

Barry Ivan Slotnick has won 95 percent of his cases in 26 years, slugging out a nearly perfect legal batting average since 1961. He is the son of Russian émigrés, born in the Bronx on June 18, 1939. During the fifties, when the government was blacklisting suspected Communists, Slotnick made his decision to pursue a legal career. At 16, he enrolled in The City College of New York. Five years later, with a law degree from New York University, the ambitious 21-year-old set up his own criminal law office.

Doing time in New York City courtrooms, the young Slotnick observed the style and strategies of those he considered the great lawyers of the time, including Maurice Edelbaum, Joseph E. Brill, Henry G. Singer, and Abraham H. Brodsky, men famous for their infamous clients and their high acquittal rates. In 1968, Slotnick got his big break. His reputation as a legal prodigy had aroused the attention of Jacob Kossman, a Philadelphia attorney who was trying to disentangle reputed mob boss Joe Colombo from a maze of indictments and grand-jury subpoenas. Slotnick succeeded in getting the initial charges against Colom-

bo dropped. This victory was won in the United States Supreme Court.

When Colombo was subpoenaed again, Slotnick directed the don to answer the prosecutor's questions in return for immunity. This ran contrary to the legal advice Colombo usually got—namely, to take the Fifth, and face contempt charges and a 30-day vacation in jail. Colombo agreed to follow Slotnick's carefully planned advice. The district attorney, realizing that Colombo's willingness to answer questions meant that the answers could not be used against him, dismissed the don. From that victory on, Slotnick maintained a lasting professional and personal relationship with Colombo. Slotnick, who lives in a wealthy New York suburb with his wife Donna and their four children, tells the story of how his son learned to walk at a family gathering upstate, the don urging the child to take his first steps toward his outstretched arms. Slotnick was standing

6

He is every prosecutor's
nightmare, down
to the final cross-examination.
Just ask the federal
prosecutors who spent years
and taxpayers' dollars
to convict reputed mob boss
John Gotti.

9

only a few feet away the day Colombo was shot and wounded at an Italian-American rally.

His bright ideas have shone the light of freedom for a wide spectrum of clients; although, since his staunch defense of Colombo and other reputed organized-crime figures, he has been tagged, by those he calls jealous detractors, a "mob lawyer," a label Slotnick fiercely refutes. Rudolph Giuliani, U.S. attorney for the Southern District, has been quoted praising Slotnick for his skill and honesty as a member of the criminal-defense bar. His client list is diverse, including Rabbi Meir Kahane, leader of the Jewish Defense League; Michael Chen, the head of a Chinese youth gang; and a Sunday-school teacher who won a paternity suit against Engelbert Humperdinck.

Applying "ingenious strategies in impossible situations," Slotnick defies fearsome odds in the impassioned pursuit of his clients' constitutional rights, whether defending the notorious or rescuing the downtrodden from the clutches of cold legal machinery. In 1981, *The American Lawyer* honored him with its Ammy Award for "Best Performance," particularly for

his defense of two Hasidim charged with the attempted murder of a young black man. At the trial, Slotnick filled the courtroom with Hasidim in traditional black dress, and placed the two defendants among them. The baffled witnesses could not pick out the defendants, and the jury, which included seven blacks, acquitted the two Hasidic Jews.

In this and other cases, his style seems sheer Houdini, his setups stolen from a Hitchcock flick. In one courtroom classic, a logistical swoop, Slotnick rescued a corporate president from a cocaine conspiracy charge by showing the jury, with charts and diagrams, the confusion and error of the arresting police officers, in spite of the prosecution's many eyewitnesses and testimony by three policemen. In another case, this a comedy of errors, Slotnick saved from certain death a dog accused of sinking his teeth into human flesh by bringing in a lineup of identical canines from which the accuser could not identify the "defendant." Precedents have been established and state laws changed because of cases he has defended. In defense of Rabbi Meir Kahane's strict adherence to kosher dietary laws, for example, Slotnick convinced a federal appellate court that the rabbi's constitutional rights guaranteed that he be served kosher food while in prison, a precedent that now extends to all prisoners of the Jewish faith.

Slotnick is elegant and articulate, with a Lincoln-like lankiness and a reserved yet down-to-earth demeanor. He is outspoken on individual liberties, on street crime and gun laws. And he has plenty to say about the federal justice system and its programs, namely the Federal Witness Protection Program, which grants amnesty, money, and freedom to convicted criminals for their testimony, and RICO (Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations) law, the most notable tool prosecutors use to convict organized-crime figures. *Penthouse* reporter Teri Wingender met with Barry Slotnick while the jury was in session for his latest client, veteran Bronx Democrat Mario Biaggi, who faced charges of peddling influence for favors. While acquitted of the serious bribery and conspiracy charges, Biaggi has nonetheless been sentenced to 30 months' imprisonment and fined \$500,000 for accepting an illegal gratuity. Slotnick will appeal.

Slotnick's achievements for the year did not go unnoticed by his peers. The New York State Bar Association honored him as the Outstanding Criminal Practitioner for 1987. This year, Slotnick continued to take on controversial clients. After Panama's military leader General Manuel Antonio Noriega was indicted by the United States Department of Justice for drug trafficking, and assets in the U.S. were frozen, Slotnick flew to Latin America. In Panama he conferred with national leaders and agreed to represent the Republic of Panama in this country.



LISA

“Someday soon I'll take my first lover. And I know in my heart that
he'll be well worth the wait.”

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



When she was just sweet 16, luscious Lisa Davies captured the "Miss Sunday People" title in a British newspaper competition. Now 18, this gregarious, green-eyed Londoner has been wowing admirers on two continents ever since. By the time we caught up with her, she was enjoying a well-earned vacation in Monte Carlo.

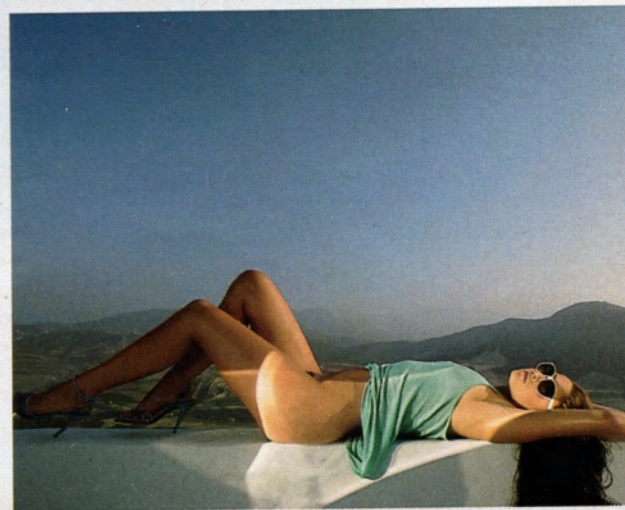
AN INNOCENT ABROAD







A popular fashion model, Lisa is philosophical about life in the fast lane. "Believe it or not," she confesses, "I'm still a virgin." Why has she waited when so many of her contemporaries have already graduated to more intimate encounters? "Because I just haven't met the right man yet," she replies without hesitation. And who is this Mr. Right?





Hair by Jacqui Masteran; makeup by John Maldonado

"Prince!" Lisa answers impishly. "He's so talented and sexy. Every night I dream of making love with him on a private jet, heading for a desert island all our own." Not surprisingly, she says her ideal lover will be "dark, handsome, and absolutely rolling in money. . . ."





A dedicated follower of the British club scene, is it possible that our 34-22-34 June Pet of the Month is a budding groupie? On the contrary, Lisa says that she's always wanted to sing and play in her own band. "Then I'd have all the young boys flocking around me!"





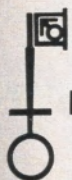
Between modeling assignments, Lisa loves horseback riding, dancing, and "fast-moving novels with racy plot lines." An admitted junk-food addict, she thrives on typical teenage fare—fried chicken, french fries, and chocolate shakes. Weight training allows her to indulge.





"Someday
soon, I'll take
my first
lover. And I
know in
my heart that
he's going
to be well
worth the
wait."





MISS LISA DAVIES/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



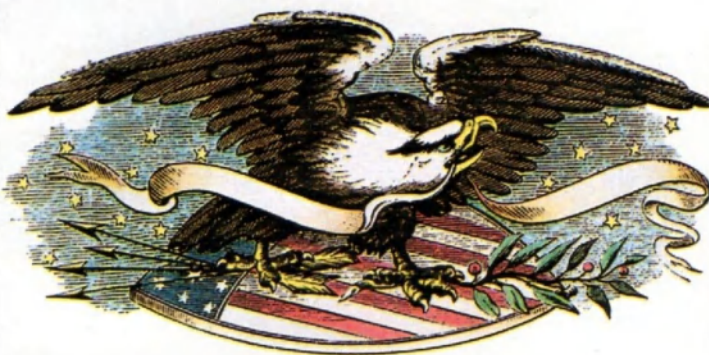
•To the surprise of many veterans, CBS's "Tour of Duty" has proven to be as honest and accurate a portrayal of the war as they have yet seen. •

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

When CBS announced, in the wake of the unexpected success of Oliver Stone's *Platoon*, that they would debut a prime-time dramatic series about the Vietnam War and the soldiers who fought it, many veterans were skeptical. After all, they had seen the war distorted in the media for over 20 years. But "Tour of Duty" met, and even surpassed, their expectations—and, in fact, the show has garnered a loyal following among veterans.

"I know that when I write stories for 'Tour of Duty,' there's this constituency out there to whom it matters a lot," says Steven Philip Smith, a coproducer and writer for the show. "It's not like I was writing an episode of 'Dallas.' You know if you fudge, you could hurt somebody very badly." Smith is particularly sensitive to this issue, having fought in Vietnam himself as a helicopter door gunner in 1966.

Smith is not the only vet involved in the creation of the show. Richard Mazzochi, the prop man—weapons expert, and Mike Little, the key camera assistant, were both Marines. A sound man, a first assistant director, the head researcher, and a script supervisor also experienced Vietnam firsthand. In addition, every day that they shoot, a technical adviser from the Army who saw duty in Vietnam is on the set. Producer Ron Schwary believes "Tour of Duty" is as realistic as you can get in terms of recapturing Vietnam. "We get thousands of letters from vets saying that it's the best portrayal of the war, more than *Platoon*, *Full Metal Jacket*, *Hamburger Hill*, all the rest," he says. "I get asked sometimes what satisfaction is in it for me, and I say that it's a good feeling that maybe now some vets will start



talking about what they went through. If just one vet opens up, then the whole year is a success."

Cameraman Mike Little was a photographer for the Marines and, he says, "got to see a lot of Vietnam. I was able to hop in a chopper and fly down to Chu Lai or Hue or Saigon. Possibly I saw more of the people suffering than the average grunt. This show is trying to be as realistic as possible without actually going to Vietnam and shooting it there." "Tour of Duty" is, in fact, filmed on location in Hawaii. According to Little, "It's hard to get the old French bunkers or the real humid environment or the smells; it's hard to conjure all that up. Here you're dealing with fantasy every day. You sort of squint your eyes and try to think, and you remember little bits and pieces, but for me it was 18 years ago. It's all a faded image."

Richard Mazzochi carried an M60 machine gun during his tour with the Marines. As weapons specialist on the set, he handles all the firearms: "Whatever they carry in their web gear, packs, rockets, ammunition." He is dedicated to the accurate rendering of the Vietnam experience, not just in terms of props but in emotional authenticity. "The vets on this show are like the watch-

dogs," he says. "Something doesn't look right, we'll tell 'em right away. We can't show a lot of blood, we do have to tone that down somewhat. And it's even difficult for Mike and me, because this is an Army show and we were in the Marines. I've learned they did some things very differently!"

"But most of us who spent any time in Vietnam and lost people, we have an obligation to the ones who didn't come home. And making those guys live through this show is the only way I can do it."

Writer Steven Smith pinpoints his concern in recreating Vietnam for a TV audience. "We're trying not to sell the veterans short," he says. "Vets have been typecast as crazy and as baby killers and drug addicts. I don't think there's any denying that some of that stuff went on, but I think what happened is that the individuality of everybody got lost. Veterans became afraid to talk about what happened to them, and a lot have been living with this misery for many years."

Aside from the huge volume of mail from veterans and their families attesting to the popularity of "Tour of Duty," there is the satisfaction that the show's actors feel. Steven Caffrey, who portrays Lieutenant Goldman, says, "I realized the minute we started that

there was more weight to it than any other gig I'd ever had. The immediacy of having the vets on the set makes it better because it doesn't give me a chance to relax. These men and women still have scars that are very fresh, and sometimes you feel sort of leechy, like you're using their pain, but that's what my job is. And it balances out, especially when somebody comes up and says to you, 'I really like the show.'

"'Tour of Duty' isn't so much about the moral and political issues but the relationships between these men," continues Caffrey. "It's an unprecedented show, and we make mistakes sometimes because it is, but when we score we usually hit the bell! And veterans seem to be very forgiving about the small things, like that out on patrol you would never really have been all bunched up together. They realize the limitations of TV."

The show, which had aired opposite "The Cosby Show" and won respectable ratings, is likely to be renewed for another season. Meanwhile, it has been moved to a later, Saturday night time slot, thereby allowing for more complex and realistic subject matter. But perhaps the greatest service this weekly dramatization of the Vietnam War can accomplish is, in the words of Richard Mazzochi, "just a chance at understanding. Vets are not asking for you to give us anything or to feel sorry for us. We just want people to try and understand. And if more of you turn on the show and watch it, if you look past the gun barrel and into the eyes of the guys portraying these young boys, I think you're gonna see a lot more than guns and murder and killing. And that's all we ask."—*Bettina Moss*

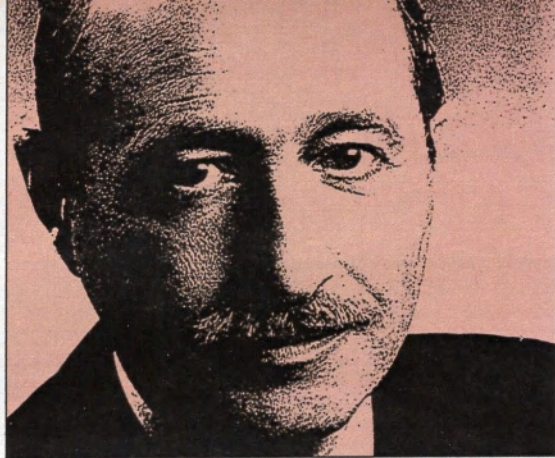
You used to hate it when he told you what to do.
Now sometimes you wish he would.



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What are you saving the Chivas for?





“I have spent years trying to stir interest in those who have been shamefully forgotten by their country. These efforts have only been frustrated by official roadblocks.”

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY ELI S. BELIL

The author is director of research for *Penthouse* magazine. He is the deputy mayor of Marlboro Township in New Jersey, and has had a syndicated column in 240 U.S. newspapers.

THE “FORGOTTEN WAR” IS AMERICA’S SHAME

Thirty-eight years ago, thousands of young Americans were called upon by their country to leave their loved ones, their jobs, their education—their whole way of life—in order to travel thousands of miles to defend democracy in a nation whose name they could hardly pronounce.

Some of these men were only boys when they willingly entered their nation's service. They experienced devastating physical atrocities and fell victim to insane mental torture as they fought in a cold, distant land. But all this happened a long time ago. Why are you reading about it now?

This is why: I was one of those men. And I'm writing this article to expose a shocking fact—we veterans of the Korean War are the *only* war veterans in all of American history who have no national monument erected to commemorate our courage, bravery, and sacrifice. There is nothing to remind our fellow Americans of the dedication and valor we unquestionably displayed.

Some writers have called Korea “the forgotten war.” Well, it will never be forgotten by those who were there; I don't think it will ever be forgotten by the Koreans. And it is a blot on the honor of our nation that an article like this even has to be written to remind our citizens to fulfill their responsibilities to America's heroes.

Penthouse magazine knows how a nation's responsibilities should be met. Years ago, it was the first to fight for the rights of the Vietnam veterans. Long before movies and TV and books attempted to change our perception of these men, this magazine dedicated itself to exposing the criminal neglect veterans suffered because the war had become politically unpopular. When *Penthouse* started its campaign, there was no thought of any monument to Vietnam veterans. Everyone simply wished they'd disappear.

Thanks to the monthly appearance of major investigative articles in *Penthouse*, the public began to realize just what these brave men and women had suffered for their country, and how horribly they had been treated after their return. (To this day, *Penthouse* keeps its Washington office available to help Vietnam veterans—and the “Vietnam Veterans Adviser” column still runs in every issue.)

Years later, the Vietnam War Memorial was built, and dramatic photographs of families and friends weeping at the black marble wall energized the nation's consciousness. Even later, films like *Platoon* and *Full Metal Jacket* translated the nightmare of Vietnam into commercial Hollywood success. Audiences across the country are stunned by the portrayal of what our soldiers had to endure. But those chilling scenes are no worse than the everyday existence of Korea.

Now I'd like you to read some statistics. People are usually bored by numbers . . . they seem dry and undramatic on the page. But read these numbers carefully, and let your mind dramatize the human beings they represent:

The war in Vietnam lasted ten years. During that time, 57,685 American lives were lost; 2,459 were missing in action.

The Korean War lasted three years. During that time we lost 54,235 American lives, and 8,177 are listed as missing in action. About 7,000 Americans were taken as prisoners of war. Of these, only 3,450 returned home alive—51 percent died in prison camps. To this day there are still 389 men unaccounted for. At the time of repatriation these Americans were, in fact, last seen by members of our Military Armistice Commission being carried away in trucks by the North Koreans. No one has heard about them since. And—just to repeat—there are *still* 8,177 Americans listed as missing in action from the Korean War.

The men who are listed as MIA from the Vietnam War have not been forgotten by their country. Just last year, Secretary of State George Shultz addressed the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia, pledging that the Reagan administration would not rest until it had determined their fate. Last August, General John W. Vessey, Jr., met with Vietnamese leaders to this same end. The media has been full of stories speculating on whether any of our MIAs remain alive.

Nothing has been done and very, very little written about the men who are listed as missing from Korea. And what about those 389 Americans who were seen *alive* at war's end? It's been a very long time; but surely their loved ones, just like the families of the Vietnam MIAs, would like to know what has happened to them. At present, even though we now have excellent relations with China (who was our main enemy in Korea), no one in our government is really doing anything about asking the authorities in Beijing to help us learn what happened to these men.

I have personally spent years trying to stir interest in my comrades-in-arms who have been so shamefully forgotten by their country. My efforts—and those of other veterans—to prod the government to erect a monument to Korean War veterans have only been frustrated by official roadblocks.

On October 28, 1986, for example, the President signed the Korean War Memorial Act, a measure authorizing the American Battle Monuments Commission to erect a memorial near Washington, D.C. Congress specified that a 12-member committee would be appointed by the President to select a site and a design, and to solicit the donation of private funds for its construction and maintenance. This was to be done within 120 days.

That deadline came and went. When it became obvious that nothing was happening, I went to *The New York Times* and other media with the story. By September of last year, President Reagan finally selected the committee.

The law Reagan signed also states that a half-million dollars be appropriated for site preparations and design and

planning. An equal amount is to be set aside for construction. But why waste \$500,000 for a design? The design for the Vietnam War Memorial was selected in a competition that was won, interestingly enough, by a 28-year-old woman who was too young to remember the war. Nonetheless, her work of art has galvanized the nation and moved us to tears. Her prize was \$20,000. A similar competition could result in an equally excellent memorial to our Korean War veterans. The other \$480,000 could be used to build the monument.

Site selection is another sore point with many of us. Why not use the land right near the Vietnam site? We don't need a huge amount of space to honor these heroic men and women. But the bureaucrats in Washington seem to think otherwise. At the same time the President signed the legislation to erect the Korean monument in the District of Columbia, another law was passed limiting where national monuments can be placed. It specifies that if the Korean monument were built today, it could not be in Washington, where all our other great national monuments stand. No—it would have to be placed in the suburbs, the boondocks. Just one more slap in the face to the forgotten heroes of Korea!

There has also been much talk recently of building another monument to honor women who served in Vietnam. The wall that honors the heroes of Vietnam already includes names of both servicemen and women. Can any reasonable person really propose that we need another Vietnam memorial when there still isn't *one* national monument to honor those who fought in Korea? Why not instead use this proposed site in Washington for the Korean veterans? Or is this logical suggestion just too simple and cost-effective for the pencil pushers in our nation's capital?

One final point—and possibly this is the most shameful fact of all. Last September, Vice President Bush received a \$1 million donation for the Korean veterans memorial from Hyundai Motor America—a Korean-owned company. Not one American corporation has donated money to this project. And until recently, this money was sitting in a non-interest-bearing account, losing the \$5,000 a month that could have been added to the dollars needed to build the monument.

I'd like to end this on a positive note. There really is a national monument to the Korean War veterans. It is the over 40,000 American troops who are still in South Korea preserving that nation's democracy as the world prepares to compete in the Seoul Olympics.

Remember, we won that war. The reason that the citizens of South Korea have their freedom and liberty, and are building the exciting, affluent lifestyle they enjoy today, is because of the sacrifices made so long ago by those of us who, along with young men and women from many other nations, came together under the flag of the United Nations to save democracy in one small, far-off land. 

CHINATOWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

night playing mah-jongg and fan-tan. Chinese citizens who went on organized junkets to the "Chinese mecca," Atlantic City, were entertained by singers who had been brought over by Chinese criminal triads. Respectable citizens shook their heads in fear and refused to answer questions about the influence of the notorious criminal tongs: the Ghost Shadows, the United Bamboo Gang, and the Flying Dragon. Murder, extortion, drug trafficking, alien smuggling, prostitution—these were part of daily life in the New York Chinese community. Goldman knew that the scope of these activities couldn't possibly be restricted to a single neighborhood. Then the reports began coming in—police reports of Chinese youth gangs committing crimes in cities across the nation.

In early 1986, James Goldman began meeting with the D.E.A.'s newly formed Chinese Unit. This group of multilingual agents had been the brainchild of Robert Stutman, special agent in charge of the New York field division of the D.E.A. Stutman is a dynamic and innovative policymaker and supervisor, renowned for his incisive intelligence, broad understanding, and visionary ideas. Still, there were many law-enforcement officials who

questioned the necessity of a unit devoted exclusively to Chinese drug trafficking. But Stutman had closely reviewed the analyses performed by D.E.A. laboratories, and by 1986, it was determined that approximately 40 percent of all the heroin being sold on the streets of New York City—and thus to the entire eastern region of the United States—derived from the "Golden Triangle" of Thailand, Burma, and Laos. Stutman hadn't been surprised to discover that so much heroin was coming from a new source. After all, the elimination of the French Connection, the raids on Corsican heroin-processing laboratories, the Pizza Connection trials, plus the recent vigorous prosecution of major Mafia figures (who had previously controlled eastern U.S. heroin trafficking) had all had an impact. Says Stutman, "As with any other aspect of crime, when one group steps out, another steps in." In this case the group was comprised of ethnic Chinese from Thailand, Hong Kong, Malaysia, Taiwan, and China. Reportedly over 1,200 tons of opium are produced yearly in the Golden Triangle. In June of 1987, Interpol issued a warning that Chinese organized-crime groups were transporting heroin from Southeast Asia to the United States through Panama via contacts with Chinese communities in Bolivia and Paraguay. Later that summer, officials in Connecticut warned of an increase in

heroin deaths due to the unprecedented purity of the new Southeast Asian heroin known as "China White." And in December of that year, estimates of the influx of Southeast Asian heroin into New York City rose to 60 percent. During that same month, the D.E.A. and U.S. Customs agents arrested two Chinese men and one Chinese woman in their car in Queens, New York. The trio had just arrived on a Flying Tigers airline flight from Bangkok. The woman was three months pregnant. The victims surrendered with the stoicism characteristic of the Chinese. A search of the car unearthed \$1 million in cash, phony passports, records of accounts in Atlantic City casinos, a \$25,000 ruby- and diamond-encrusted Rolex . . . and 165 pounds of pure Southeast Asian heroin. At the time, it was the fifth-largest heroin seizure in United States history. Last February in New York City, six men (from Thailand and Hong Kong) were arrested and charged with attempting to smuggle \$165 million worth of heroin into the U.S. in terra-cotta statues. Customs officials said the statues were transported into the country on a Flying Tigers cargo plane from Thailand. In March 1988, the D.E.A. arrested their No. 1 drug fugitive, Chinese businessman Kon "Johnny Kon" Yu-Leung, said to be responsible for smuggling as much as \$2 billion worth of heroin into the U.S. Kon was arrested when a group of eight D.E.A. agents interrupted his fried-chicken dinner at the New York Hilton. It was reported that his past and present holdings included a trading company in Hong Kong, a watch company in Paraguay, and a fur business in Newark, New Jersey. A retired New York City police officer, Jonathan J. Ruotolo, was also arrested for allegedly being one of Kon's New York City drug distributors. At a press conference, Stutman said that he believed the importation of Southeast Asian heroin was now being controlled "virtually 100 percent" by Chinese criminal groups.

James Goldman wasn't surprised by this statement, nor by the magnitude of the bust. He had been trying to enlighten his colleagues about the scope of Chinese organized crime ever since observing that the boundaries of New York's Chinatown had extended into Little Italy—and that the Italians and the Chinese were coexisting in an unprecedentedly peaceful fashion. Says Goldman, "No one moves into Italian turf, no one dominates an enterprise, unless there is some kind of unity. Informants have told me about powwows between high-level Italian and Chinese criminals. It's only logical—can you imagine Cuban organized crime trying to take over trash collection in Little Italy?"

Furthermore, Goldman suspects that there is a "giant and as yet unfounded connection between the Chinese and traditional organized crime in America. My suspicion is that the Chinese are equal

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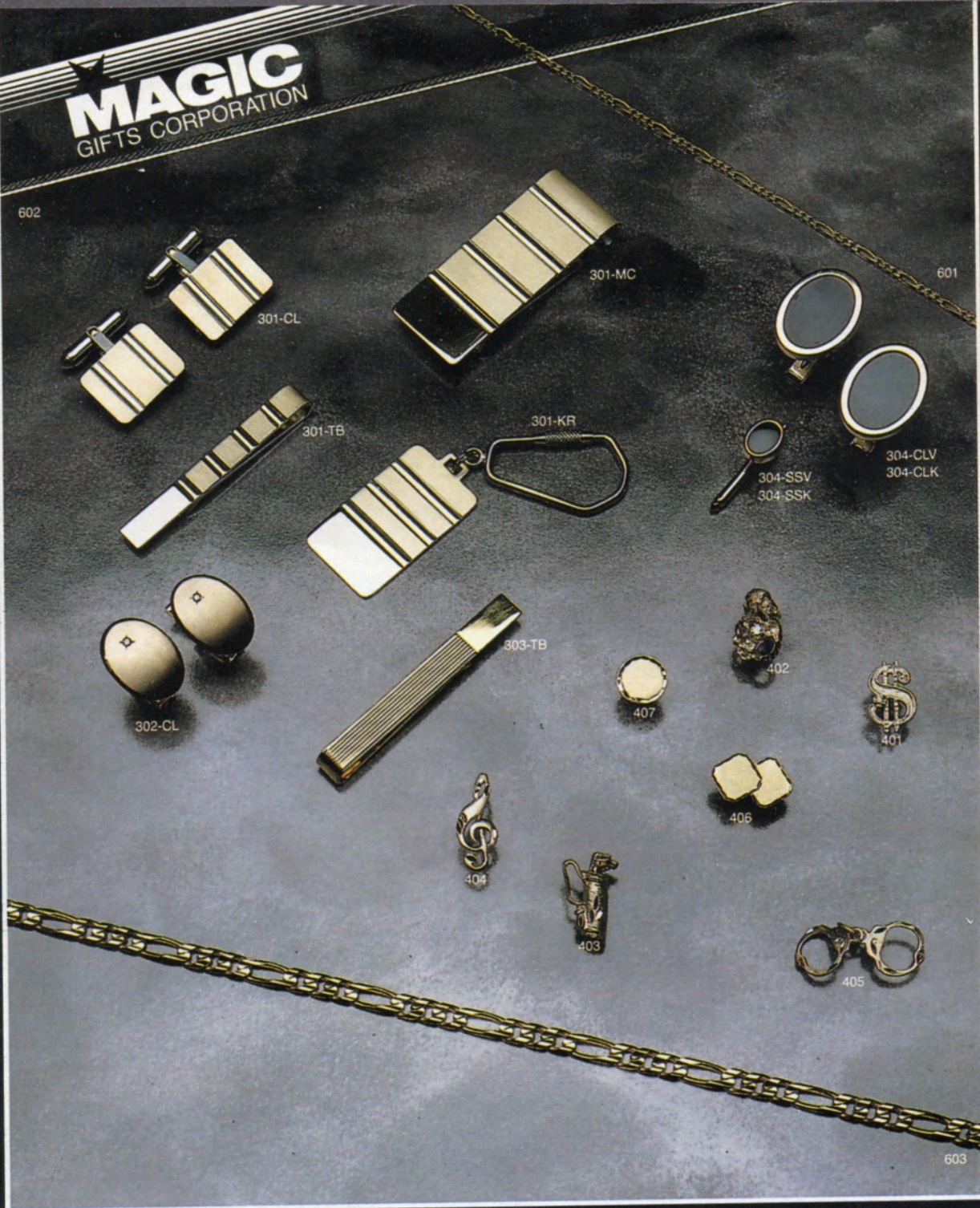
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in number to any major organized-crime network, and equal in sophistication, too. The Chinese have instilled more of a fear in their own communities than traditional organized crime has maintained, and they may possibly become the No. 1 threat to our nation's law enforcement. Obviously, the situation will become particularly perilous when Hong Kong loses its lease in 1997 (and is returned to China's control). Inevitably, there will be a major influx of immigrants, many of whom will be career criminals for whom bribery and corruption is a way of life. Others will be poor people who will be faced with the option of either washing dishes 14 feet underground or working with the criminal element. I really don't understand why most law-enforcement officials are dragging their feet on this issue."

But don't get Goldman wrong. He isn't critical of all his cronies. He knows how impenetrable oriental culture may seem even to the most sophisticated federal agent—it's a culture where million-dollar heroin deals are counted on an abacus, where youth gang initiates drink chicken blood dripped into wine and take oaths such as, "If I ever betray the organization, may I be struck 1,000 times by lightning." He understands the difficulties of developing young Chinese undercover agents—many of whom have never learned to speak Chinese—in communities where over 12 Chinese dialects are spoken. He lauds the exemplary efforts of the D.E.A., and he is encouraged by the special camaraderie that has grown between members of his I.N.S. task forces and police officials nationwide. Working today in Washington, D.C., James Goldman oversees all Organized Crime Drug Enforcement Task Force (O.C.D.E.T.F.) investigations conducted by the I.N.S.

Still, James Goldman is dissatisfied. He is angered by the fact that I Huei Chin's lover is still a fugitive from Project Hydra, and that Madam Shih's "travel agent" son cannot be extradited here. He finds it appalling that a leader of a notorious Chinese organized-crime gang was able to become a naturalized U.S. citizen while out on bail for the rape of a Queens, New York, woman. He deems oriental brothels "breeding grounds for a wide variety of crimes, including homicide" and would like to see them unilaterally shut down. And while it is not technically illegal, Goldman finds it morally reprehensible that many of New York City's private Chinese nightclubs—which cater solely to Chinese customers, using beautiful hostess girls to promote business—are protected by legally armed, retired New York City cops. But Goldman's most consuming regret is the closing of his investigation of a notorious Queens nightclub.

He had never heard of the club when he was working the Chinatown beat. One day, a source tipped him off that a former Madam Shih employee was working as a hostess in this establishment. After Goldman and his partner identified

themselves as I.N.S. agents, they were reluctantly let into the premises. There was no sign of the woman among the 25 attractive oriental "hostess girls" and their 50 patrons. Goldman and his partner confirmed that all the hostesses were illegal aliens. None would talk about the hostess in question. Two nights later, the two men returned and arrested 20 entirely new oriental women. This prompted a phone call from the club's owners—offering to lead Goldman to the hostess if he promised to stay away. Goldman got his witness. But as the Madam Shih trial wound down, Goldman learned that the nightclub owners were well known and well feared Chinese organized-crime figures who had been closely linked to Chinese heroin traffickers. State Liquor Authority records indicate that the club's liquor license had been issued to a Colombian under another name. James Goldman and the S.L.A. had all the ingredients for a second racketeering

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Youth gang initiates drink
chicken blood
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case—hostesses being brought in and harbored in violation of federal law; a fraudulent liquor license with established criminal ties. But before he could pursue his investigation, a customer at the club got into a dispute with a waiter, made an obscene gesture to the manager, who ejected him, and was shot in the head and killed as he stepped into his car. The gunman was identified from a mug shot as a Chinese street-gang kid, but the witnesses never showed up for the lineup. Fearing ghosts, evil spirits, and further raids by "white foreign devils," the owners quickly shut down the club. The I.N.S. ordered Goldman to disband his task force and drop the investigation.

"It didn't make any sense," says Goldman. "I still saw the suspected gunman walking around Chinatown."

Although he may sound like a one-man crusader, James Goldman insists that he is not "preaching yellow peril." He has made many friends in New York's Chinatown community—tough street kids, graceful waitresses, frail elderly fan-tan players. During his forays into Chinese social clubs looking for leads, Goldman often finds himself the only American

among the middle-aged oriental men who pay hundreds of dollars to dance with hostess girls, drink Remy Martin and Hennessy X.O., eat sweet bean pastries, and listen to a procession of heavily made-up Taiwanese women wearing punk outfits or prom dresses singing Patsy Cline songs in Taiwanese.

A jovial person with an easy laugh, Goldman was an ideal big-brother figure to the dozen female witnesses he harbored in a hotel during the Madam Shih trial. When the women complained about not being able to play mah-jongg, Goldman obtained a card table from hotel security. On another night, during a break in the trial, Goldman escorted two of the women to dinner at a trendy Mexican restaurant. A yuppie approached the prettier one and launched a monologue about his job on Wall Street, brand-new condo, and BMW. Each boast received a nod and a smile. Goldman wore the biggest smile of all when he informed the smitten stockbroker that his gorgeous Asian fantasy girl spoke not a word of English.

Most of the time, however, James Goldman is deadly serious about his work. One of the I.N.S.'s top priorities is preventing aliens from entering this country illegally—and prosecuting them when they engage in criminal activities. And Goldman thinks his agency has the potential to be the most powerful deterrent to Chinese organized crime in America.

"It's easier to develop informants within the Chinese criminal community than any other group I've worked with," Goldman says. "The Chinese are terrified of the I.N.S. because so many of them are illegal aliens. Even the arrogant Madam Shih feared the white foreign devils in Immigration. But the I.N.S. can't work in isolation. My goal is to enlighten all local, state, and federal agencies and police forces as to the existence and potential power of Chinese organized crime. Many of them will be skeptical. After all, when I worked on the Madam Shih case, I never expected to find so many links to Chinese criminal organizations in Central and South America. Five years ago, the D.E.A. never dreamed that ethnic Chinese would dominate the East Coast heroin trade. Today, Chinese criminal groups are flourishing in major cities throughout the United States. We are talking about major national and international criminal networks that are highly organized, thoroughly armed, extremely dangerous . . . and expanding daily."

On January 4, 1988, I.N.S. Senior Special Agent James Goldman's warnings were finally validated by the press, when Peter Kerr reported in *The New York Times* that "law-enforcement officials say they fear that Chinese organized crime could eventually achieve as much wealth and influence as Italian organized crime has had over the last century."

After almost half a decade of ceaseless effort, James Goldman had finally gotten his message across. O—

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SEAGRAM'S 7 AND NINE



Seagram's Seven Crown  America's Good Time Spirit.

Penthouse: You've just returned from Panama. What can you tell us about the situation there?

Slotnick: At this point I have been assured that the government of Panama and its people are taking every possible action to prevent drug trafficking to the United States. The people of Panama are innocent figures in what is a political struggle. They should have a right to their American dollars.

Penthouse: Going back to the Goetz case, after all this time, what do you see as its significance?

Slotnick: I realized that it had an important and significant impact on our society, although originally I was not in tune with the true meaning of the prosecution.

Penthouse: What about in terms of how citizens feel about street crime?

Slotnick: The Goetz case presented the issue of whether society could stand up for its own rights. Could an individual carrying an illegal weapon be legally justified in using it? That was really the essence of the case. The jury found it could. The acquittal was important for the morale of the downtrodden. It was a safety valve.

Penthouse: Do you admire Goetz for taking the law into his own hands?

Slotnick: Goetz did not take the law into his own hands. Goetz exercised his rights within the law. The law said that under the circumstances Goetz found himself in, he had a right to fire and to protect himself. Therefore he did not take the law into his own hands. What he did was carry an illegal weapon, the one count he was convicted of.

Penthouse: Do you think this might cause more people to go out and buy guns and carry them on the subways?

Slotnick: Bernhard Goetz is not contagious. People are not flocking to gun stores and buying guns and shooting other people because of Goetz's acquittal. So any thought that his victory would cause our cities to become the old Dodge City is nonsense.

Penthouse: How does the average citizen fight street crime?

Slotnick: By voting for people who are dedicated to stopping it.

Penthouse: Public support for Goetz was massive. Why do you think the district attorney proceeded with the prosecution?

Slotnick: I believe he felt that if he didn't, he might give short shrift to minor special-interest groups who were pursuing the prosecution of Goetz. The district attorney buckled under the pressure of these fringe elements in refusing to exercise his discretion not to prosecute.

Penthouse: Did you have to avoid fanning racial fires by defending Goetz?

Slotnick: I was very concerned about the racial consequences of the Goetz case. Not that it had any racial overtones to

begin with, but because there are racist hustlers who earn their livelihood by creating turmoil between or among the races. I think the greatest support that I got was from the black community, the very people who are most often victimized by the likes of the four people who surrounded Bernhard Goetz. So while a few fringe groups hoped to use Goetz as a political platform for a racial issue, it was not a racial issue, and I would not allow it to become a racial issue.

Penthouse: If Goetz had shot white teenagers, do you think the case would have gone to court?

Slotnick: I don't know. I really don't know.

Penthouse: Do you think someone would have come up with a reason for it?

Slotnick: There may have been antigun people who could have pursued it, but I don't think with the same vigor.

Penthouse: Did you like Bernie personally?

Slotnick: Yes. I find him to be a very clever,

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”

bright, and astute individual.

Penthouse: Do you think a different jury would have convicted Goetz?

Slotnick: If there were 12 racist hustlers on the jury, of course they would have convicted him. But a fair jury and a cross section of the community would not have, as they did not. We had blacks, whites, Hispanics, men and women, different ages and economic groups. They were fair and they understood what it was about. It took four days to complete the task and come to a verdict. They made their decisions with serious thought.

Penthouse: Do you think you could have prosecuted Goetz?

Slotnick: The person who prosecuted Goetz was a very able and capable trial lawyer. He did his best to convict Bernhard Goetz. He was not successful. And I'm not going to second-guess him.

Penthouse: What is your opinion of Justice Stephen Crane's prison sentence for Goetz for the illegal weapon charge, and his reasoning that a "no jail" sentence would invoke others to violate gun laws?

Slotnick: I think the hypothesis was totally wrong. First offenders generally are not sent to jail, and I believe Bernhard Goetz

was sent to jail to atone for what he was acquitted of. I think the judge was attempting to reach a Solomonesque decision which would be proper and appropriate. I think Goetz should have been treated like John Doe.

Penthouse: Were you surprised at the Biaggi decision?

Slotnick: I was extremely disturbed by the sentence, because the congressman was acquitted on the very serious bribery and conspiracy charges and convicted on the charge of taking an illegal gratuity. There was no question of bribery. I felt the sentence was very harsh and stern, and was an attempt, again, to send a message to the community. I don't think the community needs that message. I think that they were all aware of the fact that Mario Biaggi was not guilty of severe crimes.

Penthouse: Was Biaggi a scapegoat?

Slotnick: No. I think, however, that there's a presupposition in this country that any time a public official gets into trouble, he should go to jail—and that's horrendous.

Penthouse: You have said that our greatest threat is street crime, as opposed to white-collar crime. Why is that so?

Slotnick: Street crime has placed us under house arrest. Our ability to live peacefully in an urban society has been taken away by the street criminals. We're forced to secure ourselves with dogs and burglar alarms. We've got to deal with the problem and free ourselves of the fears that pervade our lives.

Penthouse: You were attacked in the street soon after the Goetz trial. Do you feel that a more personal fight against crime has begun for you?

Slotnick: No. It just solidified in my mind that violent street crime is rampant. Had I been carrying a firearm at the time, I would have used it, without a doubt.

Penthouse: Do you think laws granting gun permits should be liberalized?

Slotnick: Absolutely. I think it's time to put the ability for self-protection and defense in the hands of the good guys.

Penthouse: But are people going to use guns properly?

Slotnick: There has to be regulation. How many people are killed each year by people who can't operate cars properly? If you condition the right to have a pistol permit for training and use, you will find that there will be a lesser number of street predators than there are today. Look at the states in which they have very liberal gun laws and you will find that there are no shoot-outs at O.K. Corral. I think the hysteria about people's use of firearms is being bred by those who really are not knowledgeable of the history of safe use of firearms.

Penthouse: You obviously feel very strongly about victims of crime.

Slotnick: Yes. The crime victims should have a major role in the legal process, yet are often forgotten. They're not given notice when to go to court. They're taken away from their jobs when they're needed. They're not treated with care and re-

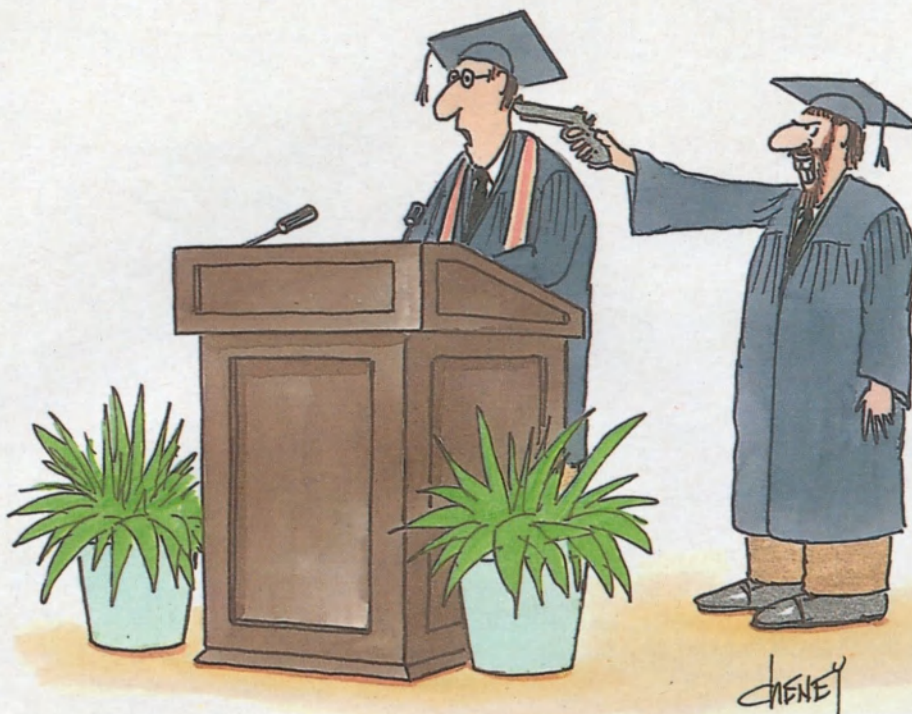
GRADUATION!

SATIRE BY TOM CHENEY

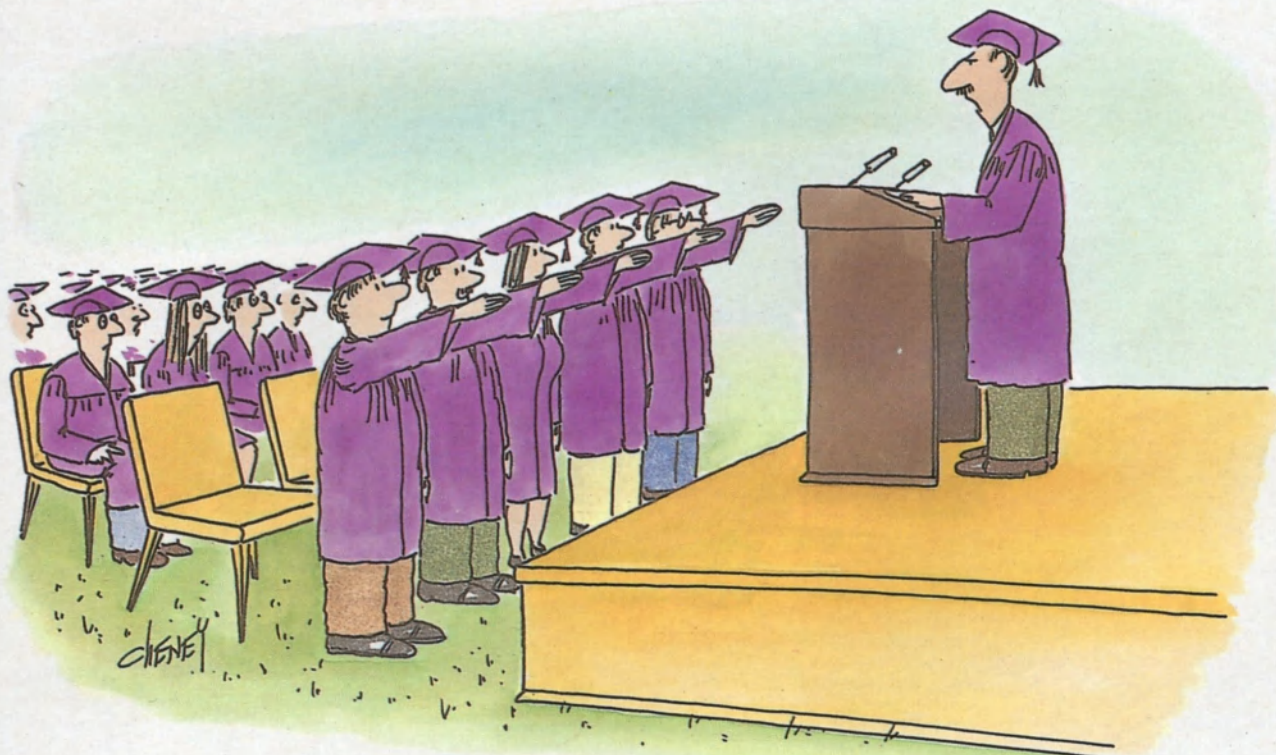


"No! No! Not the real world! Not the real world!"





"This year's award for the student most likely to succeed goes to our Iranian exchange student. . . ."



"Before we begin with today's commencement exercises, I'd like to ask the political science graduates to take their seats."



"What I can't figure out is why I paid
\$30,000 a year so I could learn how to make \$20,000 a year."



"Son, your mother and I were wondering what you
plan to do with your degree in pharmacy."



*"Sorry, Roxanne, but I'm a gynecologist
now—I can't even look at your vagina for less than \$300."*



"Really? You have a degree in philosophy, too?"

SLOTNICK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

spect. But that's improving. Law enforcement is beginning to understand that crime victims are the people they represent in court. I've been very involved with the crime victims' political platform. I've spoken in schools to increase awareness of victims' legal rights. I've written legislation on behalf of crime victims to see that they are treated decently.

Penthouse: Do you believe in the concept of "victimless" crime, crimes like prostitution and gambling?

Slotnick: I think you can legalize certain activities without society going under. You can legalize gambling. I don't see mothers with baby carriages wagering away the family food money. And I think legalizing prostitution would be healthy from the view of personal hygiene and safety. You can control it. Drugs, too. If you look at the drug laws in England, you will find that there is control. It's not a perfect system, but the problem could be controlled in this country just as well or better. Now we have a situation where we try to deal with drugs by combating them with other substances. I don't know enough about drugs to propose legislation, but put in the hands of the experts, we could come up with a real solution.

Penthouse: Do you think the system works?

Slotnick: Essentially it works for the rich, the powerful, and the well connected. It doesn't work as well as it should for the rest of society.

Penthouse: Does this mean that if I can't afford Barry Slotnick, I'm not getting equal protection under the law?

Slotnick: Unfortunately, that may be true. There are a lot of good lawyers in this country, and most of them are very expensive. Behind every good trial lawyer there must be a good investigator and support staff, and these experts have to be paid. In order to win, one of the ingredients an individual must have is the ability to fund a defense. Not having money doesn't mean he's not going to win, but it does mean that his likelihood of winning may be less than someone who can afford all of the background work.

Penthouse: Should a defense attorney ever feel guilty for getting a criminal back on the street?

Slotnick: Certainly not. That only proves that the judicial system has the ability to work. It means that the state has failed to prove the case beyond a reasonable doubt, even if the individual may be guilty. And that's healthy, because it prevents prosecutors who are politically involved from using their office to disadvantage someone who's part of another political force or political party. It prevents prosecutors who may not like certain people because of race, color, creed, or national origin from putting them in jail or [using them] to gain political advantages.

Penthouse: But what about the criminals, those who have committed heinous crimes? Putting them in prison has nothing to do with politics.

Slotnick: The justice system is geared for individual freedom and liberties. If we start making judgments before a case comes to trial, when does it stop? Who is to say what is heinous and what is not?

Penthouse: How much respect do your clients have for the law?

Slotnick: I have some who are very anti-social and some who are extremely law-abiding. The term "respect" is an inappropriate generalization.

Penthouse: Say someone involved in organized crime?

Slotnick: All people are products of their beliefs, their environment, and their background. I'm not going to judge one person's thoughts in this context, due to the fact that some who are accused are not necessarily guilty of violating the rules of society. We sometimes find that those

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There are many problems pervading Reagan's Justice Department. They're plagued by a major investigation creating a cloud over the office of the attorney general himself.

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strictures are not correct.

Penthouse: Would you ever decline to defend someone because of your own beliefs?

Slotnick: I have made moral judgments. I'm mandated by the Constitution to represent people who want and can afford my law firm. There are times, however, when I don't represent someone because I feel that my own morality or viewpoint might get in the way, and I might not be able to do a good job.

Penthouse: Would you defend Klaus Barbie? Someone like that?

Slotnick: No. Many years ago, I represented someone who was alleged to be a Nazi assassin. I think my views have reached the point where I could not properly represent Barbie.

Penthouse: Why?

Slotnick: My belief he was guilty of genocide is a crime that I could not deal with in terms of representing someone, especially in a Holocaust situation.

Penthouse: But you don't recoil from defendants accused of racketeering, murder, and the like?

Slotnick: I'm liberal-minded. But I'm troubled by the fact that I cannot cross what

I see as an unconstitutional line. I have my own idea of what a truly heinous crime is, and I simply cannot defend the type of cases mentioned. Other matters I can view more impersonally. That I make distinctions troubles me in a constitutional sense.

Penthouse: How would you judge the Justice Department's performance?

Slotnick: There are many problems pervading this Justice Department. They're plagued by a major investigation creating a cloud over the office of the attorney general himself. The Justice Department tries to assuage the public's need to feel that there's a national law enforcement that's working. I don't think it's fine-tuned. I think they're making and losing cases based on unreliable witnesses. That's part of the tragedy of the Witness Protection Program, which has become terribly secretive and is in total disarray. Someday, someone will do an investigation of that program and perhaps cause its demise.

Penthouse: Do you see any value in the Witness Protection Program?

Slotnick: The Witness Protection Program creates an impetus for people to try to curry favor with the Justice Department. As a result, many inappropriate prosecutions occur. People at times are willing to say almost anything to become part of this program. Criminals benefit by being witnesses. They're getting money, they're getting freedom, they're getting amnesty. It is disconcerting to find that prosecutors on occasion may receive witnesses who tailor their testimonies for all the wrong reasons.

Penthouse: Do you think that prosecution witnesses have a tendency to lie, since their testimony is being bought?

Slotnick: They don't have a tendency to lie; they have a propensity for lying. Clearly, when you look at the cases of recent years, you'll find that witnesses have been lying to get into the program and to benefit from it. They go to their prosecutorial masters knowing that they've got to satisfy them.

Penthouse: Do you think anything of this nature occurred at the Gotti trial?

Slotnick: I think that the Gotti case, which ended in complete acquittal, was an indication of a sound jury not believing many unsound witnesses. And there was an allegation that witnesses were coached or given material to repeat on the witness stand. That allegation, I presume, is presently under investigation, and I'll await the outcome of that investigation. I think what was most important was that the jury looked at a succession of witnesses who were liars, cheats, and thieves, and I believe the jury understood that they hadn't changed their spots.

Penthouse: Would you like to see laws passed to restrict the government's free-wheeling use of cooperating witnesses?

Slotnick: Yes. Clearly the enormous amount of money the government pays witnesses ought to be limited. Secondly,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156



Bob Guccione

Pet of the Year

PLAY-OFF

It wasn't easy selecting four finalists from such a glittering galaxy of qualified contenders. But now we present for your inspection a pulse-quickenning paean to Ginger, Linda, Jenna, and Lisa. When our new Queen ascends the throne vacated by Patty Mullen (above), she'll receive a wealth of cash and gifts befitting her new station. So take a good, hard look, then send your vote to: Pet of the Year, Penthouse International, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.



GINGER MILLER

September 1986

Since she last graced these pages, beautiful 36-23-35 Ginger Miller has appeared in several rock videos, plus a full-size poster that's fast become a runaway best-seller. "But," she claims, "I'm one tough businesswoman who likes to be treated like a lady."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DENNIS SILVERMOON





LINDA JOHNSON

February 1987

Long and lean and blessed with a deliciously wicked imagination, 35-22-34 Linda Johnson wants to be the first woman to have sex in space. Meanwhile, she enjoys engaging in "a little selective teasing." We're proud to be among her chosen few.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER







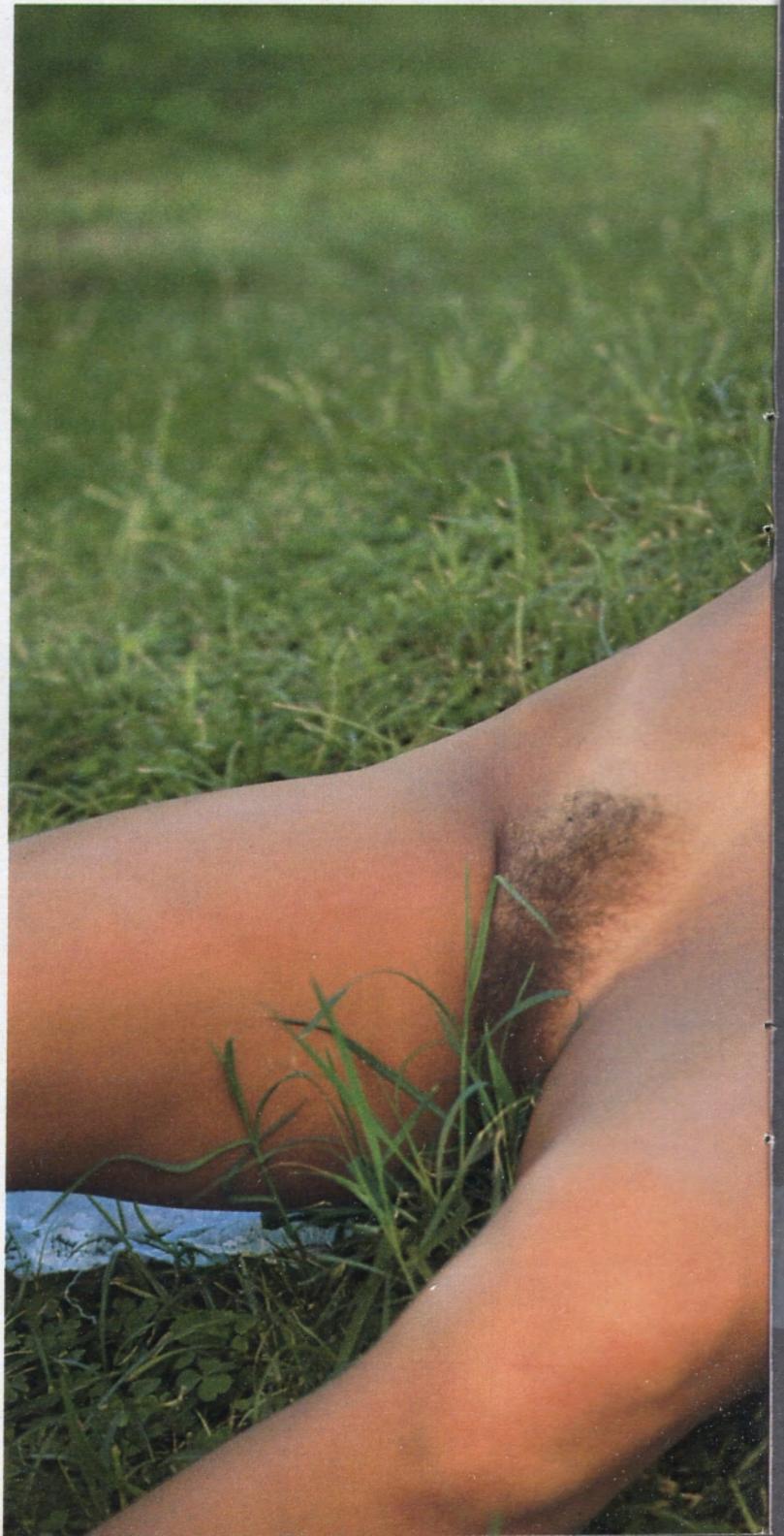
JENNA PERSAUD

April 1987

Raised in Canada but born in Brazil, 35-22-35 Jenna Persaud is as sultry and lush as her native home. An aggressive competitor, she plays basketball, pumps iron, and has no patience for "women who pretend that they aren't strong."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER





LISA MANDOKI

July 1987

A sunshine blonde who likes to "roam around and play the nymph," 36-23-36 Lisa Mandoki bucked the odds. Following her star from the Midwest to California, Lisa now has several impressive film roles to her credit. "It's a fantasy fulfilled!" she says.

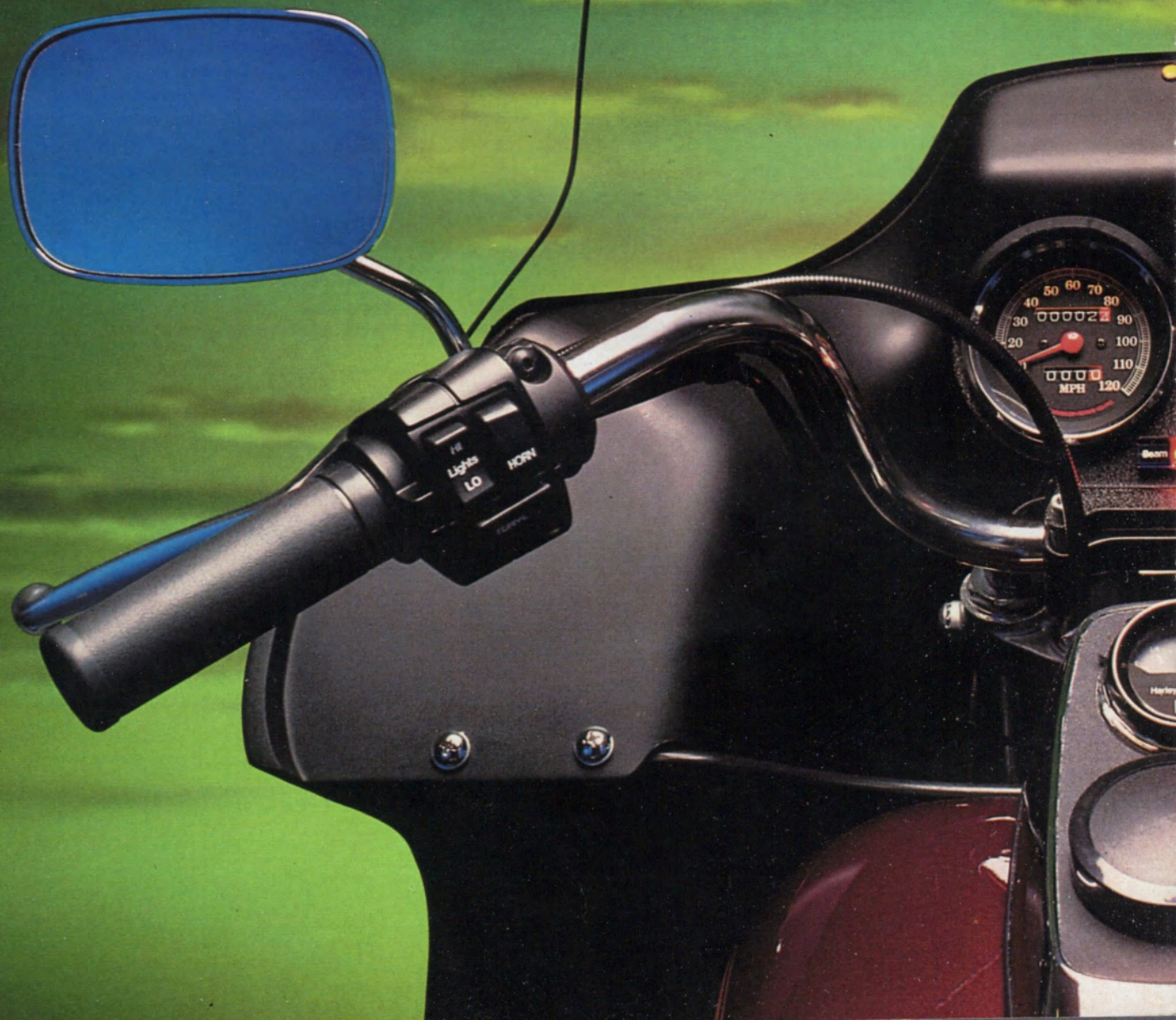
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER



ARTICLE

A RIDE ON THE SAFE SIDE

BY PATRICE BALDWIN



A close-up photograph of a motorcycle's handlebars and instrument cluster. The background is a gradient of green and blue, with a large, full moon in the upper left corner. The motorcycle's handlebars are chrome, and the instrument cluster is black. A speedometer is visible on the left, and a tachometer is below it. The right handlebar has a black grip and a control switch with 'SPORT' and 'Engine Stop' labels. A side mirror is mounted on the right handlebar. The overall scene is atmospheric and evocative of a night ride.

If you're one of our more than five million motorcycle riders, here's some good news: Today's bikers, along with manufacturers and safety organizations, are making America's highways and byways safer and more enjoyable to cruise.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC MEOLA

In the old Who song "Going Mobile," Pete Townshend extolled the joys of cruising the highway as "an air-conditioned gypsy," punctuating his joie de vivre with the repeated, exuberant exclamation "I'm mobile!" That selfsame sentiment can be heard echoing throughout America as baby boomers, yuppies, middle-class moms, and executives answer the call of the open road, setting aside status-symbol transportation for the release only motorcycles can deliver.

The freedom of the open road, especially the feel of the wind on your face as you whip down the interstate on the most unrestrictive of vehicles, the motorcycle, is almost as American as baseball and hot dogs. And as the motorcycle industry expands to include all-terrain vehicles (ATVs) like the Suzuki Quadrunner, and street-legal scooters like the Honda Elite, more and more individuals are getting their kicks on Route 66 on a bike.

In the past two decades, American motorcyclists have increased in number from half a million to over five million riders. From the Motorcycling Doctors Association to two-wheeling little old ladies from Pasadena, from families who consider riding the ultimate in entertainment to the superachievers who eschew subways and traffic jams on their daily trek to work, never before have so many people found getting to-and-fro so much fun.

The increasing popularity of both on- and off-road motorcycles and ATVs must be attributed in part to the combined ef-

forts of manufacturers and organizations such as the Motorcycle Safety Foundation (M.S.F.) and the Specialty Vehicle Institute of America (S.V.I.A.). Using publications, seminars, and classes to promote riding as both fun and risk-free, the industry has been successful in removing most of the misgivings people have had about riding and riders.

In 1980, the National Traffic and Safety Administration released a comprehensive report on motorcycle accidents called the Hurt Report. Named after H. H. Hurt, who along with his staff assembled information about accidents and injuries involving motorcycles, the Hurt Report is widely considered the most comprehensive research project yet done on the frequency and cause of such accidents. The results may not jive with what most people assume happens when motorcycles and cars collide: According to the report, "Multivehicle accidents are most often caused by the other vehicle's driver violating the right-of-way of the motorcycle." What may have piqued the industry's interest, however, spurring the big push for safety education, is the addendum to that finding: "This is often compounded when the motorcyclist assumes the other vehicle driver is aware of the presence of the motorcycle."

Generally, the fault lay not with the mechanics of the bike or the rider, but in the lack of awareness on the part of car and truck drivers sharing the road with bikers. In 1980, 177,160 motorcycle acci-

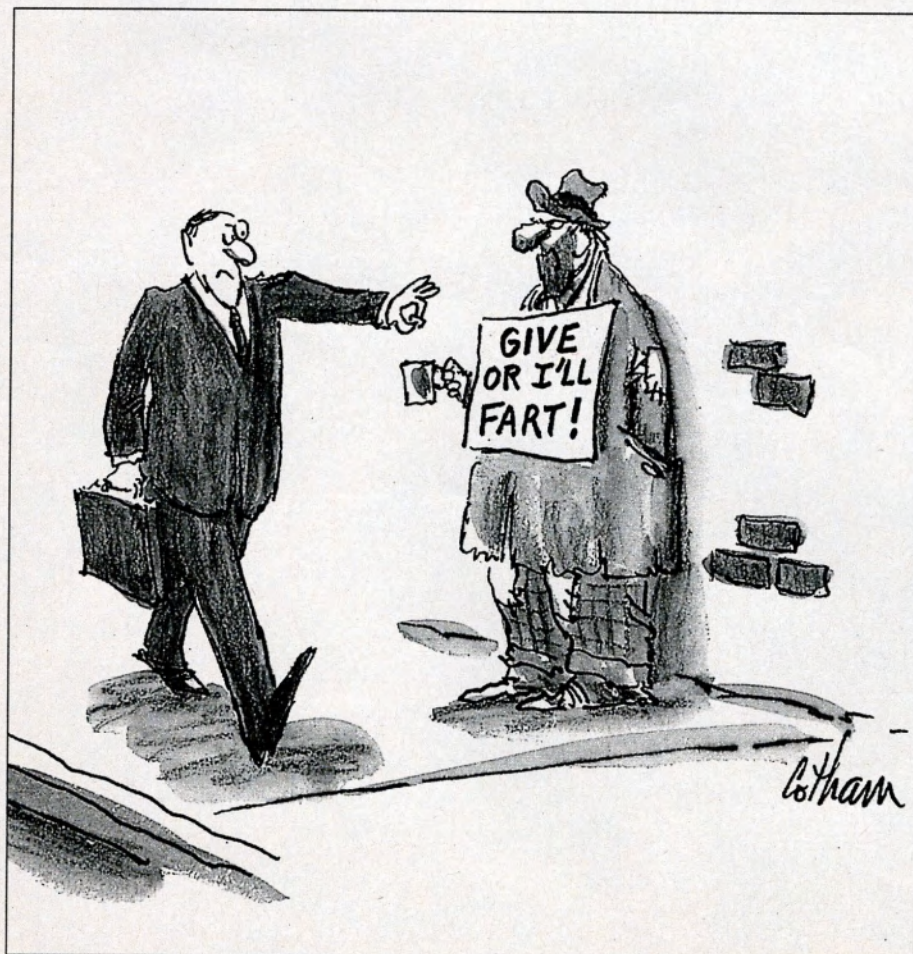
dents, along with 5,097 fatalities, were reported. By 1985, the figures had dipped to 171,656 accidents with 4,620 fatalities. Apparently, education is the answer. In recent years, most private- and public-school supported driver-education classes have stressed "defensive driving" as a means to better road safety.

Because legislation governing motorcycles varies greatly from state to state, the industry itself has assumed the burden of making bikers more cautious and aware of their responsibilities. Since the inception of Motorcycle Safety Foundation-recognized courses in 1974, over 500,000 people have taken classes to improve their motorcycle skills. In 1985 alone, over 75,000 Americans completed either novice or experienced classes, meeting or exceeding M.S.F. on-cycle curriculum requirements.

An ex-professional motorcycle racer, Dennis Kanegae still rides his bike daily to work as a vice president-management supervisor for Dailey & Associates Advertising in Los Angeles. Kanegae, who works on a motorcycle account for the agency, recently participated in a class for advanced riders given by the M.S.F. "I admit I had an attitude when I went for the class," says Kanegae, "but I did finish it a better rider. Classes for the experienced rider are just as important as ones for the novice, maybe even more so, since it's easy for someone who's been riding for years to get overconfident and try to push themselves and their bikes to the limit."

The M.S.F. is sponsored by five of the major motorcycle manufacturers (Honda, Yamaha, Kawasaki, BMW, and Suzuki), and although it does not get involved in either bike design or manufacture, it does act as a liaison between the industry and state and federal governments, focusing on making rider education readily available while collecting information on accidents and safety. Many bike dealerships, particularly those that sponsor the foundation, display information geared toward rider education, most of which includes the M.S.F.'s toll-free number for news about their nationwide classes. By dialing (800) 447-4700, anyone can get the time, location, and cost of a course supervised by trained experts giving hands-on instruction while explaining and demonstrating tips for all riders, from the novice to the expert.

Even dealerships of manufacturers not directly involved with the M.S.F. are concerned with safety. Their brochures, for example, are displayed in Bill Bartel's Harley-Davidson showroom in Culver City, California, where Bartel is something of a local celebrity in motorcycle circles. "The Harley is a real rider's bike," Bartel says, explaining why that particular manufacturer is not as involved in rider education as others. "It's not for the weekend rider. In fact, if someone with no riding experience came into my store and wanted a Harley, I'd do my best to



discourage them. It's not for learners."

With the recent introduction of lighter bikes with lower seats, like the Honda VTR, the Suzuki LS 650 Savage, and Yamaha's Route 66, more women than ever are riding, and 36 percent of all M.S.F. course participants are female. As opposed to men, women tend to attend the classes to learn how to ride, rather than sharpen already acquired skills. The most popular course with both sexes is M.S.F.'s Motorcycle RiderCourse: Riding and Street Skills. Divided into both classroom instruction and on-cycle experience, the course is a comprehensive 15-hour program that covers most of the basic skills necessary for safe riding. As of 1987, 27 states have rider-education legislation on their books, requiring potential bikers to have completed some sort of training in order to legally ride motorcycles, eight of these states have accreditation agreements with the M.S.F. for their instructors, and 64 percent of all state rider-education program coordinators are M.S.F.-trained chief instructors. In addition to its motorcycle classes, the M.S.F. recognizes the increasing attraction and popularity of street-legal scooters, and plans to institute a similar course of lessons in the safe riding of these vehicles.

According to Gary Christopher, manager of the rider education and recreation department of Honda, the introduction of smaller bikes and the growing number of female riders have not been the only changes in demographics the industry has seen lately. "We're getting a lot of older people, specifically retired couples, buying touring bikes like the Honda Gold Wing. Instead of buying an RV [recreational vehicle] and traveling cross-country, retirees with time on their hands are purchasing bigger bikes and setting off."

The Yamaha Venture Royale is another touring bike experiencing a rush of popularity with the senior set. It includes a sound system with a CB radio and a cassette player with controls for both rider and passenger, and it's so large it could pass for a New York studio apartment.

With all models of motorcycles, in addition to basic street skills and a knowledge of your particular machine, proper riding gear is also vital to rider safety. Although many states do not mandate helmet use, the M.S.F. strongly advises that it is the single most important piece of protective gear a rider can wear. Perhaps due to the fact that head injuries are the largest cause of motorcycle fatalities, more riders voluntarily wear helmets than drivers wear seat belts.

Responsible helmet manufacturers display the same concern toward their customers as others in the motorcycle industry. For instance, the Shoei Safety Helmet Corporation presents a complete safety display booth at motorcycle shows. In order to ensure that a particular helmet meets maximum safety standards, the M.S.F. recommends looking for stickers

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142



We hope you'll visit us at Jack Daniel's Distillery someday soon. And bring your camera along.

AT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY we make our whiskey with iron-free water from a Tennessee cave spring.

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Professional riders pictured. Play it safe. Ride with care. Read your owner's manual carefully. Always wear a helmet, eye protection, and protective riding apparel. Never drink and ride. Call the Motorcycle Safety Foundation at

Katana 600. machine should be.

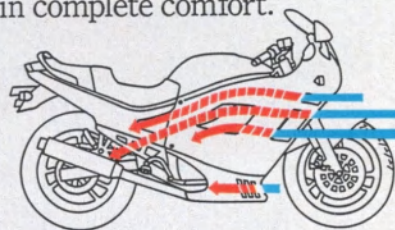
If your expectations demand an exotic, performance machine with sleek, aerodynamic design, state-of-the-art engineering, civilized ergonomics and envy-laden glances from everyone you pass, the Katana 600 is one machine you can't afford to pass up.

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in complete comfort.



Its unique aerodynamic fairing directs engine heat away from rider.

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legendary GSX-R750. Featuring the revolutionary Suzuki Advanced Cooling System, double-overhead cams and Twin Swirl Combustion Chambers. And it also boasts strong torque spread across low, mid and high-rpm ranges. Usable torque for exploring those twisty canyon roads or 2-up cruising.

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● Alone in the sweltering
heat, they eagerly
explored the dusty,
ramshackle streets—
and each other. ●





DEBRA AND NOBIE

Nobie, a Hollywood film producer, and Debra, her assistant, were scouting locations for a new western. They were just about out of gas and luck when they discovered the ghost town. Flushed with excitement, Nobie reached over and kissed her loyal young companion.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER





Perhaps it was the summer storm
gathering in the distance,
or the haunting feeling that time had
stood still. . . .



They eagerly explored the dusty, ramshackle streets—and each other. All alone in the sweltering heat, the born-again cowgirls rode their passions to a new frontier.





The ethereal silence was broken only
by the soft cries of the
sophisticated producer and her pretty
young protégée.







Millions will see their movie. But today,
only the ghosts of spectators past
are privy to this very private screening.



Something about a hospital setting attracts porn producers like flies to honey—or in the case of *Night Shift Nurses*, like flies to shit.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

GENITAL HOSPITAL *Night Shift Nurses* (VCA) **I**

Something about a hospital setting attracts porn producers like flies to honey—or in this case, like flies to shit. Maybe it's the helplessness of the patient and the faintly sexual tang of the dominant nurse. If adult entertainment is a record of male sexual fantasies, then the hospital must be a prime erotic zone. Never mind that a real clinic is about as sexy as an Adidas full of dog vomit. In porn, the philosophy always is, don't distract me with the naked truth.

So we get what we have here: nurses in high heels, nurses in half-open uniforms, nurses in garter belts. The tape represents John Leslie's debut as a director, but if *Night Shift Nurses* is any real indication, he should stick to acting. He's perfected the laissez-faire directorial style: Turn on the cameras and let 'em roll. The resulting desultory, weirdly disconnected mix does have some hot points. Keisha parades her mammary bounty for all the tit men in the audience, and she throws a mean fuck into

an all-too-real mental patient (Jose Duval). But there's never really a chance to build any erotic momentum. Things keep interrupting the pace, like the big, noisy shouting match overacted by Leslie and Joey Silvera, both playing doctors. Or the bizarre spectacle of Leslie trying out a blues number on his mouth harp—maybe just to show us he's a man of many talents. And he is. Directing porn tapes just isn't one of them.

BARD-ON

Romeo and Juliet
(Western Visuals) **III**

Yup, that's what the title says. The Montagues, the Capulets, and all the sexual steaminess that made Shakespeare's play the erotic masterpiece of its time. The title bends the truth a little, which is a matter of course for adult entertainment nowadays. What we have here is a tape about an acting troupe's production of *Romeo and Juliet*, which stars Jerry Butler and Keisha as the famed couple. It's a confused theatrical production, too, featuring a deranged director (Robert Bullock) who keeps yelling "Action!" as if he's



Romeo & Juliet: a crazed look at a theatrical production.

on a movie set. Thankfully, we don't get too much of the actual play, just reruns of the balcony scene as everyone tries to get their proper lines down.

Most of the action goes down backstage, with a lot of doublets being dropped, codpieces being stuffed, and petards being hoisted. The "plot" concerns the fact that Romeo can't stand Juliet, and vice versa—Jerry Butler plays a cad so well you wonder if it may be typecasting. Kim Alexis—the porn version—does a wonderfully sex-crazed turn as a bim-bette wardrobe girl, and even old standby Tom Byron gets to brush up on his Shakespeare. This may be sacrilege to some fusty old academics, but I have a feeling old Will was just randy enough to have enjoyed it.

SLIME MACHINE

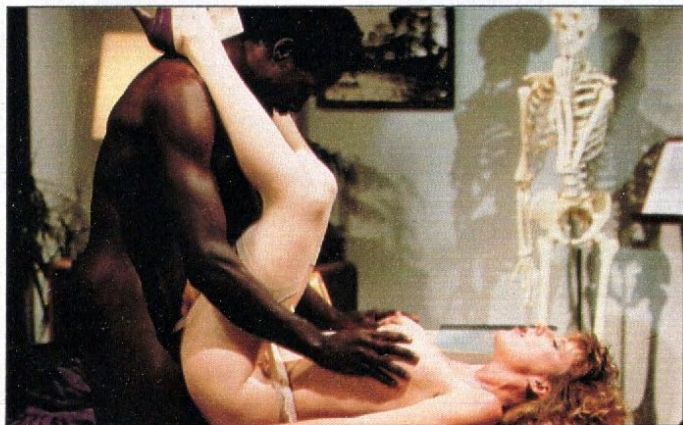
Once Upon Annette
(Vivid Video) **III**

This tape is a fairly cynical enterprise that works for one reason: the impossible nostalgia for orgasms gone by. I love this tape because it

features Annette Haven, one of the all-time great bodies of adult entertainment, a delicate, lissome goddess who seems too good for smut—which makes it all the sexier when she fucks and sucks with abandon.

The producers here have repackaged an old Annette Haven film called *Cave Women*, and they've slapped the star's face on the package, even though she does little more than perform straight introductions to vignettes. I don't care—as soon as I see that impossibly pert, pretty face, that ass, that tight little form, I'm a goner. Haven plays an anthropologist who has stumbled onto the secret of time travel. She summons up specimens for study from past times, looking for the secret of Neanderthal nookie.

Of course, because these cavemen do not speak, most of the movie is in grunts and groans. But allow me my prejudices as I allow you yours: If you're a member of the legion of Annette's fans, you'll definitely be in Haven on this one.



John Leslie's debut as a director flops in Night Shift Nurses.

BROADCAST COOZ

Maxine

(Excalibur) **III**

Dished up here is yet another porn knockoff of a mainstream hit. That "Max Headroom" got canceled in its first few months on the air does not seem to faze the producers of *Maxine*, which is a broad sexual parody about the computer-generated talking head now mainly famous for his Coca-Cola ads. Actually, this intricately plotted smut tape follows the general outline of the original British show featuring Max Headroom and his alter



Maxine: TV sexverts.

ego, Edison Carter, and it does so with a modicum of success.

The large dollop of sex added into the original plot keeps things as spicy as a full-course Tex-Mex feast. Porche Lynn, as both *Maxine* and her "real life" counterpart, Allison Carter, sizzles with a mature sexuality—nothing computer-generated about her. She starts off the tape as a yuppie super-

reporter, investigating a sudden upsurge in passionate sex that is sweeping the country, an effect first noticed when even married people start screwing. Allison Carter has stumbled onto something: subliminal "sexverts" that render any human exposed to them a rutting, slutting fuck junkie. However, she knows too much about the evil empire behind the televised sexverts, and she must be destroyed. In a computer glitch roughly analogous to the immaculate conception of Max Headroom, Allison is tossed into a computer and emerges as

... *Maxine*, a computer-generated female, a hacker's dream come true. For an adult tape to attempt such a convoluted plot is usually a sign to run the other way, but *Maxine* carries it off fairly convincingly. Where it fails, of course, is in special effects—a porn-tape budget is just not up to the pyrotechnics needed here. We have to believe Porche Lynn is *Maxine* just because she's switched costumes and donned some funky shades. On the plus side, though, *Maxine* sports the best music ever heard on a porn tape, bar none: The Mentors, a hard-rock band that sent Tipper Gore running for the smelling salts, is a perfect counterpoint for the raunch on-screen. Turn off the dialogue, turn up the sound, and raunch out.

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

Motel Sweets

(Vidco) **III**

Eric Edwards wrote, directed, and acts in this study of a late-night motel just off the

strip in that wonderful locale Anytown, U.S.A. Edwards is the night clerk at a seedy joint that's just one step up from a flophouse. Nevertheless, he gets plenty of customers—maybe because it's a "no-tell motel," \$27.50 a night, no questions asked. Taija Rae turns in a sweltering

breasted actress I didn't recognize because of her slightly outrageous costume. It's a long wait for this scene, though, as Edwards takes his sweet time rolling out the action. He tries to build his characters, fleshing them out to appeal to the couples crowd. Problem is, his humor



Sweets: Taija Rae as a dizzy and sizzling resident hooker.

performance as the place's resident hooker, alternating between dizzy and sizzling, depending on her mood. Rae has become one of the sexiest presences in adult entertainment, mainly because she's lost some of her chubbiness and slimmed down into a sleek, shimmering hard body.

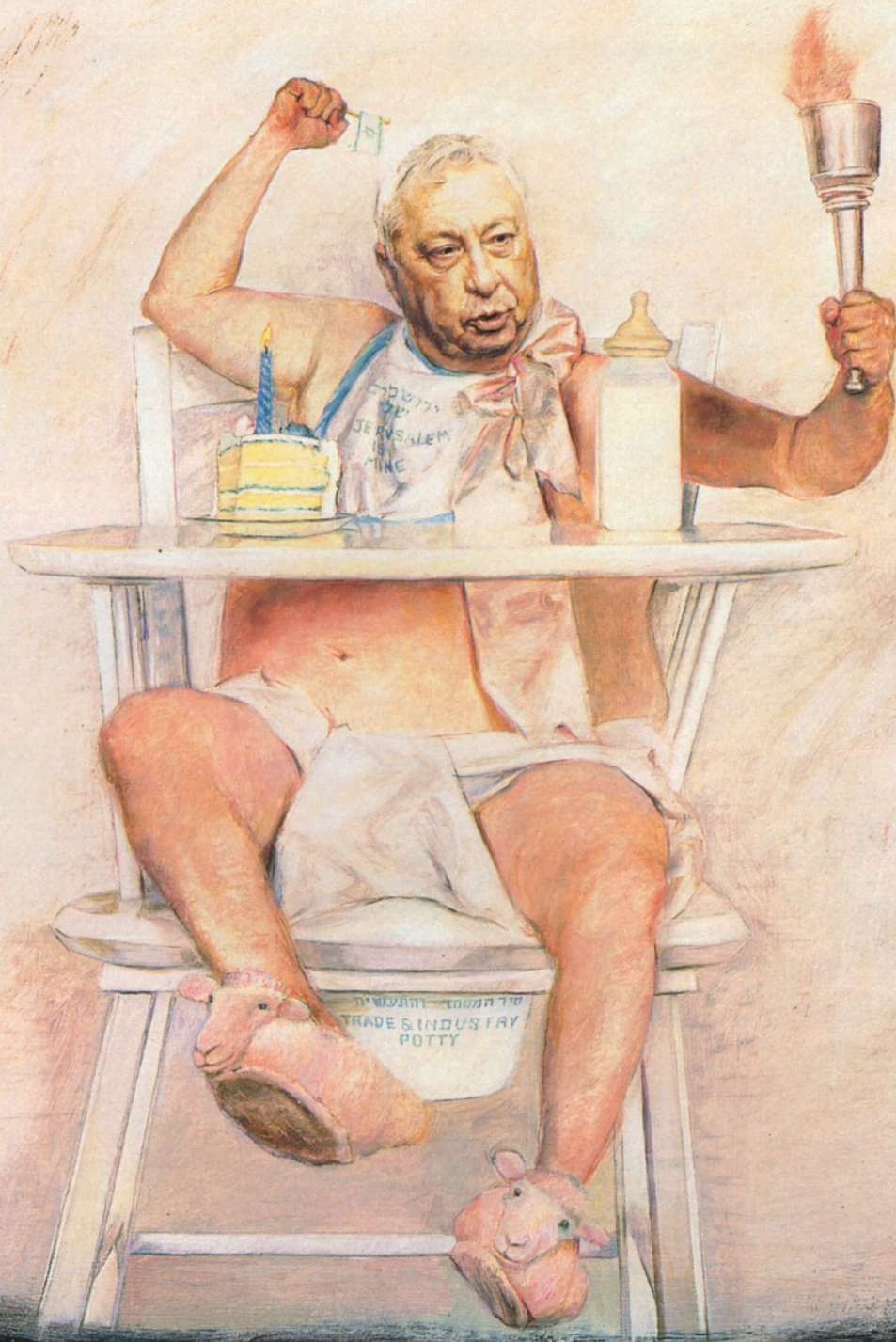
The showcase of the tape is a threesome between her, Steve Roper, and a big-

is too campy, and his characterizations too bizarre, to go far in this direction. Men may not want to sit through the first half hour of the tape, during which there's no hard core at all, and women might snap off the set at the various and sundry weirdnesses that are presented here. If you're in the mood for something naturalistic but a little offbeat, try this one. **O+**

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The Final Final

GAMES

BY GERARD VAN DER LEUN

This test is designed to find out whether you have been paying attention during your participation in "the educational process" or simply memorizing "The Gilligan's Island Joke Book." High marks on this test will not affect your class standing, but could land you a high-paying job performing useless work at a branch of a large metropolitan company that makes nothing at all to enhance or advance life or civilization, such as a stockbrokerage house, a television network, a real estate agency, an insurance company, or a law firm. In short, your dream job. America needs you, so sharpen those pencils and pay attention.

Read each question superficially. Answer all questions without fail under penalty of death. Time limit: one hour. Get cracking!

1. **Medicine.** You have been provided with a Makita cordless power drill with a half-inch bit, a jumbo box of Q-Tips, three Quaaludes, and a cup of ether. Perform a lobotomy on yourself. Do not reset the skull until your frontal lobes have been inspected and collected. You have 15 minutes.

2. **History.** Describe the history of Marvel Comics from its origins to the present, concentrating especially, but not exclusively, on their social, political, economic, religious, and philosophical impact on Europe, Asia, Latin America, Africa, and Mars. Be brief, concise, specific. Draw the final battle between Dr. Strange, the Silver Surfer, Spiderman, and the Sandinistas.

3. **Biology.** Using the coed of your choice, create life. Estimate the difference in MTV programming if the result of this union had been born 500 million years earlier.

4. **Engineering.** The disassembled parts of an F-15 fighter complete with cruise missiles have been placed in a box next to your desk. You will also find an instruction manual printed in BASIC. In ten minutes, a sex-crazed clone of Muammar el-Qaddafi will be admitted to the room and given a chain saw. Take whatever action you feel is appropriate. Be prepared to justify your decision to

the Congress of the United States in Washington and to the Ayatollah Khomeini at his summer home in Aspen, Colorado.

5. **Sociology.** What sociological problems might fast-food franchises encounter following the nuclear devastation of the planet? Would Wendy's have to pay more than four dollars an hour? How would survivors rate the current medical benefits and pension plan?

6. **High Technology.** Define *high*. Define *technology*. What can they possibly have to do with each other?

7. **Psychology.** Based on your knowledge of their works, evaluate the emotional stability, degree of adjustment, and repressed frustrations of: Alexander Haig, Henry Kissinger, Adolf Hitler, Ronald Reagan, Clarabell the Clown, Barry Manilow, Donald Trump, Jack the Ripper, Leona Helmsley, Andrea Dworkin, and Ramses II. Support your evaluation with quotations from—or Polaroids of—each individual's work. It is not necessary to translate.

8. **Music.** Write a rock opera. Orchestrate and perform it with cello and synthesizer. You will find Roger Daltrey under your seat.



9. **Economics.** Develop a realistic plan for reducing the federal deficit without raising taxes. Cite the relevant facts from the following authoritative sources: "Just Say No: The Great Speeches of Nancy Reagan"; "You've Got to Have Friends: The Address Book of Michael Deaver"; "Dialing for Dollars: God Helps Those With 800 Numbers" by Pat Robertson.

10. **Epistemology.** Take a position for or against reality. Prove the validity of your position.

11. **Classical Physics.** Explain the nature of matter and why matter matters.

Include in your answer an evaluation of the impact of the Rolling Stones on Newtonian physics.

12. **Modern Physics.** Explain why no living man has dared to say that E is not mc^2 .

13. **Energy Resources.** Construct a safe nuclear power plant.

14. **Philosophy.** Sketch the development of the life of the mind. Apply it to the evolution of the monokini. Evaluate the significance of the latter in light of the former. Compare both with the development of heavy metal.

15. **General Knowledge.** Describe in detail, briefly.

16. **Extra Credit.** Define the universe; give three examples.

MULTIPLE PUNKS CHOICE

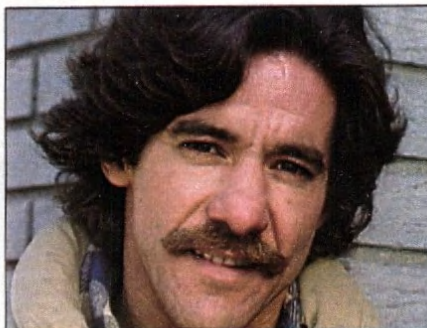
Naturally, not everyone can pass the Final Final. But don't feel too bad if some of the questions are beyond you. After all, we all know that real-world knowledge is something they don't hand out in class. I'm talking about how to walk that walk, and talk that talk. To do that, you have to be hip to what's happening. And what's happening this year is "Cyberpunk"—a new wave of misfits that combine high-tech expertise with a Baaad Attitude. You see Cyberpunks at downtown leather bars by night and Silicon Valley think tanks by day. They have their own lingo. Here's a sample; see if you can match the meanings with the words.

1. Big black
 - (a) a block of licorice-flavored chewing tobacco
 - (b) death
 - (c) outer space
 - (d) Oprah Winfrey
2. Bit jockey
 - (a) a person at the track who puts bridles in horses' mouths
 - (b) a jockey who has had a losing fight with a horse
 - (c) a computer programmer
 - (d) a very small pair of underwear
3. Cyberspace
 - (a) prominent Silicon Valley singles bar

- (b) the area between the ears
- (c) electronic data base or on-line computer services
- (d) a new safe-sex dance where the space between the dancers is more important than the moves
- 4. Deep reality
 - (a) a Cyberpunk band whose lead singer is the eldest daughter of Deep Purple's drummer
 - (b) the actual world in which we live
 - (c) the collected writings of William Burroughs
 - (d) the title of a hit Cyberporn film
- 5. Glass tit
 - (a) television
 - (b) a Cyberpunk drink made of gin, vodka, ice, and milk
 - (c) breast implants for men
 - (d) the monitor of a computer
- 6. Nerdlings
 - (a) nerds seen as immature by their peers
 - (b) nerds that are shorter than five foot two
 - (c) children of M.I.T. graduates
 - (d) anyone who has seen *Revenge of the Nerds* more than once
- 7. Pods
 - (a) extras in the remake of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*
 - (b) people who are nearly identical in dress, behavior, and beliefs
 - (c) padded crotches
 - (d) a bodacious set of hooters
- 8. Screamsheet
 - (a) song lyrics by Twisted Sister
 - (b) newspapers like *U.S.A. Today* that have zero content
 - (c) ski masks worn during 7-Eleven stickups
 - (d) a movie screen
- 9. Splash
 - (a) to shoot down
 - (b) to relieve oneself in a public place
 - (c) to party in a hot tub
 - (d) part of a mixed drink that obscures the fact that you are tossing down straight shots
- 10. Wetware
 - (a) scuba-diving clothing when worn during sex
 - (b) anything that works directly on the human body, such as drugs,

- skin grafts, or brain implants
- (c) heavily lubricated condoms
- (d) the new collapsible Tupperware seen on late-night television commercials

- 11. Wirehead
 - (a) a person of very little brain
 - (b) an amphetamine addict
 - (c) a white person with very curly hair
 - (d) a person addicted to computers
- 12. Tight interfacing
 - (a) an argument
 - (b) dirty dancing to fast songs
 - (c) French kissing
 - (d) really kinky sex



FATHER AND SON (IN-LAW)

This Father's Day, many men will not only think of their father but, if they are or have been married, their father-in-law as well. Below is a list of men whose fathers-in-law are as well-known as they are. See if you can guess who (depending on the state of the marriage) is a match.

FATHER-IN-LAW
Denny McLain
Cecil B. De Mille
Henry Fonda
Tom Harmon
Richard Simon
Richard Widmark
Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

SON-IN-LAW
Lou Boudreau
Anthony Quinn
Tom Hayden
Rick Nelson
James Taylor
Sandy Koufax
Geraldo Rivera

Answers:

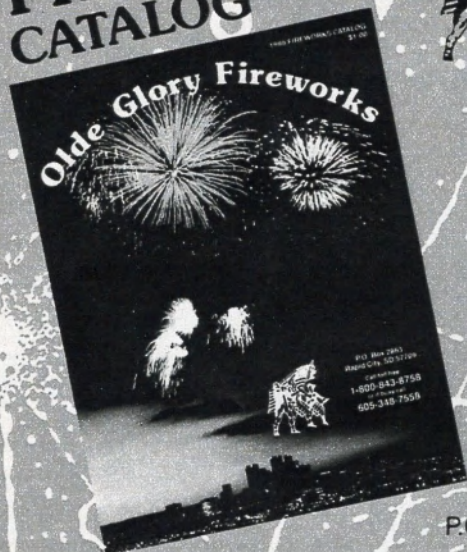
MULTIPLE PUNKS

1. c. "Yo, let's hop on that space shuttle and take a little trip into *big black*." 2. c. "Steve Jobs may be cool, but he's no star-class *bit jockey*." 3. c. "When we go on-line with the C.I.A.'s computer, we are going into deepest *cyber-space*." 4. b. "I got wasted so bad last night it took me half the day to get back to *deep reality*." 5. a. "Let's get some brew and turn on the tube. I feel like sucking on *glass tit* tonight." 6. a. "He might be the smartest programmer in deep reality, but socially he's a total *nerd*ling." 7. b. "Heritage U.S.A.? Shit, that's just Disneyland for *Pods*." 8. b. "I read the *National Enquirer* to find out where Elvis is this week. That *scream-sheet* has him giving more appearances dead than when he was alive." 9. a. "The idea that we can cut the federal budget deficit without raising taxes needs to be *splashed*." 10. b. "Man, I gotta get some new *wetware* implanted below my waist." 11. d. "All that *wire-head* ever does is hack his computer." 12. d. "Hey, baby, slip out of that wet suit and sit down on me for some *tight interfacing*."

FATHER AND SON

All fathers-in-law are listed directly opposite their sons-in-law. (Source: *The Book of Lists*.)

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

It sounds to me as if you would have a better time with an inflatable latex football player. There are countless proverbs like "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again," but in your case none are applicable, because the lazy bum you live with is obviously incurable.

I recently did a radio show in Auckland, New Zealand, with a live telephone audience. One male Kiwi phoned in to tell me that his wife was one of four girls with whom he had shared an apartment, and the reason he married her was because she had "hung around like a bad smell." This poor lady was actually in the next room listening to this jerk over the radio. I wanted to jump down the telephone wire and strangle the bastard. This kind of behavior is antifeminist and worse, because it carries no trace of machismo and is not even respectably chauvinistic.

For years, sexual publications (including my own) have been saying there is nothing wrong with masturbation. Wrong! A man who sneaks off to the bathroom to masturbate as an alternative to having sex with a beautiful, intelligent, caring woman who is panting to make love to him is either asshole of the month or seriously disturbed. I'm afraid that we have to admit that there are people like this in the world (let's not be too sexist—there are also women who behave in this way), but you don't have to live with them.

A lot of my girlfriends complain that it is difficult to find a real man. They say there are not many around. While this is to a certain extent true, don't let that thought put you off, because good men do exist, and what you have in no way resembles a man. Next time you catch him jerking off in the bathroom, flush him down the toilet and go out into the street, where any kind of bum or wino that you find will be a better proposition. Who knows, you may even come across a male human being. 

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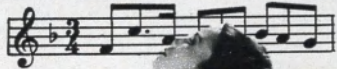
- 1) You are the world's most desirable man.
- 2) Other men are dull and sexually repulsive.
- 3) She is deeply in love with you.
- 4) Sex with you is "necessary and right!"

SHE WILL:

- 5) Have sexual dreams of you.
- 6) Have visions of your hands in foreplay.
- 7) Lose her modesty and inhibitions!
- 8) Urgently need you to give her a climax!

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CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Month Lisa Davies, who appears on page 77, was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera; Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses; and Harrison filters. J. Stephen Hicks photographed Kirsten Kolby, who appears on page 48, with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Our love set on page 124 was shot by Carl Wachter with a Nikon F2 camera, a Nikkor 43-86 zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film.

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THE SAFE SIDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

from one or more of the following agencies: the U.S. Department of Transportation (D.O.T.), the Snell Memorial Foundation, or the American National Standards Institute (A.N.S.I.). Every adult-sized helmet must meet D.O.T. standards, which check its shock-absorbing capabilities on impact, its ability to resist penetration from a sharp object, its chin-strap strength, and its optimum peripheral vision. Although approval by the Snell Memorial Foundation and A.N.S.I. is voluntary, and manufacturers are not required to sport their seal of approval on their products, both organizations have testing standards that are more rigorous than the D.O.T.'s, indicating that protective gear endorsed by them may perform just a little tougher under pressure. Helmet fit is also important and must be snug, and it is advantageous to replace damaged helmets.

The M.S.F. also advocates the use of face shields and/or goggles to further protect the face from injury. Since a rider can be exposed to hypothermia even on mild, warm days, jackets of a durable fabric will prevent possible exposure. Just as important are good boots and gloves, which protect vulnerable body parts.

Protective riding gear becomes even more vital when the bike you're riding is an all-terrain vehicle (ATV). Originally designed over 17 years ago for purely recreational pursuits, ATVs may have found their niche in commercial use in the farming and oil industries. In fact, more than 1,000 governmental agencies, like the Department of Agriculture and the United States Army, Air Force, Navy, and Marines, currently use ATVs to perform any number of functions. While there are more than two and a half million ATVs currently in use, the vehicles have not been without controversy. Responding to pressure both from within and outside the motorcycle industry, manufacturers have ceased production of the three-wheeled trikelike models in favor of four-wheelers like Suzuki's Quadrunners and Honda's FourTrax. Because research has shown that rider misuse is a major factor in ATV accidents, the Specialty Vehicle Institute of America (S.V.I.A.) instituted a program similar to the M.S.F.'s, teaching rider safety through classes and informative publications. In addition, Honda, Yamaha, Suzuki, and Kawasaki have implemented voluntary programs, such as listing age recommendations for intended riders of ATVs, to further assure rider safety. As a result, the ATV injury rate was reduced by 11 percent in 1985, further dropped 13 percent in 1986, and continued to fall in 1987 by 12 percent.

The S.V.I.A. offers training classes similar to those given by the M.S.F.; information is available by calling (800) 447-4700. There are differences between

motorcycle and ATV safety. Since ATVs are not for street use, they present different problems, primarily due to the fact that they are often used to ride over rough countryside. Therefore, it's important to know the area you're riding in. Local laws prohibit use of ATVs in certain areas, either because they encompass potentially dangerous and impassable swamps or slopes, or because they are being cultivated for agricultural or recreational use.

Because ATVs are meant for rugged riding, protective clothing, especially goggles, long pants, long-sleeved shirts, and helmets, become crucial due to unexpected obstacles, like tree branches or flying gravel. And since off-road riding is often hard-terrain riding, it's necessary to carry emergency tools in case of problems on the trail, and periodic maintenance checks on the vehicle become of the utmost importance.

To underline the point that riding motorcycles is safe and enjoyable, the in-

6

An all-women cross-country motorcycle ride will begin in New York City in June, ending approximately 30 days later in Los Angeles.

9

dusty has arranged an all-women cross-country ride to begin in New York City in June and end approximately 30 days later in Los Angeles. This is not as revolutionary as it may sound—in fact, the Van Buren TransCon, as the trek is being called, is a reenactment of the 1916 journey of Augusta and Adeline Van Buren. Relations of the eighth president, the Van Burens traveled 3,300 miles, leaving New York atop a pair of Indian motorcycles, arriving in California three months after their departure. In addition to becoming the first women to ride solo motorcycles across America, Augusta and Adeline were the first women to scale Pikes Peak on a motorized vehicle.

The Van Buren TransCon is sponsored by a conglomerate of motorcycle manufacturers, including Honda, Yamaha, Suzuki, and Kawasaki, and supported by the Motorcycle Industry Council, the M.S.F., and the American Motorcyclist Association, among others. Under the banner of "Discover Today's Motorcycling," they have banded together to create "a national program that aims to stimulate greater interest, involvement, and understanding of motorcycling," accord-

ing to their press releases. The ride will be undertaken by four women this time, two prominent women riders plus two to be chosen from an essay contest conducted through motorcycle-enthusiast magazines. It's not difficult to see why the two lead riders were chosen.

Courtney Caldwell is a petite blond mother who likes to ride alongside her son, or with her teenage daughter as a passenger. A veteran rider who, in 1986, was the first woman to ride in an 8,800-mile race called the One Lap of America, Courtney joined Women on Wheels (WOW), serving as director, before founding the American Women Road Riders' Alliance (A.W.R.R.A.), of which she is the president. A.W.R.R.A., whose members include women from fields as diverse as law and engineering, was formed to answer the needs of community-minded professional women who just happen to be riders. Among the activities Courtney organized with A.W.R.R.A. are numerous benefits for the American Diabetes Association and the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation. Interested in these charities after her daughter was discovered to have the disease, Courtney was also instrumental in advocating the Van Buren TransCon as a fund-raising vehicle.

The second-featured rider on the run will be Jeanne Mare Werle, a native New Yorker who now lives in California, working in the motorcycle industry. A playwright who has worked for Kawasaki on their Team Tour program, Jeanne Mare is capable of riding not only the 700-pound Kawasaki Voyage tour bike, but uses a comparably large-for-her-size 900-cubic-centimeter sportbike for street use. Along with the contest winners, these two women will probably be passing through a town near you this spring, so keep an eye out for all the hullabaloo.

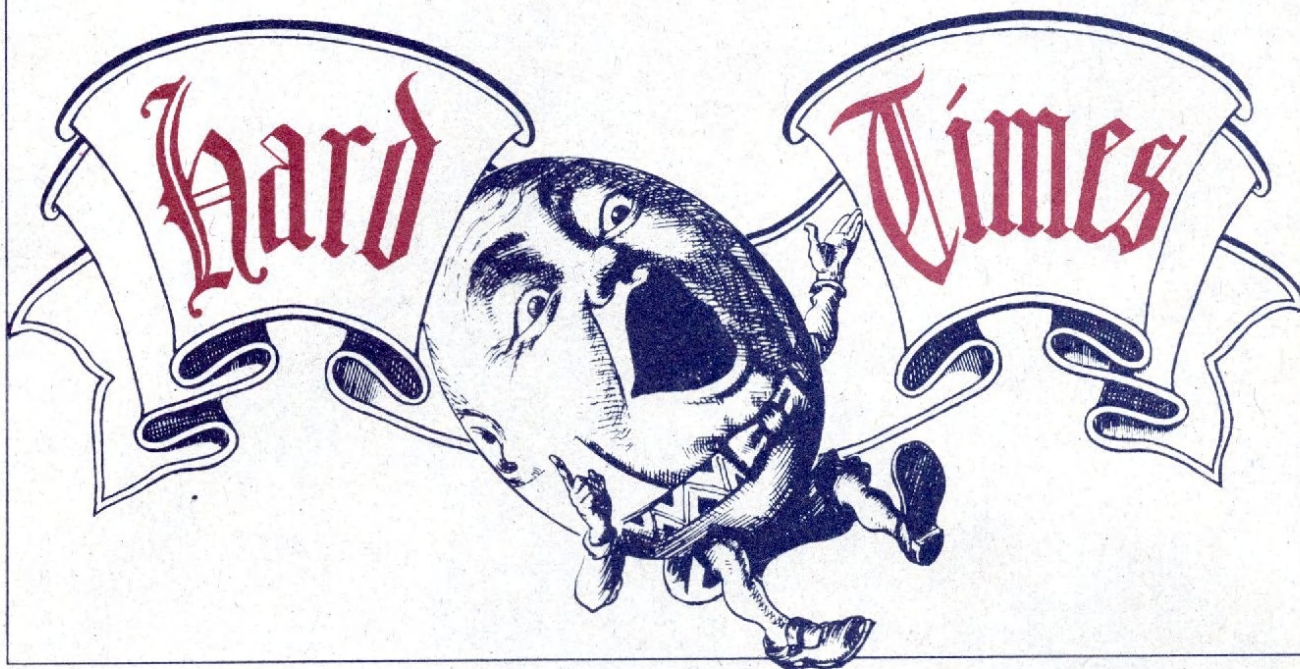
Obviously, the motorcycle industry is hard at work erasing the "born to be wild" image of bikers. These days, given proper equipment, training, and common sense, the open road awaits all who are ready to feel that wind on their face, tooling down the interstate, going mobile on a motorcycle. 

THE ATV SAFETY CODE

- Know your owner's manual.
- Wear your helmet.
- Ride off-road only, never on public roads.
- Carry no passengers.
- Always supervise youngsters.
- Ride straight.
- Lend your ATV to skilled riders only.
- Get qualified training.
- Ride within your skills.
- Check the ATV *before* you ride.
- Protect your eyes and body.
- Ride with others—never alone.
- Respect riding-area rules.
- Keep noise levels low.
- Preserve the environment.
- Be courteous to all you meet.

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,
lurid, and oftentimes witless dribbles of information
culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 7, NO. 5

LIBERACE TURNS MACHO IN HEAVEN



The late Liberace has given up his gay ways and is now dating women in the spirit world, according to a top psychic. He's even stopped playing the piano and wearing glittery outfits, preferring instead to work out and chase girls. He now shows off his well-developed body in cutoff jeans and tank tops, or skimpy bathing suits, says Romanian psychic Countess Sophia Sabak, who's learned of Liberace's new lifestyle through her spiritual contact ShuNa, an Egyptian slave girl who lived 5,000 years ago. "He's now totally antigay and even snubs other

deceased gays like Rock Hudson and playwright Noel Coward," says Sabak. "Instead he's gone on a macho kick. He even challenged John Wayne to a fight in a fit of jealousy over Natalie Wood. Liberace flew into a rage and nearly came to blows with the actor. . . . ShuNa said he certainly didn't win any friends when he started taunting Rock by calling him a sissy." (*Weekly World News*)

Looks like he's caught between a Rock and a hard place.—Editor

Wrong Turn to Hell



A woman lost on an Australian country road turned her car down a narrow path and drove straight into hell. "I drove into a pit of fire," recalls the 57-year-old woman, "and saw Satan peering through my windshield. He grinned at me horribly and said, 'Welcome to hell.'" She says he looked like a man, but with charred skin, horns, and wings. "People were everywhere," she remembers. "Their bodies were engulfed in flames, and they were screaming in agony. When they opened their mouths, fire shot out of their throats. They were all crying to God for mercy." She claims that the devil reached into her car and grabbed her shoulder, where she still has a third-degree burn. "Without really knowing what I was doing, I slammed the car in reverse and stepped on the gas. Satan tried to hang on, but I managed to pull the car out of there." She somehow found her way out of the woods and back home, crediting the Saint Christopher medal on her dashboard with giving her the strength to escape. (*Sun*)

Now we know why they call Australia the land down under.—Editor

TRUCKER EATS HIPPO

A 300-pound truck driver, hungry from his diet, slaughtered a zoo's hippopotamus, cut it into steaks, and ate it for dinner. Piotr Bek, 42, of Koszalin, Poland, was charged with burglary and animal cruelty after police caught him eating the meat covered in ketchup. "I must have been out of my mind to do it and I'm sorry I did," Bek confessed.

"I had been on a diet for weeks, and got so hungry I couldn't help myself. When I saw the zoo and started thinking about all the meat inside, something just snapped." He climbed the zoo's fence after dark and shot the 141-pound animal. "That fat pig ate the only hippo we ever had," said zoo director Jacek Pazera. "It was only a baby, but it cost a

fortune. . . . Everybody loved that little hippo." On his attorney's advice, Bek refused to comment on the hippo's taste, other than to say "it was fatty and had a gamy flavor." (*Weekly World News*—submitted by Eric Krasner, Lantana, Fla.)

He probably thought it was one of those American Big Macs.—Editor



EX-NAVY MAN BECOMES NUN

A former Vietnam Naval officer underwent a sex-change operation and has now become an Episcopalian nun. Sister Mary Elizabeth Clark—formerly Joanna Michelle Clark, and before that Michael Clark—claims she's "felt close to God since I was eight years old. I just felt through the wrong body." Clark had flown on patrol missions in Vietnam as a radar technician, married twice, and fathered a son before her sex-change operation in 1975. After being rejected by sisterhoods all over the country, 49-year-old Clark had to form her own order, which won't be recognized by the Episcopal



Church until it has six sisters who've taken a celibacy vow (which could take a decade, Clark feels). For the past ten years, she has run an international referral service for the "gender conflicted," numbering more than 100,000, and has twice appeared on "Donahue." Clark has recently found acceptance at St. Clement's By-the-Sea in Orange County, California, a 260-member "loving Christian parish in which people live by the gospel and love one another." (*Boston Globe*—submitted by Chris Blake, Somerset, Mass.)

Just another little Blue Nun?—Editor



FAMILY LIVES WITH DEAD DAD FOR EIGHT YEARS

In an incident reminiscent of Alfred Hitchcock's classic *Psycho*, a Galesburg, Illinois, woman pleaded guilty to concealing her husband's death for eight years, caring for his corpse as if it were alive. Authorities believed Carl Stevens had died more than eight years ago, his body preserved through natural dehydration. "Although it was obvious he'd been dead eight years, the family sincerely thought he

was fine," said Sheriff Mark Shearer. "They changed his clothes and bedding just like he was sick. There's also evidence they moved him around the house, to different rooms and chairs. . . . Let's just say they have abnormal beliefs in the power of healing." Carole Stevens, a registered nurse, told friends and authorities that Carl was alive but ill, and couldn't be seen. She even managed to convince her two

teenage children that he was alive. Shearer added that they have since been placed in a foster home. Meanwhile, "Custody of the body belongs to the next living relative, and that's Carole Stevens," he explained. "I'm afraid it's up to her what to do with the body." (*Seattle Times*—submitted by Daniel A. Meeker, Seattle, Wash.)

Talk about "Make Room for Daddy."—Editor

Sixth-Graders Hate Teacher to Death

A 52-year-old schoolteacher suddenly dropped dead in the classroom, and authorities are investigating the possibility that the children were able to do it through massive ESP. Pupils in Regina del Roras's Rosario, Argentina, sixth-grade class say they were participating in a mind-control experiment conducted by one of the students just before Del Roras died of an apparent heart attack. Says police official Raoul Arinas, a teacher who heard Del Roras yelling at the children walked into the classroom as the woman fell

to the floor: "She reports the entire class was sitting still with their eyes focused forward in an eerie trance-like state, staring blankly at the teacher. The students came to life only when the other teacher screamed for help." The children say that an 11-year-old classmate gathered them together and convinced them to join in her plan. "She told us to look at our teacher and think only about her death," says one student. "She said she would take care of the rest. . . . We thought it was a joke. Everyone called

Mrs. del Roras a mean old witch, and we pretended to be using our minds to destroy her. We never thought it would happen." (*Sun*)

Kids will be kids.—Editor

ALIEN TURNS NERD INTO HUNK

A Los Angeles man claims a space alien taught him how to pick up girls. Paul Ross claims his incredible transformation took place after his encounter with Dook, an extraterrestrial from the Epsilon Eridani solar system. "According to Dook, this planet is backward because of all the unhappy men who can't make it with the babes," says the 29-year-old legal adviser. "Women now swarm to me like maggots to a corpse on a hot summer's day." Ross was driving home from a singles dance when he was sucked up into Dook's spaceship, which resembled a discotheque. Ross, who runs an interplanetary dating service in Culver City, California, says the creature was six foot five with a crew cut, one eye, a mouth that looked like a cheap car speaker, and four legs. Dook's advice, according to Ross, was to treat a woman like dirt and make her feel as uncomfortable as possible, to avoid bathing and washing, and to shout loudly in her ear. The alien feels sensitive men "should be sucked up by a black hole for wimps. Then they should be sent to the planet Bletho to be eaten by sarcolian fungazoid, a vicious female life-form," says Ross, who has since written a book, *How to Pick Up Girls the Space Alien Way*. (*National Examiner*) Those are the type of guys who should go out with Andrea Dworkin.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

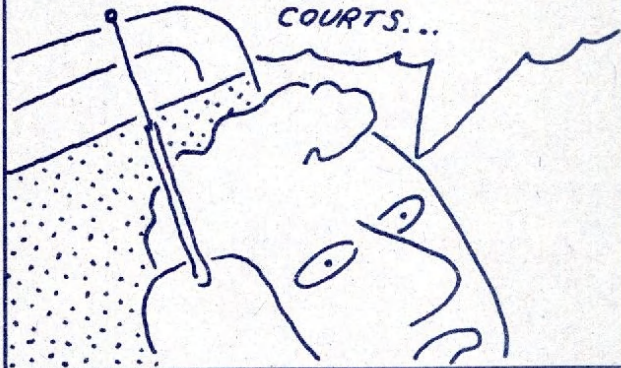
PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

YES, DARLING, EACH DAY IS PURE
TORMENT, YET I SUFFER IN SILENCE.



THERE'S A TWENTY-MINUTE WAIT FOR
THE GOLF COURSE, I SPRAINED MY
ANKLE ON THOSE INFERIOR TENNIS
COURTS...



THEY'RE OUT OF LIMES AND PERRIER.
KAHLUA AND PERNOD ARE IN SHORT
SUPPLY. WHY ME, LORD?
WHAT DID I EVER
DO...



SO A FEW PENSION FUNDS WENT
BUST. SMALL INVESTORS LOST MONEY.
A LITTLE STOCK FRAUD NEVER HURT
ANYONE, YET HERE I AM IN
ALLENWOOD PENITENTIARY.



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HMPH

PHOTOTRON

IF YOU ROLL YOUR OWN, YOU SHOULD GROW YOUR OWN THE AMERICAN WAY

Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, President and Founder of PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES. My masters thesis is on the cannabinoid profile. In pursuit of my own masters thesis, I generated the most extensive popular literature library in the world. Then, I generated the most extensive scientific bibliography in the world. I then went into a laboratory at a major university in which I designed a laboratory grade growth chamber called the PHOTOTRON.

If you read all of the popular literature, I did, all of the scientific literature, I did, and look at every apparatus for growing plants, you will find one common denominator. Every system, UP TILL NOW, has attempted to re-create Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do NO BETTER than Hawaii's results. AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS?

In fact you will grow the plant 6 to 9 months, 6 to 12 feet tall. In fact you will average a 6 inch internodal length (distance between budding sites). In fact have a 10% budding ratio at the tops of the plant. In fact, throw away 90% of the plant material (leaves/shake). And in fact YOU MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN.

Look, the only thing I'm waiting nine months for is a baby, number one. Number two, I do not want a tree in my house. And number three, I am not going to pay the ELECTRIC BILL TO PRODUCE THE SUN somewhere in my closet. Do not let its pretty looks fool you. Do not let its size (34 inches tall x 18 inches wide) fool you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs. fool you.

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	COMPUTER DESIGNED FOR EACH SYSTEM										
NUTRIENTS	GUARANTEED FEMALE SEX										
	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS										
	ONE INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS - 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT										
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

happily, Cincinnati's mound corps is an unmitigated disaster. In '87, the Reds were the only National League club to finish over .500 with a pitching staff that gave up more than four runs a game. The off-season additions of pitchers Danny Jackson and Jose Rijo won't be enough to shore up the Reds' staff of under-achievers. It's a shame, really, for Manager Pete Rose's lineup is loaded with terrific young hitters, like Eric Davis (a 2-1 favorite to win this year's N.L. M.V.P.—.293 and 37 homers), Kal Daniels (.334), and Tracy Jones (.290). Without one pitching ace, however, the Reds aren't going anywhere. **Pennant odds: 3-1**

4. HOUSTON ASTROS

They've been a top team for several years, but don't be surprised if the Astros self-destruct this season. Aside from former Cy Young Award winner Mike Scott (16-13 in '87), Houston doesn't have another dependable pitcher on its roster. Okay, Jim Deshaies was 11-6, but he gave up close to five runs a game and doesn't figure to be as fortunate in the win-loss column this time around. Lefty Bob Knepper was simply horrendous (8-17 and a 5.27 ERA), and although eternal flamethrower Nolan Ryan led the

league with a 2.76 ERA, he ended up 8-16. The arrival of traveling headcase Joaquin Andujar betokens absolutely nothing but trouble. Pitching isn't the Astros' only shortcoming. Last year Houston rolled up the senior circuit's worst record on grass fields (17-31) and was a pitiful 28-41 versus left-handed pitchers. On the other hand, Houston was 47-34 inside the Astrodome. There's no place like dome. **Pennant odds: 10-1**

5. SAN DIEGO PADRES

The Padres are yet another team being held down because of a crummy pitching staff. Last year San Diego didn't have a single starter with a winning record. Eric Show, the Padres ERA ace (3.84), finished 8-16; much-traveled Ed Whitson was 10-13; and Mark Grant, picked up from the Giants, finished 7-9. Manager Larry Bowa has four first-rate hitters in league batting champion Tony Gwynn (.370 last season), 1987 N.L. Rookie of the Year Benito Santiago (.300 and 18 homers), John Kruk (.313, 20 home runs, and 91 RBIs), and newly acquired Keith Moreland (27 home runs and 88 RBIs). He also has a potential superstar in enigmatic third baseman Chris Brown, a former All-Star with the Giants, until they gave up on him last year. Brown is a brooder with a reputation for sitting out games if he has so much as an ingrown fingernail—last year he appeared in only

82 contests and hit a measly .237. The Padres will be a lot tougher if Brown ever gets his head on straight. Don't hold your breath. In '87, the Padres were the only team in the league to finish with a losing record at home, and were simply in over their heads against N.L. East outfits (22-50). Look for those trends to continue in '88. **Pennant odds: 5,000-1**

6. ATLANTA BRAVES

Last year's Braves were league leaders in several categories, all of them embarrassing. Atlanta had the National League's worst road record (27-53), worst pitching staff (an overall ERA of just under five runs per game), worst record on artificial surfaces (13-29), and worst record for day games (18-31). Since they can't compete in their own division (the Braves were 36-64 in the N.L. West), their outlook is hopeless. Aside from All-Star Dale Murphy (44 homers and 105 RBIs) and pitcher Zane Smith (15-10), this team is as lousy as the Falcons are at football. **Pennant odds: 10,000-1**

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Cal Ripken, Sr., Baltimore Orioles 3-1
Dick Williams, Seattle Mariners 3-1
John McNamara, Boston Red Sox 5-1
Doc Edwards, Cleveland Indians 6-1
Chuck Tanner, Atlanta Braves 8-1
Larry Bowa, San Diego Padres 8-1

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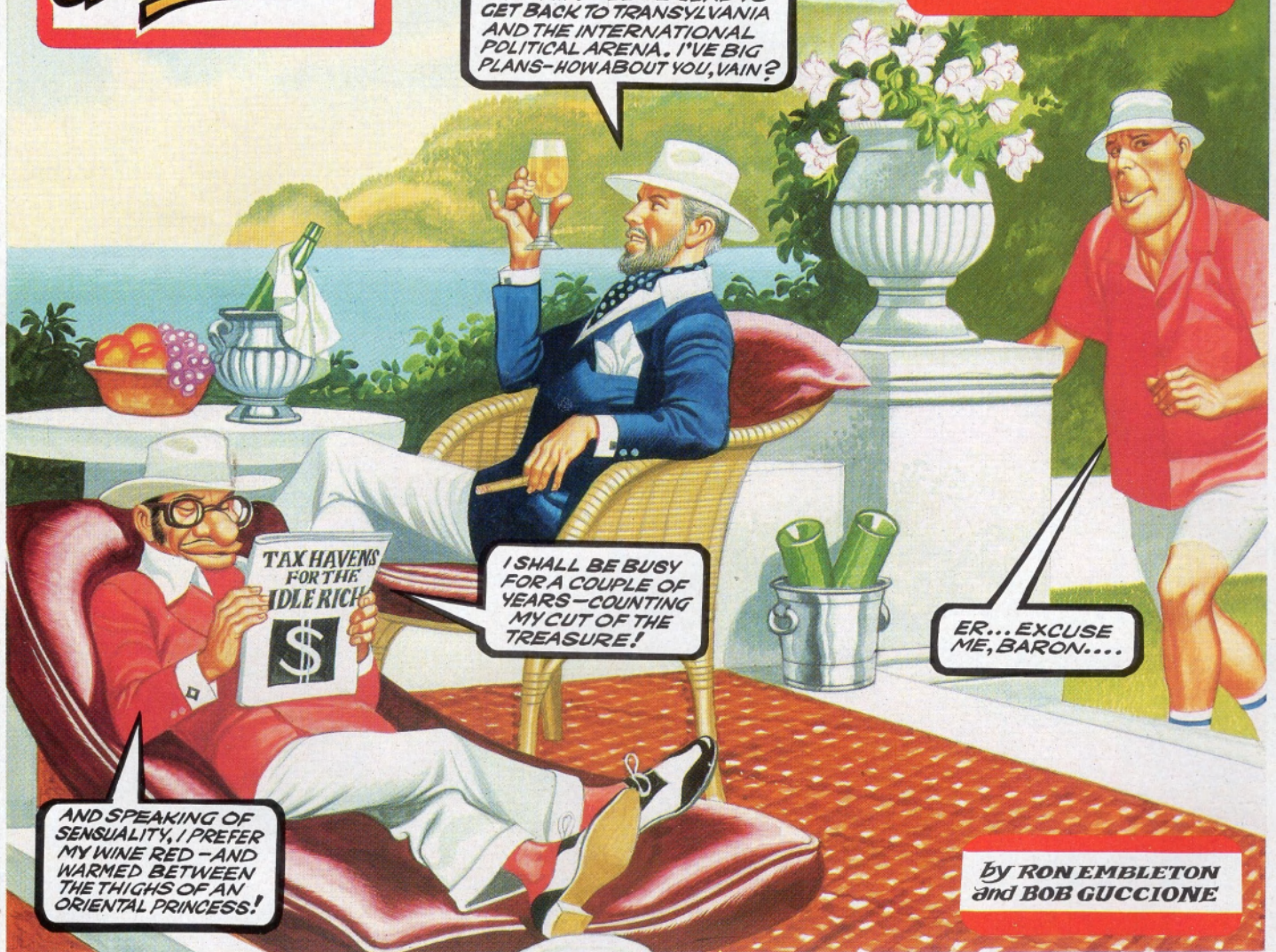
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SOB! FORGIVE ME, GODMOTHER! SOB!

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OF YOUR LIFE, TOO?**

SLOTNICK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

before a prosecutor can give someone immunity from a crime such as murder, rape, or robbery, which is done daily in exchange for testimony, the judge ought to carefully review how appropriate the bargain is. I think society has an interest in prosecuting many of these so-called snitches just as much as it does in prosecuting the people they tell stories about. Many of these informants go on committing horrible crimes after a particular case is over, because they know that if they say they have information on someone else, they can walk away again.

Penthouse: Don't you think the jury system offsets these dangers?

Slotnick: That presupposes that the criminal courts of this country are chock-full of good cross-examiners. It presupposes that all juries are as perceptive as some of the juries that we've had around recently. Unfortunately, that's far from the case. So the danger is miscarriage of justice, and people who lie and people who gain by their proficiency at lying.

Penthouse: Do you believe RICO is a legitimate tool to fight organized crime? And if it isn't, is it simply the only tool?

Slotnick: RICO is a draconian statute wherein the statute of limitations has been extended, and the periods of incarceration

are enhanced. It can be used against anybody. One of the first RICO prosecutions dealt with the governor of Maryland. RICO is an extremely dangerous statute. In an instance when journalists like yourself become unpopular or champion unpopular opinions, you may become subject to legal prosecution under the RICO statute.

Penthouse: So you're saying it limits our freedom of expression and could cause a witch-hunt mentality?

Slotnick: It gives the prosecution such a broad spectrum to bring charges against an individual that it can be used against almost anyone. Essentially it does become a great tool for the witch-hunt.

Penthouse: If RICO is not a good tool, envisioning the dangers you mentioned, what would you use to fight organized crime in this country if you were a federal prosecutor?

Slotnick: There are so many laws aimed at lawbreakers, we don't need RICO, which is an amorphous and expansive statute. To try a RICO case, all prosecutors need is at least two acts of certain criminality. In the past, federal prosecutors could charge each act singularly or in a conspiracy. They are now, however, combined in one extremely prejudicial way, which enhances the ability for inappropriate convictions.

Penthouse: As the situation stands presently, do you think defense witnesses

should be paid?

Slotnick: I think defense witnesses should have the ability to receive money for their time, effort, and expenses. There would be nothing wrong with that. There are a lot of people who, given the financial incentive, would come forward and testify. And that fact could be brought out by the prosecution, certainly.

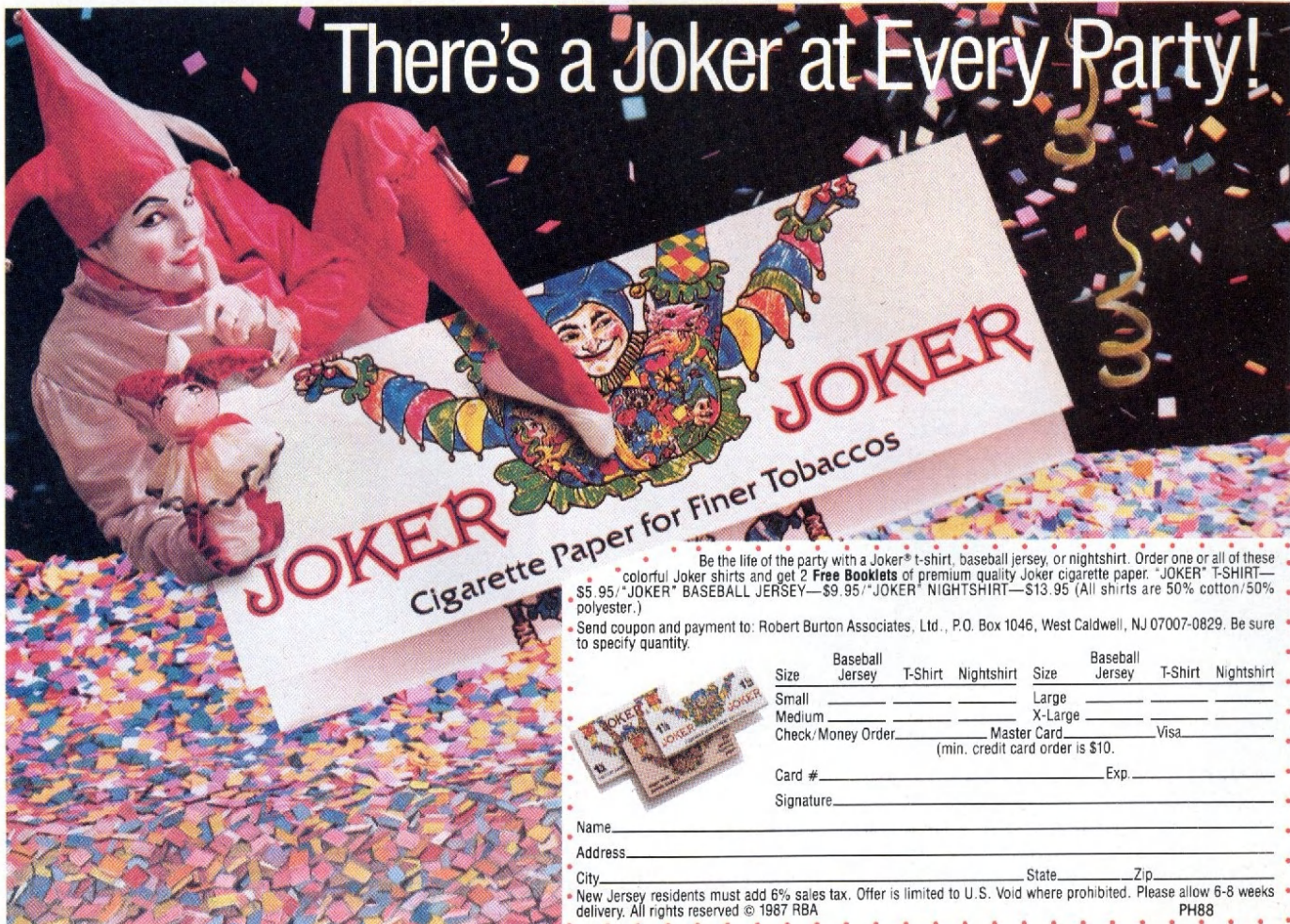
Penthouse: Do you think the government abuses its power with electronic surveillance and paid informants? Do you think these means to seek justice are fundamentally consistent with justice?

Slotnick: I think the government overreaches. The horrendous statistics with regard to electronic surveillance throughout the United States are scary. The numbers are high. People are being listened to in their homes, in their offices, on their phones. Whether it's done by good or bad government, for good or bad reasons, it's deplorable that people's privacy is actually being invaded. We only know about the electronic surveillance in cases that reach court. What about all the other individuals who are never criminally charged because invading their privacy has never uncovered any criminality?

Penthouse: Then, is the government becoming lazy, or are criminals becoming more sophisticated? Why do you think our government uses these methods?

Slotnick: It's the easiest tool in the world.

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Penthouse: You have said that "Mafia" is a false label. Don't you think there is such a thing as organized crime?

Slotnick: I think that there's organized crime all over the United States, all over the world. And I think it runs along geographic lines or ethnic lines or some other common thread. I think the term "Mafia" is unfortunate and discriminatory when it comes to Americans of Italian descent, and I don't like that term.

Penthouse: You don't like the term; you're not saying it doesn't exist.

Slotnick: There are people who band together to commit crimes because of the fact that they live in the same area. Whatever the common interest is, I don't like the term. I don't doubt that there are various groups of organized criminals in this country. But I don't think you can lay that on the doorstep of every American of Italian descent.

Penthouse: What makes you feel so strongly about individual rights, besides the fact that you're a lawyer?

Slotnick: I experienced the McCarthy era, in which I saw people who, because of their political views, were forced to scurry around in fear. I knew about blacklisting of people because they were suspected of being left-wing supporters. I read about the internment of the Japanese on the West Coast during World War II. I don't want to see people fearful because of their politics.

Penthouse: Do you believe in capital punishment?

Slotnick: If capital punishment can be used as a deterrent, I think that it may become necessary. I think that before someone is to be executed, you have to give maximum safeguards. But first I would have to be convinced of its deterrent effect.

Penthouse: A Shakespearean character once said, "Let's kill all the lawyers." It is likely that many Americans agree with him. Why do you think lawyers have such a terrible P.R. problem, and what should they do to change people's minds?

Slotnick: First, I hope I'm not one of them. I think lawyers are becoming more understood as people become more educated. I think the problem stems from a time when lawyers made the laws and enforced the laws, and I think lawyers used to intimidate most people because of that situation. I think most lawyers could take on more *pro bono* cases, become more involved in community issues. Instead, I think they've been guilty of not caring as much as they should.

Penthouse: What was your latest good deed?

Slotnick: Bernhard Goetz's defense. Even though I was paid for it. 

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Triple Strength \$15.00 per 100

#03



325

Double Strength \$12.00 per 100

#10



200 mg

Triple Strength \$15.00 per 100

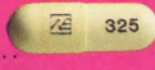
#32



350

Triple Strength \$15.00 per 100

#11



325 mg

DIET AIDS

Regular Strength \$8.00 per 100

#15



37.5 mg

Triple Strength \$15.00 per 100

#18



75 mg

Triple Strength \$15.00 per 100

#34



75 mg

EPHEDRINE

Regular Strength \$8.00 per 100

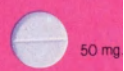
#14



25

Double Strength \$12.00 per 100

#31



50 mg

Triple Strength \$12.00 per 100

#64



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#61



Extra Strength Stimulant \$16.00 per 100

#01



500 mg

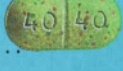
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#62



Extra Strength Stimulant \$16.00 per 100

#33



395 mg

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NEXT MONTH EXCLUSIVE!

JIMMY SWAGGART'S SECRET SEX LIFE IN WORDS AND PICTURES



HIS HOOKER GIRLFRIEND SHOWS "HOW I TURNED JIMMY ON"

"Take your panties off, play with yourself!" Thus commanded the fire-and-brimstone preacher whose thundering denunciations of pornography had shaken America for years.

Next month *Penthouse* presents, for the first time, the exclusive story of that preacher's shameful, secret sex life in the words of the small-time prostitute who forever changed the world of big-time television evangelism.

No one who saw it will forget Jimmy Swaggart's tearful confession. Standing before 8,000 worshipers in his Family Worship Center in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and before tens of millions of unseen television viewers around the world, Swaggart put on a performance worthy of his flamboyant cousin, "Killer" rock singer Jerry Lee Lewis.

"My Savior, my Redeemer!" he sobbed. "I have sinned against you, my Lord! And I would ask that your precious blood would wash and cleanse every stain until it is in the seas of God's forgetfulness, never to be remembered against me anymore."

But Swaggart—who had self-righteously condemned Jim Bakker as "a cancer that needs to be excised from the body of Christ"—neglected to reveal his own "sins," hoping, perhaps, that the Lord's blood would make people forget about them, too.

Next month we rectify that omission by presenting the personal story of Debra Murphree, the New Orleans prostitute who brought about the downfall of Swaggart's \$150-million-a-year ministry.

In a series of stunning photographs, Debra recreates all the precise poses and actions that Swaggart paid her for during their yearlong affair. And candidly, she reveals every shocking episode in the self-destructive relationship that ruined the most powerful TV preacher in the land.

Debra Murphree's dramatic show-and-tell will be the story of the year. You won't want to miss it . . . in July's explosive issue of *Penthouse*. Available on newsstands everywhere after June 6.

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tar, 0.1 mg. nic.



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LOWEST MENTHOL 100's

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nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85.